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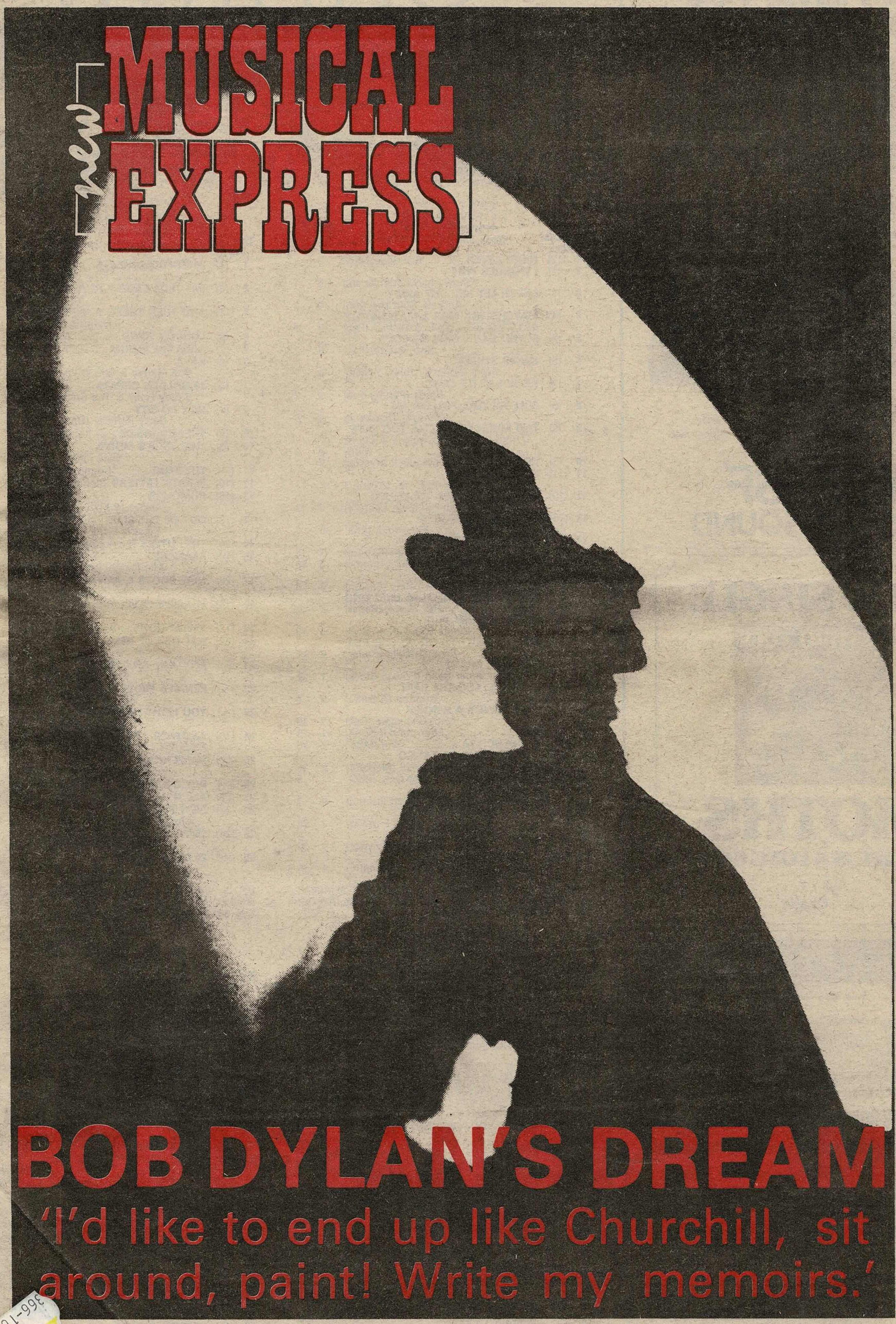

Photo from the "Rolling Thunder Logbook" by Sam Shepard (Penguin £1.75) published in UK May 25.

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending April 21, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
1	2	GET DOWN	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
7	3	HELLO HELLO I'M BACK AGAIN	Gary Glitter (Bell)
3	4	I'M A CLOWN/SOME KIND OF SUMMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
6	5	TWEEDLE DEE	Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
10	6	PYJAMARAMA	Roxy Music (Island)
9	7	LOVE TRAIN	O'Jays (CBS)
4	8	THE TWELFTH OF NEVER	Donny Osmond (MGM)
8	9	NEVER NEVER NEVER	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
19	10	DRIVE-IN SATURDAY	David Bowie (RCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending April 17, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
1	2	CONGRATULATIONS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	3	IF I ONLY HAD TIME	John Rowles (MCA)
3	4	DELILAH	Tom Jones (Decca)
8	5	SIMON SAYS	1910 Fruitgum Company (Pye Int.)
4	6	LADY MADONNA	Beatles (Parlophone)
13	7	JENNIFER ECCLES	Hollies (Parlophone)
12	8	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
5	9	DOCK OF THE BAY	Otis Redding (Stax)
7	10	STEP INSIDE LOVE	Cilla Black (Parlophone)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending April 19, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	HOW DO YOU DO IT	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
2	2	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller (London)
7	3	BROWN EYED HANDSOMEMAN	Buddy Holly (Coral)
3	4	FOOT TAPPER	Shadows (Columbia)
8	5	SAY I WON'T BE THERE	Springfields (Philips)
—	6	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
4	7	RHYTHM OF THE RAIN	Cascades (Warner Bros)
10	8	THE FOLK SINGER	Tommy Roe (HMV)
5	9	SAY WONDERFUL THINGS	Ronnie Carroll (Philips)
12	10	NOBODY'S DARLIN' BUT MINE	Frank Ifield (Columbia)

NME CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending April 22, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(12)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)	2	1
2	(1)	I WONDER WHY	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	5	1
3	(7)	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)	4	3
4	(4)	MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS	Brian & Michael (Pye)	6	4
5	(2)	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE	Suzi Quatro (Rak)	5	2
6	(5)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	9	2
7	(7)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings (Parlophone)	3	7
8	(6)	FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME	Genesis (Charisma)	6	6
9	(9)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)	6	9
10	(3)	DENIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	9	1
11	(11)	WALK IN LOVE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	8	11
12	(19)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH	Dan Hill (20th Century)	4	12
13	(10)	WUTHERING HEIGHTS	Kate Bush (EMI)	10	1
14	(17)	MORE LIKE THE MOVIES	Dr Hook (Capitol)	3	14
15	(21)	EVERYBODY DANCE	Chic (Atlantic)	3	15
15	(25)	SHE'S SO MODERN	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	2	15
17	(14)	I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS	Nick Lowe (Radar)	6	7
18	(20)	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN	Sheila B Devotion (EMI)	5	18
19	(23)	I DON'T WANT TO GO TO CHELSEA	Elvis Costello (Radar)	6	14
20	(—)	LET'S ALL CHANT	Michael Zager Band (Private Stock)	1	20
21	(13)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption (Atlantic)	9	4
22	(16)	EVERY ONE'S A WINNER	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	7	10
23	(—)	EGO	Elton John (Rocket)	1	23
24	(27)	HEY SENORITA	War (MCA)	2	24
25	(28)	IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO	Richard Myhill (Mercury)	2	25
26	(22)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees (RSO)	11	5
27	(15)	IS THIS LOVE	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	9	7
28	(—)	TAKE ME I'M YOURS	Squeeze (A&M)	1	28
29	(—)	LONG LIVE ROCK'N'ROLL	Rainbow (Polydor)	1	29
30	(—)	AUTOMATIC LOVER	Dee Dee Jackson (Mercury)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

FOXHOLE — Television (Elektra); DO IT DO IT AGAIN — Raffaella Carra (Epic); JACK AND JILL — Raydio (Arista); SATISFACTION — Devo (Stiff).

ALBUMS

Week ending April 22, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Nat King Cole (Capitol)	4	1
2	(3)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	6	2
3	(11)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	3	3
4	(9)	LONDON TOWN	Wings (EMI)	3	4
5	(2)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	13	1
6	(6)	KAYA	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	5	6
7	(4)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	8	2
8	(7)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	8	4
9	(5)	THE KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	8	1
10	(8)	THIS YEAR'S MODEL	Elvis Costello (Radar)	5	8
11	(—)	THE STUD	Soundtrack (Ronco)	1	11
12	(10)	PLASTIC LETTERS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	8	7
13	(15)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	60	1
14	(13)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	24	3
15	(30)	THE RUTLES	The Rutles (Warner Bros)	2	15
16	(14)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	8	14
17	(26)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	12	7
18	(16)	FONZIE'S FAVOURITES	Various (Warwick)	6	10
19	(12)	REFLECTIONS	Andy Williams (CBS)	12	3
20	(22)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	5	20
21	(—)	ANYTIME, ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	1	21
22	(—)	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN	Various (World Records)	1	22
23	(—)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	1	23
24	(16)	ANOTHER MUSIC IN A DIFFERENT KITCHEN	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	4	16
25	(20)	VARIATIONS	Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	12	3
26	(—)	DISCO STARS	Various (K-Tel)	10	10
27	(28)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	14	12
28	(27)	BEST FRIENDS	Cleo Laine & John Williams (RCA)	7	25
29	(24)	25 THUMPING GREAT HITS	Dave Clark Five (Polydor)	7	9
30	(—)	20 CLASSIC HITS	The Platters (Mercury)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

V2 — Vibrators (CBS); ADVENTURE — Television (Elektra); OL' BLUE SUEDE'S BACK—Carl Perkins (Jet); THE STRANGER — Billy Joel (CBS).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending April 22, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees
2	(2)	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU	Barry Manilow
3	(3)	DUST IN THE WIND	Kansas
4	(5)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman
5	(14)	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU	Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway
6	(6)	JACK AND JILL	Raydio
7	(8)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
8	(4)	LAY DOWN SALLY	Eric Clapton
9	(11)	GOODBYE GIRL	David Gates
10	(7)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees
11	(13)	THANK YOU FOR BEING A FRIEND	Andrew Gold
12	(12)	EBONY EYES	Bob Welch
13	(19)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings
14	(15)	WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE AGAIN	England Dan & John Ford Coley
15	(17)	FLASHLIGHT	Parliament
16	(16)	BEFORE MY HEART FINDS OUT	Gene Cotton
17	(21)	COUNT ON ME	Jefferson Starship
18	(20)	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN	Electric Light Orchestra
19	(30)	YOU'RE THE ONE I WANT	Olivia Newton John/John Travolta
20	(10)	EMOTION	Samantha Sang
21	(26)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
22	(25)	IMAGINARY LOVER	Atlanta Rhythm Section
23	(24)	FOOLING YOURSELF	Styx
24	(28)	DISCO INFERNO	The Trammps
25	(27)	BABY HOLD ON	Eddie Money
26	(—)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO SOON	Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams
27	(18)	OUR LOVE	Natalie Cole
28	(—)	WEREWOLVES OF LONDON	Warren Zevon
29	(—)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet
30	(—)	MOVIN' OUT (ANTHONY'S SONG)	Billy Joel

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending April 22, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
3	(3)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
4	(4)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
5	(5)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
6	(7)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
7	(8)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
8	(20)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
9	(6)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
10	(9)	AJA	Steely Dan
11	(12)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch
12	(11)	BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT	Roberta Flack
13	(14)	WAITING FOR COLUMBUS	Little Feat
14	(13)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
15	(26)	SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR	Jimmy Buffett
16	(10)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen
17	(17)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
18	(23)	EXCITABLE BOY	Warren Zevon
19	(24)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
20	(21)	FLOWING RIVERS	Andy Gibb
21	(28)	CHAMPAGNE JAM	Atlanta Rhythm Section
22	(16)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
23	(19)	ALL 'N ALL	Earth Wind & Fire
24	(15)	STREET PLAYER	Rufus and Chaka Khan
25	(27)	INFINITY	Journey
26	(—)	VAN HALEN	
27	(—)	BRING IT BACK ALIVE	The Outlaws
28	(30)	EMOTION	Samantha Sang
29	(18)	DOUBLE LIVE GONZO	Ted Nugent
30	(22)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES LIVE	Bee Gees

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

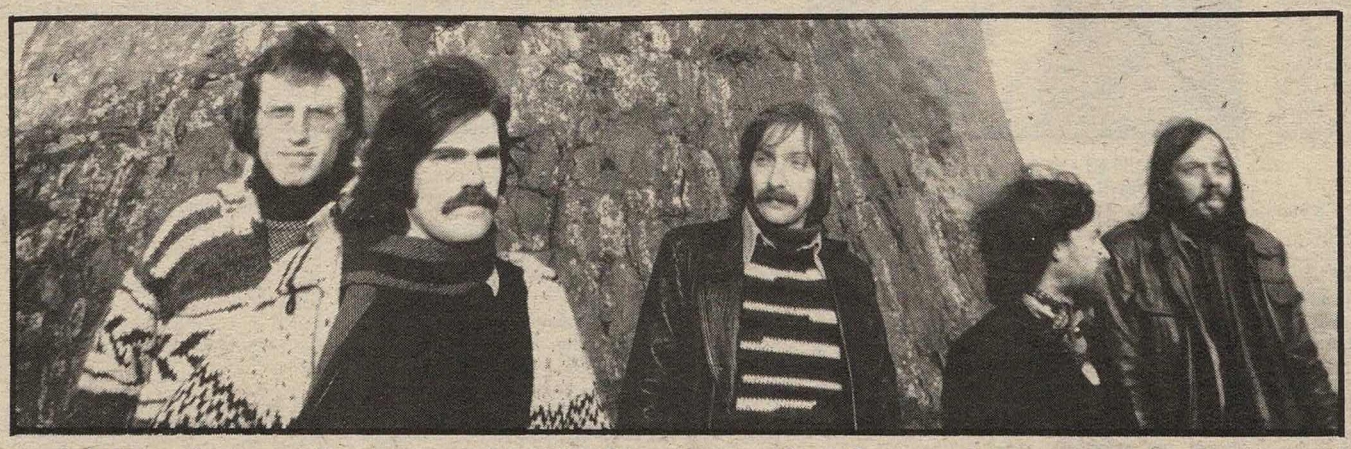
Edited: Derek Johnson

LINDISFARNE RETURN

LINDISFARNE have re-formed permanently with their original line-up. They've signed a recording deal with Phonogram, and early next month set out on a massive 31-date British tour — preceded by a new single, and followed by their comeback album.

They return with the identical personnel they had when they were first formed in Newcastle a decade ago — Alan Hull (vocals), Ray Jackson (harmonica and vocals), Rod Clements (bass), Ray Laidlaw (drums) and Simon Cowe (guitars and mandolin). And the reunion comes about following the enormous success of their hometown Christmas concerts, both last year and in 1976.

The band's first single of their new era is the Alan Hull composition "Run For Home", released by the Mercury label on April 28. Their album follows in mid-June after their extensive tour, which comprises:



Major tour with original members

Leeds University (May 3), Aberystwyth University (5), Nottingham University (6), Uxbridge Brunel University (7), Cardiff University (8), Sheffield University (9), Liverpool University (10), Durham University (12), Preston University (13), Croydon Fairfield Hall (14), London Queen Mary College (15), Hull University (16), Bradford University (17), Edinburgh University (18), Glasgow Apollo (19), Leicester Polytechnic (20), Oxford New Theatre (21), Birmingham Hippodrome (22), Eastbourne Festival Hall (23), Reading University (24), Coventry Warwick University (25), Manchester UMIST (26), Portsmouth venue to be announced (28), Bristol Colston Hall (29), Ipswich Gaumont (30), Chelmsford Odeon (31), Canterbury Odeon (June 1), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (2), Redcar Coatham Bowl (3) and Newcastle City Hall (5 and 6).

After a period of major chart successes in the early '70's — including the album "Fog On The Tyne", which made No. 1 and was in the Top Ten for 23 weeks, and such hit singles as "Meet Me On The Corner" and "Lady Eleanor" — Lindisfarne went into decline in 1973 when Clements, Laidlaw and Cowe broke away to form Jack The Lad. Hull replaced them, but less than a year later the group finally disbanded.

Jack The Lad subsequently broke up, and although there have since been various attempts by the Lindisfarne originals to organise new bands — including Alan Hull's Radiator and Harcourt's Heroes — they didn't have the appeal of the parent outfit.

But last year's four sell-out Christmas shows finally persuaded the musicians involved that they'd be better off where they started!

● Because of anticipated heavy demand for their two hometown concerts at Newcastle City Hall, tickets for these gigs are available by post only from Lindisfarne Concert, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle, NE99 1LT. Prices are £3.50, £3, £2.75 and £2.50, and cheques and POs should be made payable to "LMP Limited" (enclose s.a.e.).

Blondie: now a summer visit

BLONDIE are returning to Britain much earlier than originally planned, due to the chart-topping success of their single "Denis" and the Top Ten placing of their album "Plastic Letters."

As reported by NME six weeks ago, they were intending to come back in the late autumn, and dates were already being pencilled in for that period. But now it's understood that this project has been scrapped, in favour of a major British concert tour starting in early September.

Our U.S. correspondent reports that it's expected to start during the first week of September and occupy practically the whole of that month, taking in leading venues around the country — including at least two big dates in London.

Meanwhile, Blondie have just started work on their third LP using "a well-known English producer now resident in the States", in preference to Richard Gottehrer who produced their first two albums. At the same time, they're preparing for major appearances at the end of this month in San Francisco, Los Angeles and at the New York Palladium.

Release of their new single "Presence Dear" has again been delayed, due to the continued success of "Denis". It's now been re-scheduled by Chrysalis for April 28, and the first 30,000 copies will be 12-inch pressings in a special picture bag.

(S)EX-PISTOLS PLANS IN THE MELTING POT

ALL FOUR members of the late-lamented Sex Pistols are still pondering their respective futures, but it seems that Steve Jones and Paul Cook — who returned last month from their lengthy sojourn in Rio de Janeiro — are likely to be the first to emerge with specific plans. They are busy putting together a new band, and will hopefully be announcing details shortly — though rumours that Heavy Metal Kids singer Gary Holton will be included are thought to be unfounded.

Johnny Rotten has evidently run into contractual difficulties in his quest to form a new band, but hopes to be able to overcome these obstacles before long — though when he does eventually get it together, it's unlikely to be a reggae band, as has been suggested.

Sid Vicious, despite making occasional surprise guest appearances with various bands, is still getting his head together and is undecided what to do on a long-term basis. And Glitterbest, the Pistols' erstwhile management, are busy finishing off the eagerly-awaited film about the group.

● A report in the London *Evening News* — suggesting that Rotten will compere the Anti-Nazi League Carnival in London Hackney Victoria Park on April 30, and will also debut his new band there — was denied on Monday by Virgin Records. "Johnny may attend the event, but only as a spectator," said a spokesman.

ALTERNATIVE TV END 100 CLUB PUNK GIGS

ALTERNATIVE TV, whose debut album "The Image Has Cracked" is released by the Deptford Fun City label on May 5, play the last new-wave gig at London 100 Club in Oxford Street next Tuesday (25). The venue's management has decided to abandon punk, because of "unsavoury behaviour by some members of the audience it attracts". The band's nine-track LP includes some studio recordings and some live tracks — which ironically were cut at the 100 Club! A single from the album "Action, Time, Vision" comes out the same day.

The new Vibrators line-up (left to right): DAVE BIRCH, KNOX, DON SNOW, GARY TIBBS and EDDIE.

Two new men for Vibrators

THE VIBRATORS have augmented to a five-piece unit, with two new members coming into the line-up to replace guitarist John Ellis, whose departure was reported two weeks ago.

The new men are Don Snow (keyboards) and Dave Birch (guitar). Snow most recently played with British soul band Sticky Stuff, while previous credits include the Paul Bliss Band, Hollywood and Djin; and Birch has worked for the past year with The Blitz Kids. The Vibrators, whose new album "V.2" was issued by CBS two weeks ago, are now rehearsing with their new members for the third leg of their U.K. tour. It begins at the end of April, with details to follow next week.

Dead Fingers on hand

DEAD FINGERS TALK this week begin an extensive tour, coinciding with the release of their debut Pye single "Hold On To Rock'n'Roll", produced by Mick Ronson. It's taken from their upcoming album, due out shortly. Dates and venues are:

Canterbury College of Art (tonight, Thursday), Margate Dreamland (Friday), London North-East Polytechnic (Saturday), London Willesden Cavern Club (April 24), Sheffield Limit Club (26), Leeds Roots Club (27), Scarborough Penthouse (28), Northampton County Ground (29), Swindon Affair (May 1), Nottingham Sandpiper (3), Liverpool Eric's (4), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (5), Dundee Technical College (6), London Kensington Nashville (11), Brighton New Regent (12), London Marquee (14), Hull Tiffany's (15), Plymouth Woods Centre (17), Penzance The Garden (18), Birmingham Barbarella's (20) and Hinckley Steering Wheel (22). More gigs are being added.

ELO concert at Stafford

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA headline in concert at Stafford New Bingley Hall on Tuesday, June 6. It's their only provincial date outside their eight sell-out shows at Wembley Arena, and it's one of the gigs organised in connection with the Daily Mirror Pop and Rock Club awards, in which ELO were voted No.1 group. Trickster are the support act, and it's likely that other poll-winners will attend to pick up their awards. Tickets are £4.50, £4 and £3.50, with standing at £3. Plans for an ELO gig in Stafford were exclusively revealed by NME in January.

Richman tour in late spring

JONATHAN RICHMAN & The Modern Lovers are to tour Britain this spring after all. As already reported, they're working on the Continent during the next few weeks, but are interrupting their European schedule to play a one-off gig at Aylesbury Friars this Saturday (22).

This was originally planned as the only date they would play in this country, but they've now agreed to headline a full tour here in late May and early June, after they've finished in Europe.

Straight Music this week confirmed that they will be promoting Richman's late-spring U.K. tour, and a spokesman said that dates and venues are currently being finalised. Full details will be announced in a week or two.

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Costello, TRB, Kiss, Shirts, County

NEWS ROUND-UP

TOM ROBINSON BAND have lost their keyboards player Mark Ambler, who left last week to concentrate on forming his own group. A spokesman said the split was amicable, and that his replacement in the TRB will be announced shortly.

KISS bassist Gene Simmons arrived in London last week to record his solo album here, using a number of well-known British musicians. This is part of a project for all the members of Kiss to make independent solo albums, all of them to be issued simultaneously on the same day in autumn. Meanwhile a Kiss double LP is issued by Casablanca on April 28 — titled "Double Platinum", it's a re-mixed compilation of their biggest hits.

WAYNE COUNTY and The Electric Chairs have delayed their departure for Berlin — where, as previously reported, they intend basing themselves — until the middle of May. This is to enable them to play a few more dates, following the success of their recent gig at London Music Machine, and to complete their new album for early autumn release. Dates for the band are at London Marquee (April 25), London Kensington Nashville (May 4), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (5 and 6) and High Wycombe Nags Head (11).

MAGAZINE have added another gig to their British tour, reported last week — at Cardiff University on May 6. And their Manchester venue is switched from Rafters on May 5 to the Ritz on May 8.

ELVIS COSTELLO has a new single out on Radar on April 28, titled "Pump It Up". The B-side "Big Tears" features Clash guitarist Mick Jones. Elvis flew to America this week and, for the first week of his tour, he'll be using guest bassist John Ciambotti from Clover. It's expected that regular bassist Bruce Thomas, currently nursing a hand injury, will then be fit to join him . . . **NICK LOWE's** new single "Little Hitler"/"Cruel To Be Kind" is a May 5 release, also on Radar.

THE SHIRTS, who were forced to cancel a recent gig scheduled for London Camden Dingwells, have now re-arranged it for this Sunday (23) when they'll be playing a benefit for the Institute of Race Relations.

RAT SCABIES, former Damned drummer, officially launches his new band White Cats at London Strand Lyceum next Wednesday (26) when they support The Rich Kids.

TELEVISION were forced to postpone their concert at Bristol Colston Hall last Friday, when the 40-foot truck carrying their gear was involved in an accident, killing the driver. The gig was hastily rescheduled for this Tuesday (18) and the proceeds donated to the driver's family. The change of date meant the cancellation of the band's third show at London Hammersmith Odeon, but most ticket-holders were able to change to one of the first two shows.

THE RAMONES start work in New York this week on their new album, recording 12 new tracks. This means that their projected late spring British visit is now definitely postponed until October, though there is a possibility that they may play a special one-off concert here in the summer.

THE LURKERS are back on the road with gigs at London Marquee (tonight, Thursday), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (April 28), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (May 3), Oxford United Football Ground (8), Reading Bones Club (10), Margate Dreamland (12), Portsmouth Community Centre (13), Liverpool Eric's (19), Bradford Royal Standard (21), Whitley Bay Rex Hotel (24), Crawley Community Centre (26) and London Marquee (28 and 29).

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS start an extensive tour at the end of this month, with Eater guesting. Details next week.

SHAM 69 headline a major London concert on Friday, May 12, when they appear at the new Roxy Theatre in Harlesden.

RECORD NEWS

Soundtrack with free Donna disc

● The soundtrack double album from the film "Thank God It's Friday", which has its British premiere this summer, is being rushed out by the Casablanca label (distributed by Pye). It features **Donna Summer** and **The Commodores**, both of whom appear in the film, plus contributions from **Diana Ross, Thelma Houston, Santa Esmeralda, Love & Kisses, Cameo** and others. The package also includes a bonus 12-inch single of Donna Summer singing "Je T'Aime Mois Non Plus", which is not available in any other form.

● **"The Coasters** 20 Great Originals", issued by Atlantic this weekend, is tied in to a marketing campaign with the Clarks Shoe Company. Buy a pair of their new line of canvas shoes called Coasters, and you get a voucher entitling you to purchase the album for just £1.25.

● Possible chart contenders out this week: **The Wurzels'** version of The Mixtures' "Pushbike Song", re-titled "The Tractor Song" (EMI); and **Guys'n'Dolls'** version of their own TV commercial "Only Oxo Does It", re-titled "Only Loving Does It" (Magnet).

● **The Police** have their first single out on the A & M label this weekend. Title is "Roxanne".

● A new **Thin Lizzy** single titled "Rosalie" is rushed out on April 28 as a prelude to their live album, from which it's taken. The LP is called "Live And Dangerous" and is scheduled for May 5 release.

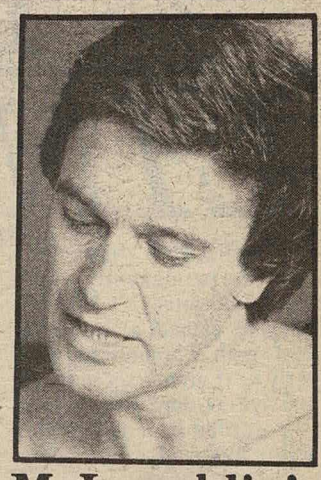
● **Gay & Terry Woods'** new LP "Tender Hooks", featuring Kate McGarrigle on keyboards and backing vocals, is issued this weekend by Rockburgh Records. Out simultaneously is a single taken from it called "We Can Work This One Out".

● Warner Brothers are phasing out the Reprise label, leaving it solely for **Frank Sinatra**, who founded it 15 years ago. All other Reprise acts transfer to Warners, who this summer introduce a new label logo design.

● **Johnny Thunders**, ex-Heartbreakers leader, has a solo single called "Dead Or Alive" out this week on the newly-launched Real Records label. This follows the collapse of his former label Track, which has now gone into liquidation. He's backed by the rhythm section from Eddie & The Hot Rods.

MADDY and IAN ANDERSON

● **Maddy Prior's** first solo single "Rollercoaster" / "I Told You So" is released by Chrysalis on April 28. It's taken from her album "Woman In The Wings" (out May 12), and features co-producer Ian Anderson on backing vocals.



McLaughlin's all-star LP

● **John McLaughlin** temporarily abandons his Shakti group to return to amplified rock for his new album "Electric Guitarist", issued by CBS on May 12 — and he's in excellent company with backing provided by Carlos Santana, Tony Williams, Jack Bruce, Chick Corea, Stanley Clarke and Billy Cobham, among others. And CBS has scheduled for June a double-LP compilation by **Boz Scaggs**, featuring the best tracks from his three deleted albums.

● Status Quo singer-guitarist Francis Rossi has produced the debut LP by new British band **Flying Squad**, for CBS release shortly. Sessions took place in the Hilversum studios in Holland, where **Status Quo** themselves started work on a new album this week.

● **Allan Clarke's** first solo single since leaving the Hollies last month is "I'm Betting My Life On You", for April 28 release by Polydor. Out on the same day and label is another potential soccer hit, "Easy Easy" by **Scottish Football Supporters.**

● **The Rezillos** have now finished their first album, which Sire Records plan for early June release. The band are currently in their native Scotland, rehearsing for a major tour to coincide with the issue of the LP.

● **Patti Boulaye**, the "New Faces" winner who scored a maximum 120 points on her first appearance on the show, has been signed by Polydor. She's already recorded several tracks, and her debut single will be rushed out at the end of this month.

● **The Dole** — a five-piece from Peterborough who have supported 999, Tonight and the Radiators From Space, among others — have signed with the Ultimate label, and are recording their debut single this week . . . and four-piece London-based band **The Bombers** have their first single issued this week by The Label, titled "I'm A Liar Babe".

● **Five Hand Reel's** third album "Earl Of Moray," produced by Simon Nicol, is released by RCA on April 28. Same label issue's **Noel Murphy's** live LP "Caught In The Act" on May 5.

● Two new Charly albums next month, the compilation set "Rockabilly Rules OK?" and **"Crazy Cavan** Live At The Rainbow", spearhead a massive rockabilly campaign by the label. They're promoting 18 albums, including past material recorded by former Sun Records chief Sam Phillips.

Mac gig: only if Russia says yes!

WHETHER OR NOT Fleetwood Mac perform in Britain this summer hinges upon decisions taken by the Ministry of Culture in the Soviet Union! For some weeks negotiations have been taking place, with a view to Mac playing a series of midsummer concerts in Russia, and it's reported from the States that the band will only visit Europe this year if the Russian deal materialises.

Plans for Mac's USSR trip are still fluid. Latest word this week is that it's reduced to just one major concert in Moscow, but even that would satisfy them, as they are particularly keen to be the first big-name rock band to perform there. If the Russian visit is confirmed, Mac will also make selected stadium appearances in other European countries, including Britain.

In any case, the timing of the tour would depend upon the completion date of their new album, which they started in February. Meanwhile, their "Rumours" LP — now in its 60th week in the NME Chart — is fast approaching sales of one million copies in Britain. A Warner Brothers spokesman said it's expected to reach this total by the end of April or early next month.

"If you want to be really Professional, protect your records with Sound Guard"

Says Graham Canter, DJ at Gullivers Disco.

Graham Canter—known to the customers as "Fatman"—is the DJ at famous Mayfair nightspot Gullivers. This disco is the meeting place of international stars who want to hear their special kind of soul music. And when you're playing records for stars like Stevie Wonder, Smokey Robinson or the Four Tops, the sound quality has to be nothing short of perfect. But this presents great problems because, as Graham Canter says: "A DJ in a busy club like Gullivers is under constant pressure and just does not have time to take good care of his records. All the golden rules of record handling go by the board, inners get lost, sleeves get mixed up and so on. When a friend in the business first told me about Sound Guard I was frankly sceptical. 'Sprays' had been recommended to me before and none of them were really effective. However, I gave Sound Guard a try and was extremely impressed by the results. My records still sound in mint condition after being played time and time again. If you want to be really professional—use Sound Guard".

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CHAPIN'S GIGS SET

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the late-spring British tour by Harry Chapin, plans for which were revealed by NME last week. He headlines 11 dates, including an appearance at London Rainbow. A new album, as yet untitled, will be issued by Elektra to coincide with his visit.

Chapin's itinerary comprises Southport New Theatre (May 23), Glasgow Apollo (24), Sheffield City Hall (25), Belfast Grosvenor Hall (26), Dublin Stadium (27), Bradford Alhambra (28), Newcastle City Hall (29), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (30), London Rainbow (31), Birmingham Hippodrome (June 1) and Croydon Fairfield Hall (2).

Tickets are on sale now at all venues. London Rainbow prices range from £1.50 to £3.50, but prices elsewhere should be checked at the respective box-offices. Tour promoter is Barry Clayman of MAM. Another date may be added later.

Bette plans golden gigs

BETTE MIDLER will headline her first British tour in the early autumn, as part of a six-nation trek around Europe. She's expected to play four or five concerts in this country in September, including two at a major London venue — and she will also be visiting Germany, Sweden, Holland, France and Denmark.

The Divine Miss M has already contracted for the tour, and a unique feature of the deal is that the promoters have agreed to pay her fees in gold bullion. Already a wealthy lady, she apparently sees this as a guarantee against possible currency fluctuations — not least, the downward trend of the dollar.

Next month Bette begins work on her first film starring role — it's a 20th Century Fox picture called "The Rose", and it's expected to keep her busy until August. She's almost finished recording a new album, which will be released to coincide with her visit.

Audience support (literally!) for Radio Star ANDY ELLISON at a recent London Nashville gig by the band.

Radio Stars: weekend tour

RADIO STARS, fresh from their marathon 40-date tour with Eddie & The Hot Rods, begin a 12-venue headlining tour at the end of this month. It's restricted to weekend appearances on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, as they'll be in the recording studios for the rest of the week.

Billed as "Radio Stars' Weekend Fever Tour", it features various support acts including The Boyfriends and Speed-O-Meters, and includes the band's first major bill-topping London date.

The tour schedule is Cambridge Corn Exchange (April 28), Guildford Civic Hall (29), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (30), Newcastle Polytechnic (May 5), Leeds University (6), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (7), Birmingham Barbarella's (12), Liverpool Eric's (13), Croydon Greyhound (14), London Strand Lyceum (19), Manchester University (20) and Middlesbrough Town Hall (21).

New band for two ex-Kinks

TWO FORMER Kinks members who left the band recently, John Gosling (keyboards) and Andy Pyle (bass), are in the process of launching their own outfit. For some weeks they've been busy writing and recording their own material for an upcoming album, and they've been assisted in the project by three other musicians, who plan to join them on a permanent basis as soon as they are free of current commitments. The new Gosling-Pyle band, as yet un-named, will make their live debut in London early next month.

ON THE ROAD

CHARLEY PRIDE, whose British tour plans were announced last week, has now been set for ten concerts next month. Supported by Dave & Sugar, the country singer appears at **Ipswich** Gaumont (May 5), **Norwich** Theatre Royal (6), **Liverpool** Empire (10), **Aberdeen** Capitol (11), **Glasgow** Apollo (12), **Coventry** Theatre (13), **Peterborough** ABC (14), **London Hammersmith** Odeon (18), **Southampton** Gaumont (19) **Oxford** New Theatre (20). Promoter is Mervyn Conn.

THE RICH KIDS Lead up to their previously-reported show at **London Strand** Lyceum on April 26 with four provinical gigs. These are at **Cambridge** Corn Exchange (tomorrow, Friday), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (Saturday), **Bristol** Locarno (Sunday) and **Guildford** Civic Hall (April 25).

LITTLE ACRE are gigging at **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (this Sunday), **Wigan** Casino (April 29), **Maidley** Court Centre (May 13), **West Bromwich** Coach & Horses (14), **Retford** Porterhouse (27), **Walsall** West Midlands College (June 9), **Birmingham** University (16), **Telford** Madeley College (17), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (18), **Dudley** College of Education (23), **Keele** University (28) and **Bristol** Brunel Technical College (July 1).

OZO have added another four dates to their current tour, reported two weeks ago, to promote their new DJM album "Museum of Mankind". They are at **Swansea** College of Further Education (April 26), **Dumfries** Stage Coach (May 7), **Merthyr Tydfil** Tiffany's (11) and **Blackwood** Miners Institute (12).

SIDEWINDER have re-formed and their first confirmed dates are at **Rugby** Town Hall (tonight, Thursday), **Watford** Red Lion (May 2), **Luton** The Royal (5) and **St Albans** City Hall (6).

FIVE HAND REEL top the bill in the three-day **Kempton Park** Folk Festival, to be staged near Sunbury-on-Thames to the west of London on June 9, 10 and 11. Among many other names already confirmed are Bob Davenport, Martin Wyndham-Read, Roy Harris, Flowers & Frolics, Webbs Wonders, Kitsyke Will, Fred Jordan, Bob Cann, the Watersons, Gladstone's Bag and the Tannahill Weavers. Advance season tickets at £6 are available from Kathy Sherriff, 19 Theobalds Avenue, North Finchley, London N.12.

MICKEY JONES BAND has been launched by the ex-Man guitarist, and the five-piece line-up includes another former Man guitarist, Tweke Lewis. Among first confirmed gigs are **London Herne Hill** Half Moon (this Saturday), **London Kensington** Nashville (April 26), **Swansea** Circles (27), **Dudley** J.B.'s (29), **Merthyr Tydfil** Tiffany's (May 4), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (9), **London Camden** Dingwalls (11) and **London** Nashville again (18).

TRAPEZE will headline major British, European and American tours this summer, to tie in with the release of their new album, which they've just completed. Dates are expected shortly for their U.K. leg, which is scheduled to begin in the last week of June, with their 14th U.S. tour opening in mid-July.

THE JOLT, who have just completed a British tour as support to Generation X, have been signed as the support act on another major tour. It's the previously-reported outing by The Motors, opening in **Bournemouth** on April 28 and running through May.

THE REAL THING have added another four gigs to their lengthy date sheet, listed last week. They are **Leicester** Bailey's (tomorrow, Friday), **Derby** Bailey's (April 25), **Stavley** Middlescroft Community Centre (29) and **Burntisland** Half Circle (30).

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES' venue on May 10, the opening date of their upcoming British tour, has been switched from **Newcastle** to **Doncaster** Outlook.

THE ENID have a string of gigs at **Aberdeen** University (tomorrow, Friday), **Edinburgh** Heriot Watt University (Saturday), **Dumfries** Stage Coach (Sunday), **Manchester** Rafters (April 26), **London New Cross** Goldsmiths College (28), **Canterbury** Kent University (29), **Bedford** Cranfield College (May 6) and **Guildford** Surrey University (12).

ANDY DESMOND — whose album, with his name as its title, is out this week on Ariola — is a special guest on the upcoming Maddy Prior tour, opening in **Derby** on May 12.

THE BRAKES have dates in May at **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (8), **Dudley** J.B.'s (11), **Newport** Village Club (12), **Harrogate** P.G.'s (13), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (18), **London City** University (19), **London** Marquee (22), **Sheffield** Limit Club (28) and **Swindon** Affair (29).

THE SMIRKS, newly signed by Beserkley Records, play **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (tonight, Thursday), **Manchester** Rafters (Friday), **London Kensington** Nashville with The Late Show (April 24), **Loughborough** University with The Boyfriends (29), **West Cumbria** College (May 1), **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (5), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (6) and **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (12).

RACING CARS have extra gigs at **Swansea** Nutz Club (tonight, Thursday), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (Saturday), **Fife** St. Andrew's University (Sunday) and **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (April 25).

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES have put back their gig at **Plymouth** Metro by one day to May 5, and now play **Bristol** Stars & Stripes on May 4.

CHEAP FLIGHTS, the band fronted by John Grimaldi and now including new bassist David Harvey, play **London Stoke Newington** Pegasus (tomorrow, Friday), **Accrington** Lakeland Lounge (Sunday), **Liverpool** Sportsman (April 24), **Rhyl** Tito's (25), **Yeovil** RNAS Station (27), **London Waltham Forest** College (28), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (29) and **Bracknell** Arts Centre (30).

STEEL PULSE (above) play the most important date of their career so far this Sunday (23), when they headline in concert at **Londonn Chalk Farm** Roundhouse. Special guest is Wreckless Eric, and support acts are The Police and John Cooper-Clarke.

LANDSCAPE promote their own concert at **London Fulham** Town Hall tomorrow (Friday) at 8pm, supported by Milk. Admission is £1.

RADIO BIRDMAN play six dates as a warm-up to their British tour next month supporting The Flamin' Groovies. They visit **High Wycombe** Nags Head (tonight, Thursday), **London Hammersmith** Red Cow (Friday) and **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (Saturday), followed by further **London** gigs at The Marquee (April 24), Islington Hope & Anchor (28) and Camden Music Machine (29).

RAB NOAKES — whose new album "Restless" is scheduled for late May release by Ring O'Records — supports Gerry Rafferty on his previously-reported concert tour, opening in **Dunstable** on June 1.

Otway, Barrett on tour

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT, who toured Britain extensively early in the New Year, are being lined up for another major tour occupying virtually the whole of June. First confirmed date is at Reading Hexagon Theatre on June 3. Rest of their dates are still being finalised, and details are expected to be announced in a week or two.

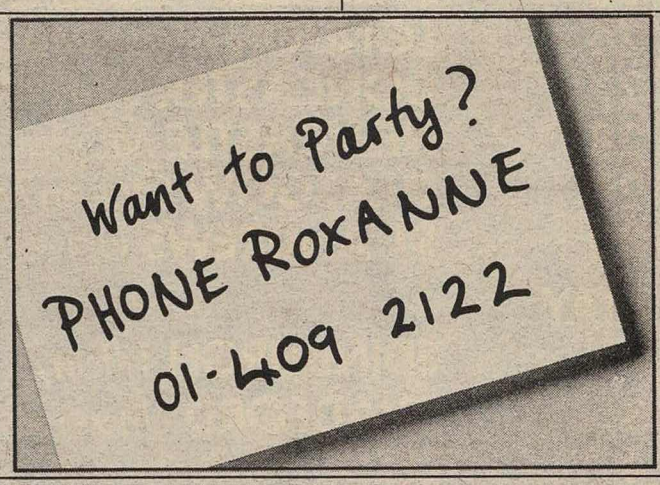
The Reading gig is part of a series of shows at the Hexagon being promoted by John Martin in association with the local Radio 210. Others in the series include Diane Solomon (April 24), Darts (May 14), Dave Brubeck (15) and Steve Hillage (20).

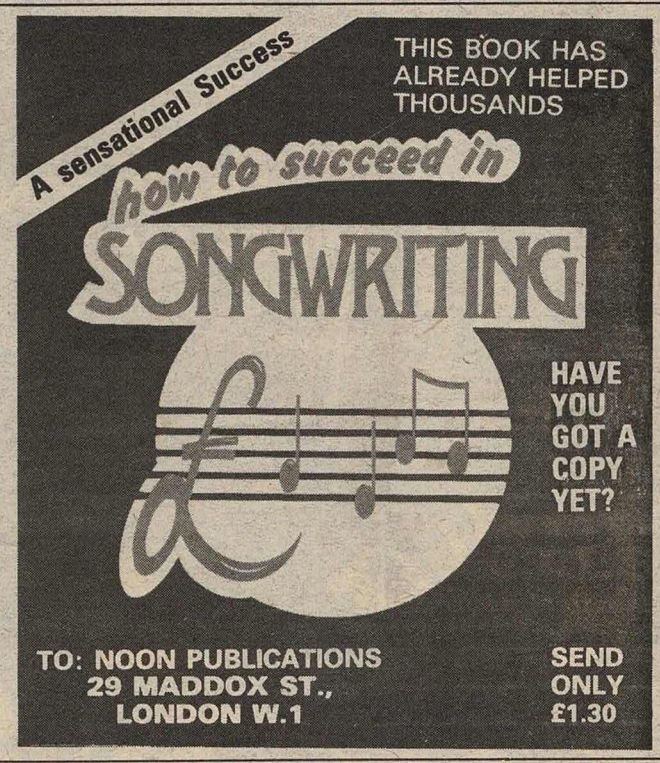
In Brief

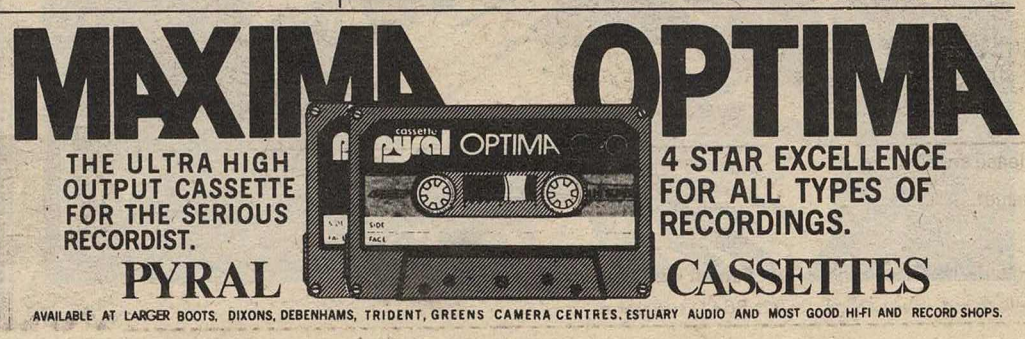
DON WILLIAMS tapes his own BBC-TV special on May 15, with guest artist Barbara Fairchild, for autumn screening; and another country act, Dave and Sugar, are also filming their own BBC show which is scheduled for June Showing.

MUSICIANS UNION, concerned by the electrocution of another guitarist a few weeks ago, have published a pamphlet which provides a safety guide to handling electronic equipment. It's written by Tom Stark, primarily for musicians with little technical knowledge, and is obtainable from the M.U. at 29 Catherine Place, Buckingham Gate, London SW1 6EH.

DAVID ESSEX is to play one of the leading roles in the London stage production of "Evita", the Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber rock opera which opens at the Prince Edward Theatre (formerly the Casino) in June. He stars as Che the narrator, and he says that he accepted it to break away from pop.



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UK TOUR

APRIL

18 **MANCHESTER** *Rafters*
20 **BRISTOL** *Tiffany's*
21 **KEIGHLEY** *Victoria Hall*
22 **WIGAN** *Casino*
23 **SHEFFIELD** *Top Rank*
26 **LONDON** *Music Machine*
27 **DONCASTER** *Outlook*
28 **NEWCASTLE** *Mayfair*
29 **GLASGOW** *Queen Magaret Union*
30 **ST. ANDREWS** *University*

MAY

1 **EDINBURGH** *Tiffany's*
3 **BRADFORD** *University*
4 **LEEDS** *Polytechnic*
5 **EAST RETFORD** *Porterhouse*
6 **SHEFFIELD** *University*
10/11 **LONDON** *Marquee*
12 **WOLVERHAMPTON** *Lafayette Club*
13 **BIRMINGHAM** *Barbarellas*
14 **READING** *Top Rank*

Tour booked by NEMS/Phil Banfield

THE ON-GOING STORY OF LITTLE MEN IN GLASSES

GRAHAM PARKER, in this instance — who reflects on the vagaries of the rock power struggle while socking it to 'em in Ireland. When you're hot you're hot ... but right now it seems like Elvis Costello is the one generating the pubicity heat. Mr. Parker, however, takes it all philosophically. TONY STEWART reports.

GRAHAM PARKER'S public persona is of an acrimonious working class runt, and it's an image he's gladly fostered.

Short and skinny, his thin bones wired into angular shapes, he's fearlessly aggressive onstage at Queen's University in Belfast. He darts forward out of The Rumour's blazing heat, moving stiffly as if suppressing a rage, and threatens the microphone with a bloody good duffing.

His vocal style's similarly hostile, with lyric lines arching across the pummeling rhythms like brutally bold slashes of a glinting blade.

He hunches his shoulder tight into his neck, and his head tips over to one side with a snarl.

An aquiline nose protrudes from the sharp, stone lines of his face, and the black impenetrable shades lend a sinister air.

Parker deliberately gives the impression of being an angry heavyweight imprisoned in a lightweight frame.

The four-man brass section blow red hot phlegm across the stage, and The Rumour play swaggering R&B that swings and barges into Parker: a rigid pole implanted in the floorboards, centre-front.

Belfast falls to them.

The capacity audience surrender to the nagging, jarring beat, and Parker's ferocious vocal powers. The band swoop brashly into the hall with the first four numbers, glide gracefully for a couple of songs, and from "Pourin' It All Out" ascend to a climax that takes them clean through the roof to a height where oxygen masks are mandatory.

Parker barks introductions, twirls on the spot, and rubs his palms together with a sneer as he dives in to sort out another song.

"This one'll kill ya!" He promises as they break into the only new one, "Saturday Night Is Dead". Then with "I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down", he crouches low over the lip of the stage, taunting the audience. Steve Goulding's dark drum beats hold the tension, until Martin Belmont shatters the hall with the guitar figure that leads into "Don't Ask Me Questions".

The incessant chorus hook of "Heat Treatment" follows, dragging the audience to the front. Eventually they forget their inhibitions and happily dance through "New York Shuffle", and "Soul Shoes". Finally, they vociferously demand three encores.

The excitement of celebration is total.

"You're probably the best audience we've played to in over a year," Belmont bellows, staggering dizzily.

"Yeah, you're fuckin' great!" Parker echoes, extending high his thin white arm dripping with sweat.

"We're the *best* live group going 'round at the moment," The Rumour's keyboards player Bob Andrews later declares, "simply because we've been playing on the road solid for the last two years."

AT THE end of last year, Greil Marcus wrote in *Rolling Stone* that GP&R's advent was a sign the decade was finally toughening up.

"Parker was that rarity in rock & roll: a singer who emerged on his record fully grown, not offering apologies but warnings."

Hunched over on the settee staring at his shoes, Parker draws on the butt of a roll-up cupped in his hand, and smiles lightly when

The progress . . .

. . . of a . . .

All pix: PENNIE SMITH

What happens if you stay on the road too long . . . A somewhat older Parker lookalike demonstrates.

reminded of that critical distinction.

"It was great because there was a lot to fight against, 'cos of the way rock 'n' roll was established," he rasps in a raw London accent. "It wasn't just that the people were established; what the kids *'ad* to hear was established for 'em.

"It was just about the most unexciting thing I can remember.

"I felt it 'ad to toughen up. Yeah, they're exactly the words I'd use. It had to toughen up to get more actual excitement going again."

"And nobody's been lying still in the group since then," adds Andrews. "Steve Goulding and Andy Bodner (bass) also played on 'Watching The Detectives' and *made* that record the number it was. Everyone's got better, y'know.

"We were caught in a cross-fire," he continues, periodically thumping a Guinness bottle against a table top for emphasis. "We came before the punk thing, yet we were after that boring old farts syndrome, right? And I think it's good we're on our own now. There's nobody compared to us."

"Yeah," Parker agrees, "it was good we came along then because we didn't have to be a punk group to do what we've done.

"That's what a lot of groups are now. Kids I knew when I started with The Rumour were pretty much middle-class, 'ad long 'air, an' thought Hendrix was still the thing. Now they've got short, spiky hair, and they've gotta play punk.

"We picked up on it because we like energy: we tap it. We get into what's 'appenin'. But we 'aven't 'ad to go in any one channel and be elevated.

"I 'ate to see people elevated into that *ridiculous* position, because they're supposed to *stand* for something. Like all that bloody gay-lib garbage from Tom Robinson. I think the music's crap. He's pretty average.

"We're just music and songs, and nobody can put a finger on what we're doing. It's a million miles bloody wider than practically anything."

Was it easier for you emerging when rock 'n' roll was moribund?

"You'd've thought it would 'ave been, right? But it wasn't," Parker answers. "People didn't even understand what the 'ell we were doing really. There weren't many young kids coming to our gigs.

"Now, young kids can really get into us because they've been opened up by the punk stuff."

PARKER AND The Rumour draw mostly teenagers at the Dublin Stadium.

Inappropriately named, the gig looks like a zoo from the outside, and inside nothing more than a large club with tatty red seats and a low ceiling. You need wellies to go in the toilets, and elderly ushers play pass-a-parcel with the fans, trying to get them seated according to corporation regulations.

Caught in a fashion timewarp, long hair, baggy blue denims and green anoraks are still in evidence. But there's an interesting contingent of self-conscious punks in leather and leopard skin; some of them with orange and yellow hair-dos standing on end like a frightened cat's fur.

The set's different and lacks the confidence and attack GP&R had shown in Belfast.

Too concerned with energetic bluff and blunder, they go straight from "Thunder And Rain" to "Fool's Gold", so ditching "Problem Child" which the previous night had acted as an essential reggae lope before blasting the final section of the act.

They get to that point too soon, and as the stiffness shows, they're unprepared. "Questions" partly revives the glory of Belfast, but they exude an uncharacteristic tension.

"Nobody dancin' tonight?" Parker asks. "Don't worry 'bout a fing! Jus' don't stand on the *antique* seats. Somebody told me they're worf a lot."

Irate paddy voices from the hall's darkness call back, "We're not allowed!" But "Heat Treatment" has already started, and they all follow GP's signal to dance, ignoring the sweeping glares of the ushers' torches worrying them from the aisle.

But it's a struggle to make the set work; Parker all the more needled for it.

After "New York Shuffle" he tells the audience he's been passed a message that his chances of returning would be increased if they didn't stand on the seats.

"It's a load of *shit!*" He curses. "They keep givin' me this shit, right? But stand off ya feet! I'm talkin' 'bout your *'Soul Shoes'!*"

Now more of a tense conflict between the hall management and band, the houselights are brought up after the first encore, "Hold Back The Night", and it's five minutes before the musicians go back onstage.

Geep has decided not to submit.

"They're pretty jaded in England," he sneers to roars of approval. "Fink they've seen 'em all. I wish they could see you! Let's snort some, *'White Honey'!*"

After a minute the houselights are knocked out fitfully. The management yield, and GP&R win yet another round.

When you look like Graham Parker you've apparently no choice but to be a man's man, fronting a man's band.

Perhaps it's because his image is without glamour, and one of a straight talking hardnut, that after the show there are half a dozen young gents waiting to meet him. Only one has brought along his girl, and she's rudely pushed away from the circle surrounding GP.

There's no hysteria, groupies or sycophants to disrupt the quiet chat about music and shades. If it wasn't that, they'd probably discuss cars, football and beer: *men's* talk.

It all fits neatly into the general pattern that Graham is content to continue on this level, playing the concert halls and personally meeting the fans for a natter. His aims are supposedly musical, not commercial.

But he's contemptuous of this assumption.

"You're a bit wrong on that," he corrects. "I write songs, and I think everyone should 'ear 'em, and I think they cover more ground than most.

"I don't see ourselves as a band for the critics to come and see and say 'This is really ethnic-ey'. I don't want any of that really.

"I want to sell records. I want people to be *knocked* out with the records. 'Cos it's musical, obviously, but at the same time there's no way I want to be ignored, or not increase the popularity we've got now.

"That's the reason I started: I wanted to effect people . . . and to connect!"

None of his three albums has sold well, but he still refuses to compromise, and once resisted going along with the suggestion by a Phonogram A&R man that he should contrive a hit.

"It's just laughable. I mean, *Christ!* What can you do about it?"

Clearly if his records don't make it on *his* terms, he *will* wrench his soul out touring.

"Probably you're right," he agrees.

"But I'm doing it 'cos I *am* a success. I know the Roundhouse is soldout a month before we do it. That gets me off as much as sitting around writing songs, or going to parties and being *seen.*

THIS TOUR isn't for the hedonists, and the rage onstage is contrasted by the polite calmness at other times. The soundchecks are approached with professionalism, and the minimum of fuss. There's a subdued party in the Belfast hotel for the band and entourage, and it's an appropriate observation when somebody says, "You all look as though you're waiting to be asked to dance."

The tour bus rumbles uneventfully out of Belfast bound for Dublin. We pass through bleak Northern Irish towns, the shop windows boarded, with oil drums in the gutter to prevent a mad mick skidding up and chucking a bomb through the window. Incongruous Spanish-style villas have been erected every five miles.

There's a stop at a pub in Eire where Geep meets a 63-years-old look-a-like who provides entertainment for an hour, boasting of his boxing and drinking skills.

The band read, doze or play cards as we pass derelict houses in Dublin's backstreets, cross a bridge over the Liffy where rubbish's dumped in the sludge, and arrive at the hotel in a posh part of town.

But there are hairline cracks in the group's facade of tranquil contentment. Apparently they're all dissatisfied that their success doesn't really extend above one level: touring.

Airing an unanimous opinion, Belmont is

■ *Continues over page*

■ *From previous page*

annoyed that Mercury Records in the States didn't put "Stick To Me" high in the charts. He argues that Columbia did well by Elvis Costello's album, and as the quality and style of it is similar to theirs, they should have fared just as well.

Also, Brinsley Schwarz and Bob Andrews, who before forming The Rumour were in the group taking the former's name, are sour that the press now claim their ex-bassist, Nick Lowe, was the band's mainman.

That's rubbish, they say, and as much an injustice to them as false reports that Lowe is producing the American singer, Carlene Carter. They're producing her and Basher's not.

These complaints are rare; usually they avoid delicate controversy and prefer to reserve their energies for the stage.

The low profile is such that after the Stadium gig, Parker quickly retreats from the hotel's latenight bar, which is invaded by models and the Irish rag-trade set. Armed with a plastic bag full of bottles of Guinness we slip off to a room and talk.

THERE'S NOTHING very lahdidah about Parker. And also, modesty is not a characteristic that comes easily to him. "I am the original regeneration," he boasts with a smug laugh, speaking of musical influences.

"I am the original cigar! I just came along and did what I did!"

Two years ago his abrupt entrance was a rude awakening for a docile music business. At first he was dismissed by many as a scheming little shrimp with more audacity and stolen licks than talent. A few months later he was widely acknowledged as an important figure.

As Marcus also stated in his *Rolling Stone* piece, Parker was welcomed not as the next *big* thing, but as the first *real* thing in rock for a very long time.

Parker's debut album "Howlin' Wind", was unadulterated energy, fuelled by lyrics that embodied distrust, bitterness and resentment. Vehemently iconoclastic with the title track, he also derides the presumption that anybody, let alone a rock performer, could have the solutions to society's ills in "Don't Ask Me Questions".

All angry and often arrogant stuff; the paradox being that as The Man In The Shades, visually he was an enigma but lyrically a powerful spokesman. It was an image that was soon accepted by disenchanted rock aficionados, and was so effective as to be an inspiration to other artists, such as The Man In The Glasses — Costello.

"Absolutely," Parker agrees proudly. "Howlin' Wind' blew his mind. I know that for a fact.

"I can see the connection. I can sing the words of 'Don't Ask Me Questions' over the verses of 'Watching The Detectives' quite easily.

"Music goes round, but I hear ordinary singers who've 'eard me, an' they've picked up something from that. That's what I do in a way: I pick up on other people's vibrations.

"I mean, 'Don't Ask Me Questions' is 'Southern Man' from Neil Young. But you wouldn't know that, you see, because I take that so far away from what it was. There's *no way* you'd connect that, unless you played the chords and realised it was a B minor to the G.

"An' *I* didn't do it consciously, but at the same time I know what inspires me, and I can admit to it.

"Elvis has done that from me. He can say what he likes, but I'm sure. Which is great."

Costello is just one artist who came through after GP, and there are others — like Ian Dury and Nick Lowe. But Parker's apparently unruffled by the competitive atmosphere, or the chance they might now eclipse him.

"If I thought about that I'd go bonkers," he explains, " 'cos there's loads of 'em who've emerged in the last year to become significant people.

"Ian Dury used to come to our gigs. We were playing Dingwalls — think it was the night you first reviewed us — and there was 'im in the front row giving me the heavy look. Trying to frighten me, yeah.

"I was just frightened about being onstage anyway, so 'ee needn't 'ave bothered.

"But I like their music. I think they're infinitely better than the rest of it: Supertramp and stuff."

THE PRINCIPAL reason why Parker will survive, and perhaps why he can afford to be so magnanimous to his peers, is because he's fiercely determined and has the highest regard for his music.

So outspoken is he about his own talent, that he can sound like a reckless bragger. But his vision is clear and rational enough for it to cut both ways; he's aware that his three studio albums haven't been fully appreciated for the quality and the emotional depth they contain.

"Stick To Me", he claims, was particularly misjudged; especially Lowe's production which was heavily criticised for losing GP's vocals. But Parker's convinced it's the ultimate album of the three.

"There was that huge thing about The Stones' 'Exile On Main Street'," he recalls. "Have they used the wrong mix? Why can't we hear the words? I remember that specifically, and I thought it sounded amazing! I didn't care that I couldn't understand the words.

"Four years later I did eventually get through to them. But I don't think the words should be that clear anyway."

On that basis we should come back to "Stick To Me" in 1981, then?

"Well, there you go," he laughs. "These songs are built to last.

" 'Heat Treatment' was a much smoother LP to listen to, which is what I wanted because of the way I was singing. 'Turned Up Too Late' and "Fool's Gold' are the mellowness which 'Howlin' Wind' didn't have.

"But 'Stick To Me' was definitely a total energy thing. Maybe it's a bit uncomfortable because of that."

Most significant, though, is the willingness with which a lot of people have assumed Parker is a one-dimensional writer. Using 'Howlin' Wind' as their prototype because of the hatred he expresses toward society, they've wrongly assumed the next two albums relfected the same, and claimed him as a spokesman for the working class.

Ironically, it's a mistake that enabled him to retain credibility with the new wavers, but one which he's ready to expose.

"That's too narrow — to say my songs represent the working class," he argues. "If that was true I'd be saying, ' 'Ere I am on the dole, underfed and underpaid'. And that doesn't really strike me as being all that important.

"To be really honest with you, I think the working-class are as bigoted and conservative as the other classes anyway. In fact the working-class mentality is pretty stupid: 'We're the workers ... all those politicians are just out to feather their nest . . . here's me working away . . you don't know what it's like, mate!'

"I don't dig that at all.

"At the same time, I get the feeling that people who 'aven't 'ad to do what I've done, work at all those stupid jobs, don't quite connect with me anyway.

"I'm just as 'appy 'aving a drink with a bunch of bigoted working-class idiots as anybody else, because I fit in with them fairly easily. I can be pretty bigoted and think I know where I'm at myself."

As we discuss his songs for over an hour, he repeatedly makes the point they're open to misinterpretation because many of them are figurative.

Often his lyrics are veiled — two examples being "Thunder And Rain" on "Stick On Me", and "Black Honey" from "Heat Treatment". They're not simple love songs, he reveals, and the latter in fact is about slavery.

Naturally there are common themes throughout his writing, particularly of arrogance and distrust. Even so, in the second and third albums his talent matures considerably, and he shows more compassion and lyrical sensitivity for his subjects.

Whereas "Howlin' Wind" projects a harsh mood of cynicism, the other two possess a sense of purpose and a feeling of optimism. "Fool's Gold" illustrates this best.

"I've been doing my homework now for a long, long time/Everything that I look for I know I will one day find."

But what he's searching for, or trying to achieve in his songs, is not always clear, even to himself.

"Well, nobody's really sure, are they?" he responds doubtfully.

"Occasionally, I think I'm completely mad, in a nuthouse and I've imagined all this.

"You don't know either. I might be imagining this interview now. And *you* might be.

" 'Scuse me," he adds with a self-conscious laugh, "I'll 'ave to stop drinkin' this bloody Guinness."

Have your songs been influenced by these thoughts?

"A lot of them, yeah. They're not just songs about everyday life.

"This almost gives people the impression I go 'round moping all the time, looking for the worst aspects. But I don't; I see the best. Basically, I'm quite a happy person. I'm no longer just bitter.

"But I had that feeling with 'Howlin' Wind' because I was a nobody, and people thought I was a nobody. Whereas now I'm not a nobody.

"So, I just see things differently, and it's comes over in the songs that way."

A HARD resolve and enthusiasm are not qualities Parker has ever lacked, but they're clearly reflected more in the vigour of his concerts than on his studio albums.

That's one reason why the release of the live set, "Parkerilla," is timely. The magnificence of the performances puts his attitudes firmly into perspective.

Hopefully, it will also result in the sales he rightly deserves.

Any band that has to rely purely on touring to survive is in a precarious position, and not even the euphoria created by generous critical acclaim is enough to dispel feelings of frustration and discontent.

And the pressure on GP&R is such that their manager, Dave Robinson, has been accused of insensitivity for working them like packhorses.

"I've said that a few times meself," Parker admits. "But he does listen to what I say. He knows when I'm over the top though.

"When we started the last British tour, the whole thing was in pieces. We didn't know who the bloody lighting guy was gonna be . . . and there weren't enough roadies. There we were at Aberdeen and we didn't 'ave our equipment, 'cos it 'adn't arrived.

"I ran down to Dave and said, 'Look, what the *fuck* is goin' on?' I was gonna 'it 'im. But I couldn't."

Any animosity stopped there, and Parker's now seriously considering going to Robinson's Stiff label when his contract with Phonogram ends after another album.

"I'd like to do an album with Stiff," he explains, " 'cos I think they're in touch with what I'm doing. So obviously you feel closer to it."

But Parker also wants a company change, because in his opinion Mercury, the American end of his present deal, aren't giving him the support he wants. Because of this, plans to play the States before the current tour were scrapped.

"I can't consider going back to America at the moment because we can't get any further," he says angrily.

"As far as America's concerned it hasn't gone as far as it possible could. And I don't think it will with Mercury.

"We want more. We want the *maximum*, because the music is *that* good!"

For Parker there are no half measures, and he wants the *most* on all levels of his career; including press coverage.

As our interview develops over a period of four and a half hours, it becomes conversational and, because of that, more frank. He tells me that in order to get the *best* out of our meeting he'd first been briefed by his manager and publicist.

"I don't want any filler interviews," he advises. "I want the total thing; no mucking around!

"There was a time when I was in the papers *all the time*, similar to what Costello is now, and I got really sick of it. I don't think I should be on peoples' minds 99 per cent of the day. But now and again I want to be on everyone's 100 per cent."

As you're being so candid, don't you feel any jealousy or rivalry towards Costello now that the attention is focused on him?

"I don't really, no," he replies quickly. "I don't feel much jealousy about anybody.

"You're at home and you read in the papers about Elvis Costello and Ian Dury, and you feel a bit sick. But that's part of the whole bloody game. I think everybody does.

"Steve (Goulding) was telling me about Elvis before he made his first record. He was at some party, drinking, and Steve was talking to him. He was going on, 'Fuckin' Graham's got all this attention. He's the fuckin' Van Morrison. I've been doing that for years, and it's *'im* who's got it all'.

"That's how people are, and it's there for me as well. But it's a big larf really. I think it's a bit of a joke."

Considering Morrison was one of your overt influences at the beginning, he must have thought you were a good laugh too.

"Oh, yeah," GP responds with a chuckle. "He must have listened to 'Howlin' Wind' and 'ad a bloody good larf. And he probably felt a bit sick at the same time, cos I was getting all this bloody thing going for me."

THE LAST image of Graham Parker is at the end of the interview just before dawn. A plane of blue smoke floats lightly above him stretched along the settee, as he draws on another roll-up and inhales deeply. He's been through moods of anger, arrogance, indignation and humour, and now the abrasive bluntness gives way to his quietly sincere explanation of his future.

"I think I could be anything at the moment, and not feel inferior for it. If nobody wanted my music I could be a petrol pump attendant again. I'm not naive about what could happen, because I think you're left with yourself.

"If I was hugely successful — Fleetwood Mac or Peter Frampton jobs — I'd just take it into my system, adjust to it, and *hope*.

"But I don't look into any kind of dazzling future. I look into a more simple future, where I don't have to sing to anybody; where I've got it completely out of me and I'm quite content to be nothing.

"At the moment I'm not content until I write a new song, or until I have a good gig, or until I get a few more records sold. But I don't see a time when everybody idolises me, or I live in a place with a ten foot barbed wire fence around it. I'd hate that, I think.

"It's the old story really, isn't it? When you're obscure, when you're just the average joe, you don't think you should be. You want people to recognise you.

"And then when they do," he sighs, "it doesn't mean a great deal."

To complete the atmosphere "Fool's Gold" should be playing softly in the background.

КОГДА ТАНКИ ПРОРЫВАЮТСЯ ЧЕРЕЗ ПОЛЬШУ
AUTOMATICS
ISLAND

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	8 Sheffield City Hall	*Available on Warner Bros.*	
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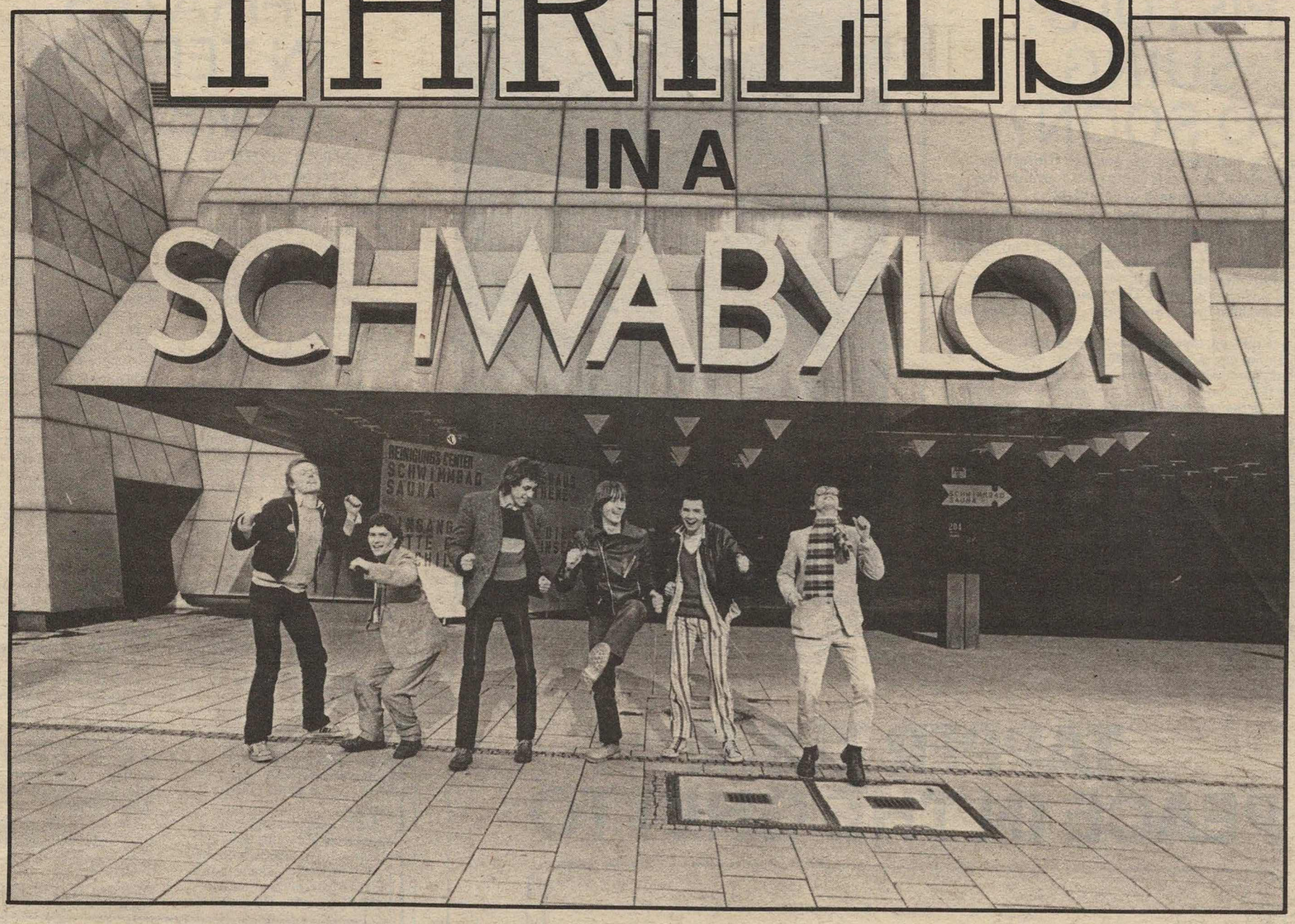
THRILLS IN A SCHWABYLON



Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

How much longer are we gonna take all this crap from Phil Lynott?

DRINK-IN IN A DEUTSCHLAND

HEATHROW AIRPORT at half nine in the morning? Forget it. Everyone's half asleep and miserable as virtue.

The Feelgoods cope with the problem by hitting the bar, alking up with ferocious determination and making sexist remarks to passing women *(Bastards — Ed.)*. Also limping into view are popular Irish showband The Boomtown Rats, shy, sensitive Scots nice guy Gerry Rafferty and — last but not least — timing her arrival perfectly to avoid 'Angin Abaht Wiv The Likes Of The Feelgoods — celebrated teenage warbler Kate Bush, complete with a Take 6-clad boyfriend and numerous EMI watchdogs.

Spectacles of this nature are regular occurrences every month at Heathrow, when flight BE754 leaves for Munich bearing a motley collection of blurred, bad-tempered rock bands destined for the studios of *Scene 78,* Chermany's equivalent to *Top Of The Pops.* Last month's model — featuring Thin Lizzy, Tom Robinson and The Motors — had been disrupted by The Motors' Bram Tchaikowsky yelling, "Geddonwivvit you old poofter" at the TRB *(Bastard — Ed.)*, and had ended with all three bands improvising a goose-step version of "Who Do You Think You Are Kidding Mr Hitler?" *(Bastards! Bastards!!! — Ed.)*.

At Munich Airport, Sparko distinguished himself by attempting to chase the unfortunate Ms Bush into the Ladies' Toilet *(What a tosser Ed.)*, and once the assembled company hit the studio, everyone made for the bar only to find already in residence . . . the Feelgoods, getting on with the real business of the day, i.e. to get as totally pissed as humanly possible.

Yvonne Keeley and Scott Fitzgerald, dressed — believe it or not — as bride and groom and peforming some godawful Europap concoction, have to go through their paces at rehearsal with assembled Feelgoods (pissed as rats) and Rats (pissed as Feelgoods) heckling and harrassing. The Rats fare little better at their own rehearsal when the director insists that guitarists Gerry Cott and Gerry Roberts mime to drummer Simon Crowe's backing vocals ("Zer drummer sings? Ziss vill not do.") and cuts suave pyjama-clad pianist Johnnie Fingers out of the picture entirely.

Showtime, and by now the Feelgoods are *seriously* out of it. A horrible German jobsworth has been trying all afternoon to stop Lee Brilleaux smoking his beloved Old Holborn roll-ups, and so the only way Lee can get a smoke in peace is to climb a 20-foot lighting tower and play *Woodstock,* complete with howls of "Don't take the brown acid, maaaaan!" and "Stay away from them towers!"

Kate Bush sweeps around the studio like a demented bat in a black lace nightie, and when introduced to Gerry Rafferty (who makes great records but has all the stage presence of a potted plant) her opening gambit is "Oh! We share the same lawyer!"

The Rats swerve through "She's So Modern" after a mildly absurd introduction by the show's two comperes, who make Tony Blackburn seem positively hip by comparison (with Geldof freaking out the audience by doing ape poses while they're being introduced. During the guitar solo, he pirouettes like a doll on a music box).

The proceedings are wrapped up by Chris de Burgh, an expensive superwimp who insists on taping his number a second time because the kids didn't clap the beat. Seems no-one had told them to clap, and it wasn't exactly the kind of song that gets you clapping of your own accord.

After the whole grisly spectacle was over, the Feelgoods went to a bierkeller to get *properly* pissed and have some bovver, and the Rats ended up in the Waikiki, a Hawaiian-style expense account-type restaurant which serves elaborate and highly intoxicating cocktails which put them poor Irish boys (only used to Guinness, aren't they) completely under the table. Next stop was the hotel bar, a ludicrous dump called the Yellow Submarine with a system of aquaria which allows you to gawp at sharks while getting pissed. Unfortunately, the management refused to allow Fingers in on account of he was wearing pyjamas.

"He must go and change," said the manager firmly.

"But he's got nothing to change into except more pyjamas," retorted Modest Bob, ever willing to straighten out difficult situations with his ready wit and charming smile.

The whole point of going on this trip was to recreate the assassination of the Israeli athletes at Olympic stadium by taking a photo of the Feelgoods in Wilko poses gunning down the Rats, who were to be clad in track suits for the occasion. It would've been a great pic, but it didn't happen.

Why not? S'easy. The Feelgoods were too pissed.

CHALKIE DAVIES

THRILLS

SALT MINE ROCK

ROCK'N'ROLL continues to land its denizens behind bars in Czechoslovakia.

Back in 1976 *Thrills* twice reported on the Communists' crackdown on the decadent strains of Western rockaboogie, first when two Czech rock bands, Plastic People of the Universe and DG307, were busted en masse for making music "against the beliefs of the State", and then again when the trial results came through and several of the accused landed jail sentences of up to 30 months.

On that occasion the leader of the Plastic People, art historian Ivan Jirous, got sent down for 18 months. He was released in September '77.

His freedom was short-lived. Just five weeks after being let out, he was picked up and slung into jail again. This time Jirous was charged with causing a disturbance, after he had made a speech at an art exhibition by his friend Jiri Lacina. The prime witness against him was a young official of the Socialist Union of Youth (SSM), Alena Roubickova. She claimed that Jirous slandered the SSM by observing that "CSM (a youth organisation disbanded in 1968) and SSM will perish, but the value of these pictures will prevail."

She also claimed to have overheard Jirous, in private conversation with his wife, refer to her (Ms Roubickova) as a "bourgeois cow".

For these heinous crimes, Jirous was sentenced to eight months imprisonment when his case finally came up last week after he had already served six months inside awaiting trial.

As it is his third term of imprisonment, it is possible that he may be sent to the extremely harsh Correction Group III camp, which is normally reserved for habitual offenders and extremely violent criminals.

The re-imprisonment of Ivan Jirous is just the latest incident in the Czech authorities' long-term pogrom against rock musicians.

Both Plastic People and DG307 formed during the brief late-'60s liberal regime of Alexander Dubcek, and groups like them have been rubbing their repressors up the wrong way ever since. Festivals and concerts are frequently broken up by the police, the worst case being a folk festival in Kydne last summer when 126 people were arrested.

Yet at the same time, rock music has increasingly been infiltrating into the Official Kulture of Eastern Europe.

In stark contrast to the Czech persecution of native rock artists, the authorities turn a blind eye to a Sunday morning pop record market which takes place every week in a wood just outside Prague.

Here hard rock records sell for vastly inflated prices. Albums by The Who and Pink Floyd — the two most popular bands — change hands at around £17 each, while The Beatles' recent Hollywood Bowl LP was fetching as much as £28. As any visitor to Russia or Czechoslovakia will attest, the thirst for Beatles product has been feverish ever since the mid-'60s, and indeed the main source of supply is still Western tourists.

Some of this demand may soon be catered for, in Russia at least, by the advent of free flexi-discs as a regular feature of the 157,000 circulation youth club magazine *Klub*. The paper will also be starting a record review column, which may persuade Melodiya, the USSR state record company, to broaden its policy.

Meanwhile East Germany has caught disco fever. A period of unprecedented growth has seen the number of discotheques in the country swell to 5,000. The music played, however, is still rigidly controlled, the majority of records being limited to East Germany's own composers and other Socialist artists. Disc jockeys also have to be licensed by the State.

Plans are now afoot for East Germany to launch the Communist world's first ever rock opera. Entitled *Pink Leaves,* and scheduled for a premiere sometime next year, it will tell the story of a kid with a flying motorbike. But will he be deaf, dumb and blind, Comrade? Huh?

DICK TRACY
PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

Prancing about like a black Bruce Forsyth in leather pants . . .

PISTOLS: SUING SO SOON?

UNDER THE demagogic guise of Glitterbest, Malcolm McLaren is suing photographer Ray Stevenson for 'breach of copyright'.

The offending exhibit is the cover of Stevenson's *Sex Pistols Scrapbook* — loosely fashioned after the 'design' of the Pistols' album sleeve — which, say Glitterbest, breaches copyright on the colour yellow, the logo and the random display of contents. Glitterbest also think that the book's title implies that it is an 'endorsed product'. The plaintiffs named with Glitterbest are John Lydon, Steve Jones, Paul Cook and John Beverley.

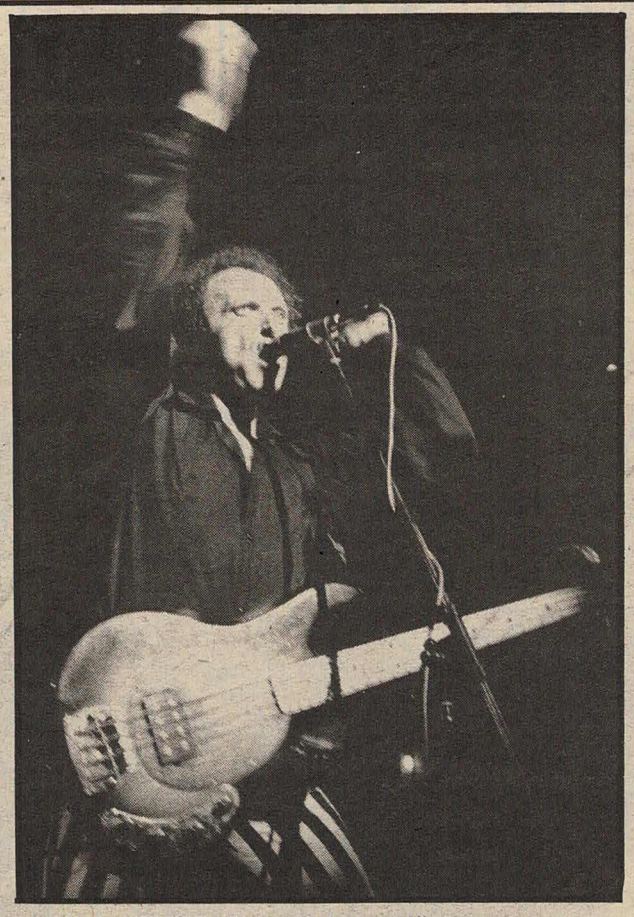
All very surprising, especially when you consider that Stevenson is but one of several photographers whose work was used without permission or payment to further Glitterbest's end during their 'anarchic' reign. And the initial 2,000 print order on the *Scrapbook* sold out four days before the writ was served anyway; Stevenson claims he incurred a £300 loss due to print and design problems.

Of course, Glitterbest's action will have nothing to do with the fact that McLaren's buddy Jamie Reed is working on an 'official' Pistols book. If there were a rival book on the market — and Stevenson is intending to bring out an updated edition — it would no doubt impede Glitterbest's chances of a sizeable advance from any prospective publishers.

It may interest Glitterbest to know that Ray Stevenson plans to counter-sue.

GED PIST
DEE STROY

THRILLS



JEAN E SPENCE: "Out terrorists, out!"

PIRATES IN TERROR BOMB RAID

THERE'S NOTHING extraordinary about fans invading The Pirates' dressing room after a gig. But when something like a hundred French fans, many of them splattered with blood, came crashing into the group's dressing room ten minutes before they were due on the stage of Paris' Bataclan Club last Wednesday, the swashbuckling R&B combo knew something was up!

It quickly became apparent that a gang of between 15 and 20 steel-helmeted extreme right-wing thugs were staging a commando-style raid on the Bataclan.

In the initial charge, these iron bar-wielding extremists tossed a molotov cocktail bomb into a police wagon outside the club, injuring three gendarmes, turned over the pay-box and stole the night's take, and then stormed into the club, beating defenceless fans about the head (hospitalising many) and wrecking well over £8,000 worth of The Pirates' brand new sound and lights system.

Despite 200 French riot police throwing a cordon around the Bataclan, it is believed that all the raiders escaped.

Such commando raids are apparently becoming an all-too-common occurrence in Paree, with clubs, cinemas and theatres (presenting what this right-wing faction allege to be "decadent entertainment") as the prime targets.

As The Pirates' Bataclan debut had been extensively publicised, and it was common knowledge that the local media would be in force, it was obviously an incident which would gain the raiders mass coverage.

Apparently, three hours before The Pirates were due on stage at 8.00, a local left-wing newspaper had received an anonymous phone call warning them that there was a raid planned for that evening. It is not clear if the Bataclan was actually named as the target. However, as it is reckoned that French newspapers receive dozens of similar phone calls each day, it was regarded as just another "Cry-Wolf" call and not acted upon.

After surveying the debris, Pirates guitarist Mick Green went onstage and before an audience estimated at over one thousand announced: "We came to Paris to play rock'n'roll and that's precisely what we're gonna do."

Utilising what undamaged equipment they could salvage, The Pirates played an hour-long set followed by six encores, before being joined onstage by most of the city's leading concert promoters, who came to the Bataclan as a show of solidarity.

The gendarmes are currently enquiring into the incident.

ROY CARR

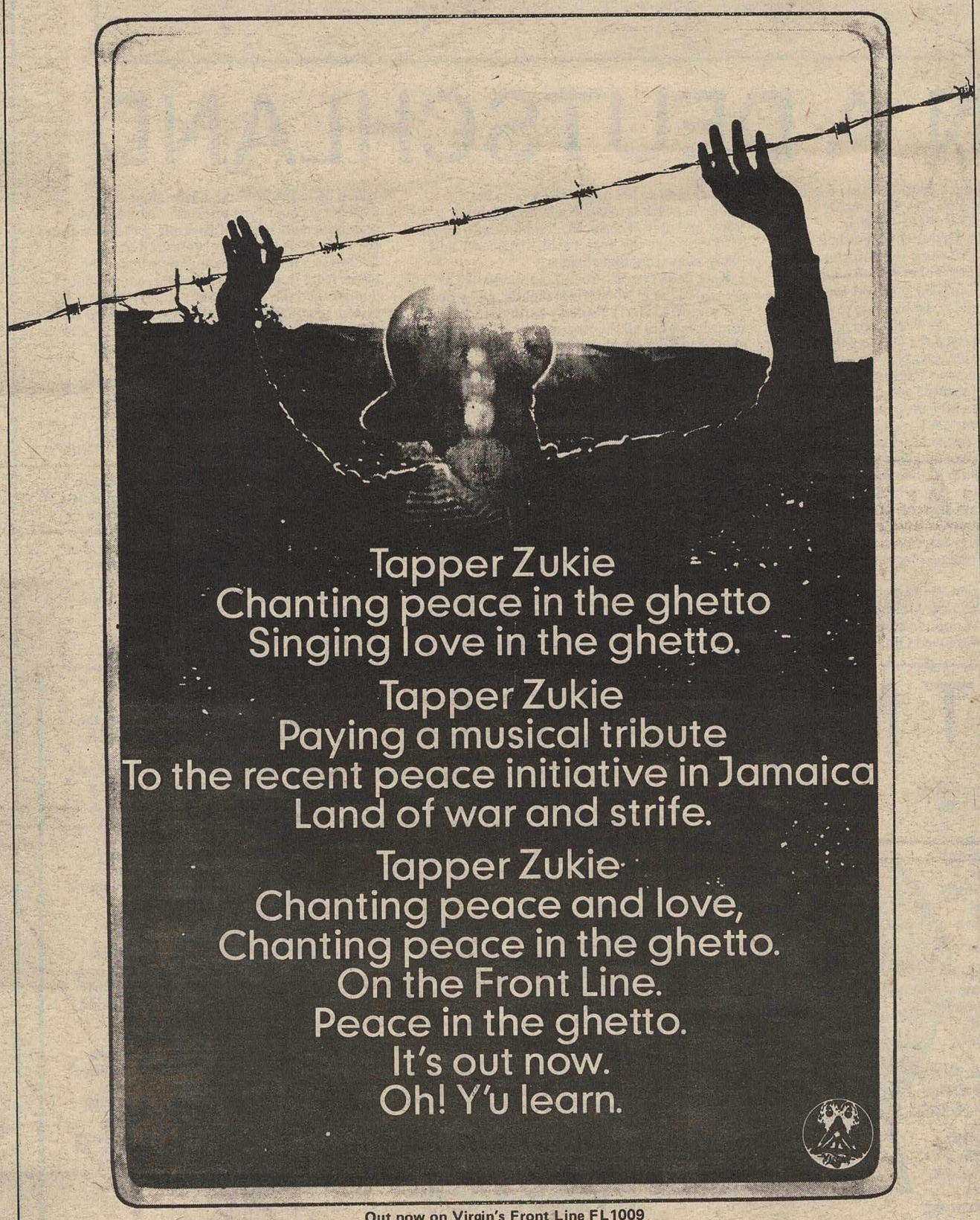
THRILLS

Every Monday commencing 27th Sports Centre, North Parade Road, 8 - 11 p.m. **Disco Evening** with Live D.J. Tickets 50p from Sports Centre Reception. **Over 18's only.** (Fridays available for private hire. Tel. 62563 for details.)

Dead DJs was last year's thing! Spotted in the fascinating "Bath In February" pamphlet by Les Hunt of Stevenage.

THRILLS

TAPPER ZUKIE
PEACE IN THE GHETTO



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Singing love in the ghetto.

Tapper Zukie
Paying a musical tribute
To the recent peace initiative in Jamaica
Land of war and strife.

Tapper Zukie
Chanting peace and love,
Chanting peace in the ghetto.
On the Front Line.
Peace in the ghetto.
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Oh! Y'u learn.

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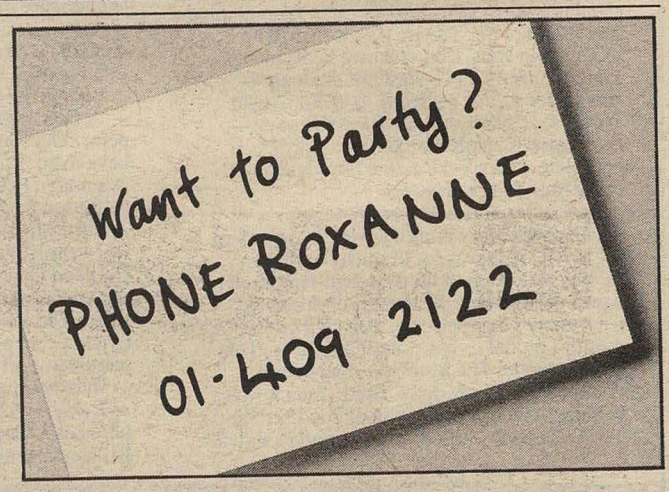
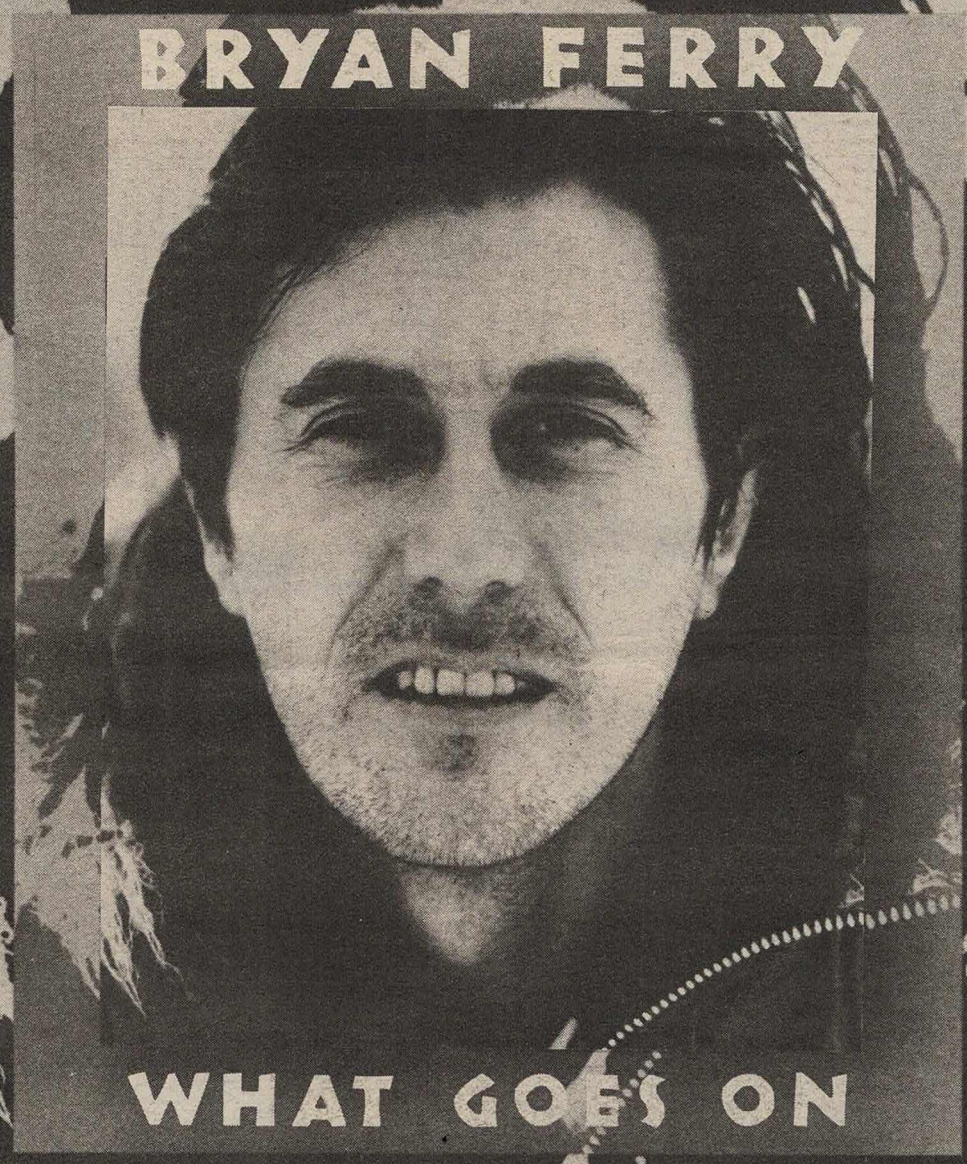


BRYAN FERRY

BRYAN FERRY



WHAT GOES ON

NEW SINGLE

WHAT GOES ON

POSP 3

polydor

THE NEW ALBUM FROM SAD CAFÉ

MISPLACED IDEALS

Record: PL 25133
Cassette: PK 25133

RCA

SNAKE SOME ACTION

THE VIPERS display their reptilian charms — (l to r) RAY ELLIS, PAUL CUSACK, DAVE MOLONEY and PAUL BOYLE

THE VIPERS regard themselves as the leading edge of a triumvirate of bands to emerge in the Emerald Isle since The Boomtown Rats and The Radiators From Space hot-footed it across the Irish Sea sometime last year. The Gamblers and Revolver are the other two Sham-rock outfits.

But while they might be one of the most promising acts in Ireland, The Vipers remain a totally unknown quantity to as-yet-unbitten British audiences.

And if you were to look for vinyl evidence of the band's existence, more disappointment.

For in a biz centralized in London, you're as likely to see a record company talent scout at a gig in such outposts as East Cork as you are a Gaelic footballer at the bar in the Marquee.

But the band — Paul Boyle, Ray Ellis, Paul Cusack and Dave Moloney (a drummer who once sat in with the Boomtown Rats) — remain undeterred by geographical disadvantages.

In fact, singer/guitarist Paul Boyle recently completed his first tour of the UK — a week long jaunt from Alexander Street (Stiff) to the squares of Soho and Manchester (CBS and EMI). If the capital's record companies don't come to you then, naturally enough, you go to them, squire.

The lean Irish lad in the Oxfam jacket and drainpipe jeans was accompanied on the trip by Vipers manager Ross Fitzsimons together with the demo tape he hopes will land that lucrative recording contract.

The Vipers made their debut last year at the ill-fated Belfield gig in Dublin at which a stabbing incident in the audience cost a fan his life. Since then, they have consolidated their reputation as a good live band, despite a paucity of gigs. For although they did not suffer as much as the Radiators — who were headlining — from the promoter backlash which followed Belfield, they still found themselves in the unenviable position of not being able to play a night-time gig in their home town.

Following the closure earlier this year of Morans, Dublin's only bona fide rock club, the best that The Vipers have been able to manage has been a few lunchtime gigs at a local college.

Paul Boyle sips his whisky and coke in the Oxford Street pub the two of us stumble across (for The Vipers' first UK interview) and tells me that it's actually easier for his band to get gigs in provincial Irish towns than it is in the capital.

"It's more open in those places. People are at least willing to give the band a try," he says.

The general sterility of the Irish music scene, dominated as it is by giant showbands playing an endless succession of Top 30 retreads or so-called 'country and Irish', also gets an airing.

"There's no musical future in it whatsoever. People go to see those bands because there's simply nothing else. But the people who own the bands own the ballrooms, the agencies and the record companies."

Nonetheless, a small string of dates has been arranged for this month taking in the larger of the provincial towns and possibly a low-key date in the capital. The Vipers are keeping their fingers crossed.

Boyle is loath to classify The Vipers' music, but a listen to the four songs that make up the demo tape, recorded earlier this year in Dublin's Keystone studios, show his roots to be planted unashamedly in gritty '60s R & B.

That fact is highlighted by the two non-originals incorporated into their 20-song set: "Till The End Of The Day" by The Kinks and Sonny Boy Williamson's "Too Young To Die".

"It wasn't a conscious attempt to eke out the blues," he says.

"Three or four years ago in Dublin, there wasn't that thing where kids would be listening to Iggy and The Stooges or the Dolls. We were still all listening to the Stones."

While Boyle will readily acknowledge that he still has a way to go in his songwriting, he says he is pleased with the way the band have grown in the year they have been together. New songs, he adds, are being introduced all the time, sometimes with varying success.

Referring particularly to "Feel The Distance", which others have told him sounds like some of the early Graham Parker stuff, he says:

"Lyrically I think it's the best thing I have done, but as for the musical direction, I'm not so sure at the moment. It's the sort of song that I'd have to try a few times live before I'm convinced. If, say, four audiences in a row didn't like it then it would probably go out of the set.

"I've got plenty of poems at home which are heavier personal statements, but I suppose some of that does come out in the songs anyway."

Although he professes little interest in the political happenings in either Ulster or Eire, he says a gig in Northern Ireland is one immediate aim of the band. But, well aware that virtually the only way an Irish artist — be it James Joyce or Bob Geldof — can secure large scale acclaim in his homeland is via international acclaim first, Boyle's priority is an English recording deal.

One mooted possibility — a one-off deal with Stiff — has already been dismissed by the band, but Boyle remains confident of their chances. As a result of his week of hawking a tape around London's record companies, at least two A & R men are travelling over to Eire to see the band live, a fact which Boyle considers the biggest compliment they could have possibly paid.

But a final word of warning. Don't get this band mixed up with another bunch of the same name who are currently playing the London pub and club circuit. The two bands are totally unconnected.

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS

. . . blathering on endlessly about how irresistable he is to impressionable young girls . . .

BURGER NEWS

McDONALD'S, NOT content with selling hamburgers to the world, are now producing in America a daily newspaper called *McDonald's New York Report*, which will be printed on the paper mats that they use on their serving trays.

The encapsulated news napkin will contain international stories plus details of local news and entertainment, and will be printed overnight like a regular newspaper.

Man behind the scheme is Peter Funt, son of the man who runs the *Candid Camera* TV show in America, who insists the idea is far from trivial.

He told reporters: "I take journalism too seriously to tolerate any phoniness or cutesyness in the reports."

He likened his news mats to billboards and revealed he also has a contract with a restaurant chain to provide a regular mid-day news edition.

Next — *NME* on beer mats.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

Willie Alexander and the Boom Boom Band

From Boston comes the Boom Boom Band fronted by Willie Alexander.

They have already contributed to the "Live At The Rat" compilation and have been compared on the R & B level to such bands as Mink De Ville and Graham Parker.

Their first album "Willie Alexander and the Boom Boom Band" MCF2835 was produced by Craig Leon – the man who produced the Ramones.

Their single from the album is "YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELIN'", to be released on April 28th.

"All in all, it's — um — interesting."
N.M.E.

"It's a baffling album and should unearth every reaction the book . . . give it not one but several listens."
MELODY MAKER

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MCA RECORDS

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HOW EURODISCS COULD SAVE YOU MONEY

A QUID OFF YOUR favourite Top Ten disc? It's enough to make you throw your everlovin's around your local record-monger and waltz twice around his Pat Boone deletion box — right? But is he *really* cutting his profits in order to help your personal balance of payments problem? Well, maybe not.

Y'see, in recent years there's been an increasing flow of albums imported into this country which are sold to retailers for well under the price at which they can be bought from British record companies. For instance, a dealer could buy The Sex Pistols' "Never Mind The Bollocks" from Virgin for around £2.65 — but one importer is currently bringing in continental pressings of that selfsame disc for just £1.95. Which allows your friendly neighbourhood record dealer to cut his prices and *still* make a fair old profit.

Same goes for all the Abba albums, Bob Marley's "Exodus", Manfred Mann's "Watch", Mike Oldfield's "Tubular Bells", ELO's "New World Record" and many other family favourites.

WEA, who became decidedly peeved when a company named Charmdale began bringing in an Italian budget series which could be sold to retailers at only £1.50 a throw — a series which includes albums by Todd Rundgren, The Beach Boys, The Doors, Aretha Franklin, The Doobies, etc. — recently tried to throw a spanner in the works by placing an ad in the trade paper *Music Week* that declared:

"Warning to all retailers. WEA Records Limited wish to warn you of the dangers of purchasing imported records and tapes — especially at a time when a considerable amount of pirate repertoire is known to be circulating in Europe. It is extremely difficult to tell the difference between a legitimate record or tape manufactured in Italy or Holland compared with a pirate record from the same territories. We wish to advise all of our customers to be extremely cautious in purchasing imported material especially when it is offered at exceptional discounts. WE WILL PROSECUTE WHERE PIRACY IS FOUND."

While it's true that a certain amount of pirate material does find its way into the country, there's little doubt that the main object of this particular WEA exercise was to put the frightners on prospective Charmdale customers. But, undeterred, Charmdale have fought back by placing *their* ad in the same trade publication, stating:

"Charmdale Record Distributors wish to state that all stock sold by themselves is genuine. In conjunction with BPI (an organisation who generally supervise fair play within the British record industry) all international purchases are fully investigated. Therefore, without hesitation, Charmdale will fully indemnify any retailer against any kind of prosecution relating to piracy on stock supplied by them."

Mike Campbell, a director of Charmdale, told *NME:*

"One reason that record prices keep rising in this country — and there's another increase on the way — is that each company has its own distribution set-up, while on the continent this is handled by major distribution set-ups, who work more economically. For the past ten years, British companies have given us and other importers nice discounts to ship stuff into Europe — but when the situation is reversed, they don't like it. The way things are going, I can visualise a time when most of the main catalogue will be imported from various European countries. Being fairly patriotic, I'm not in favour of this — I'd much rather sell British produced albums. But until certain companies give such wholesalers and distributors as Charmdale proper margins, things will probably continue just the way they are."

Meanwhile, can I interest you in a continental copy of Ian Dury's current album? I mean, not only does it sell for around the same price as your everyday, real common, union-jacked version but it also contains an extra track in "Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll".

Temptin', ain't it?

URINAL LIONEL

THRILLS

No, it's not another Ross McManus / E. Costello Snr. job. To tell you the truth, we don't know what it is. It just sort of arrived. Print me, it said. So we did.

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Beatles Top Poll!

FULL RESULTS INSIDE

Cover photograph by Albert Marrion

JOHN LENNON GEORGE

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Bill Harry

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Marantz 6150 Famous-name direct drive model with precision tone-arm, hydraulically damped cueing, strobe-reference electronic speed tuning, anti-skating device, 2 speed and shock absorbing feet to prevent acoustic feedback.

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Technics SL-1900 Superb Direct Drive Automatic turntable with stroboscope, 'S' shaped tone-arm, 2 speed, anti-skating device and memo-repeat facility. Complete with Ortofon F15E Cartridge.

Bib GROOV-KLEEN FREE GROOVE CLEANER WORTH £2.12 with any of these turntables

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. . . dangling his stupid gold earring in people's Guinness at Dingwalls every other nite . . .

A POETESS VERSUS MARKET PENETRATION CABABILITY

The trials, tribulations and light-at-the-end-of-the-tunnel of PAM NESTOR.

PAM NESTOR: Striped socks still make it. Pic: PENNIE SMITH.

"I'M NOT what you'd call a politically motivated person, but even then I demand the right to have enough to eat, to be able to support myself and my kids through my work.

"After all, writing and singing songs is as much a trade as, say, being a carpenter or driving a bus, isn't it?"

Pam Nestor laughs grimly, stacks more coal on the fire, pours more tea. Born in Guyana, she came to Britain in the early '60s, left school at 14 and is now 29, the unmarried mother of two children.

At one stage she wrote lyrics for Joan Armatrading — which, since I happened to voice my regret that she no longer did so in a review of Ms. Armatrading's "Show Some Emotion", is more or less why we're gathered together in her Wandsworth basement flat, discussing this and other topics.

Fashion fetishists might note in passing that Pam still favours the knee-length socks and woollen sweaters of many and bright colours she wore for the inner sleeve of "Whatever's For Us", her first and last fully collaborative album with Joan Armatrading, also that she has or should have appeared modelling "a sort of cattish outfit" in the second issue of *De Luxe,* a new arts and high fashion periodical so deluxe and exclusive as to be virtually unobtainable.

You may however recall that our own Nick Kent interviewed Pam on the subject of her parting from Ms. Armatrading and found that blame could be heaped fairly and very squarely on management, a point of view she doesn't feel needs revising.

"None of it really matters now. Joan's voice was much stronger than mine but, although I'd always been very confident about the stage and she very paranoid about the studio, I didn't take it as an offence when I didn't actively record on the album.

"And anyway, I was just writing poems that became songs. I didn't even know what many of them meant until I heard Joan playing and singing them. But it got to the point where I was so involved with a particular man that I don't think she could have sung my words anymore. My poems had become extremely personal, and that's another reason why I thought it best to leave and start singing for myself — not that I had a great deal of choice about it.

"I see Joan from time to time, usually backstage after concerts. It's difficult though," this said without a smudge of bitterness, very matter of factly, "since she has her success to talk about and me only my struggle.

"But we had a very close relationship. To begin with I was loud and she was quiet. Neither of us got in each other's way. I adored her music and she loved my words.

"Then things shifted. She had to start talking, had to answer all those dumb questions about herself that people seem to always ask. But it's hard to talk about Joan, mainly because she's so very private herself. She keeps telling me not to give up. I must admit I was very naive at the time . . ."

But no longer so. Pam's lengthy catalogue of bad deals gone down, of commitments broken by record companies, managements and middlemen says precious little for their personal or professional integrity.

"Most of the business people I've met, they treated me like I was some little idiot, with no respect for me as a musician or as a woman. Maybe that's because I look like some little toy they can wind up, put on stage and zzappp!!! — more money in the bank for them.

"Eventually I realised there was no point in me trying to talk to them. You can't actually *confront* business people; they either talk round with jargon — yeah, phrases like 'market penetration capability', the very words — or just look down on you when you try to suggest something sensible.

"I don't suppose my being both black *and* a woman helped much either. I began to get very, very nervous. I called in a lawyer after a while and he described most of the contracts I could have got as 'slave labour'.

"Still, all that bullshit at least made me realise I can love the music just for itself. Although the companies here still seem to have absolutely no idea . . . They don't realise there's a whole lot of black kids right next door to them who're also searching for an identity.

"By all means sign *some* American black artists and release their material over here, but even that's only a part of the whole black experience. I like reggae too, but there's so much more. Then again, as soon as the companies do come across something black with talent that seems like it's going to be powerful or controversial, they snuff it out, either release it diluted or, much more likely, don't release it at all.

"I hear so many stories from black boys and girls about their not being able to get anywhere at all. I know it's maybe the same for some white kids too, but I'm sure there's not such a total blanket there as there is on the blacks.

"Although, like you say, there isn't that large, relatively well off black middle class that America's got . . . but it's still a little scary."

With all this in mind, I point out the apparent paradox in Pam's still holding out for a contract with a sizeable, established record company.

"I want to prove something, to show that it can be done, that I can get as good a deal as I think I deserve, that I can maybe even open a door for others. I could have gone with smaller independents once or twice, but didn't — not because I don't believe in their ethic, but just because thing weren't right in a personal sense. I suppose I've become very wary these days."

Back in limbo, after several fruitless gigs and non-gigs with the likes of Jackie Lomax's refurbished Badger both at home and abroad, Pam had taken a year out to learn piano from scratch; previously she'd been writing on guitar.

"Apparently the chords I write on piano are quite difficult. I really wouldn't know since I just write them. Straight off. Basically I work on rhythm. If I haven't got a rhythm I don't know where I'm at. I'm not very

DIE ANKÜN

good about technicalities.

"I've listened to very little music apart from old songs by Billie Holiday. I've deliberately avoided Joan's last two albums because I didn't want that to interfere."

And it hasn't. Some months back, largely through the good offices of producer Pete Gage, Pam made a demo of some five songs. Despite a hurried schedule and the players' unfamiliarity with the material, the tape accurately reflects the confidence and breadth of her songwriting.

For the most part tight fists of rhythm clenched around soft palms of melody, the songs are unusualkin structure, advanced even. Lyrics fit the frame, often beautifully observed, always straight from the heart.

As a musician familiar with Pam's work remarks, her words have a certain 'righteous' quality about them — and by that he doesn't mean they're endlessly referring to the sweet mysteries of the Godhead, just that they're open and honest, with none of feckless, patently contrived rentafeeling that pervades the US songwriting schools.

Pam writes about herself, but isn't self-obsessed; there's a differnece. Her voice is striking, strangely leonine, almost a jazz singer's, resonant in range and depth.

Presented with this same demo, one A & R man remarked that "she can't sing and she can't write tunes", a response suggesting he was as qualified to make such a judgement as I am to fly a jet fighter.

More recently, as well as singing back-up with Merger on their "Exiles Ina Babylon" album and at select gigs, Pam's rehearsed and recorded with what she hopes will become a permanent band. A four piece, The Strutters were cut adrift with little option but to disband after the widespread disinterst shown in the lives and deaths of Kokomo and Moon, two British bands tracking a similarly blue-eyed soul, light, fast funk, etc. course to their own.

A chance encounter with Pam and subsequent dry runs with her songs have "given us another direction, but not too far away from what we were doing before, and certainly stopped us going stale."

Percussionist Neville Murray has joined the nucleus of drummer Bobby Irwin (who incidentally drummed on Nick Lowe's "I Love My Label"), bassist Ron Francois, guitarist Mark Kjelsen and pianist and saxist Stuart Lynas.

It seems like a fine and fair match, both parties equally able and enthusiastic, the band's rhythm section especially well suited to the intricacies of Pam's material. All being well, they should go out under the name of Pam Nestor And Magic, finances permitting.

"Sometimes," Pam concludes, "I sit down and think I'm going to be very famous and have lots of money. But then that's not a very pleasant thought. All you're likely to do is keep everything for yourself, and what's the use in that? Why earn it in the first place?

"Joan herself, who I'm sure had some inkling that she was going to be famous, always used to say that she hoped it was going to be hard, because that's the only way you keep your sense of proportion.

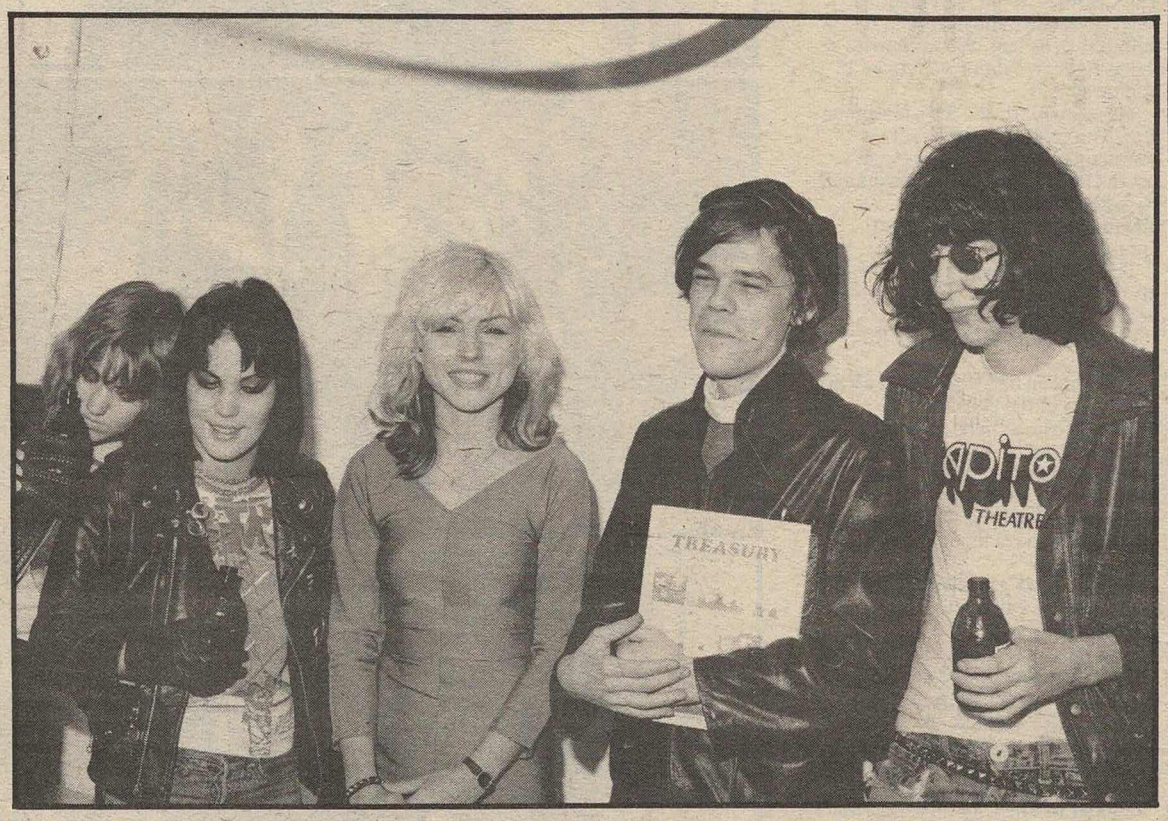
"Well, it's been fairly hard so far for me all right and I'm still only just starting . . ."

And Pam Nestor laughs, not so grimly now.

ANGUS MacKINNON

THRILLS

THE DAY THAT DEBBIE AND JOEY GOT 'MARRIED'



Wedding group (from left) Sandy West and Joan Jett (bridesmaids) with beer bouquets, the bride, the Rev. D. Johansen, and the groom. Pix by JOE STEVENS.

SHOWBIZ FOLK IN PUBLICITY STUNT STUNT

DESPITE JOEY Ramone's visit to the chemist's making him two hours late for the ceremony, his wedding to Blondie's Debbie Harry was still a truly wondrous occasion.

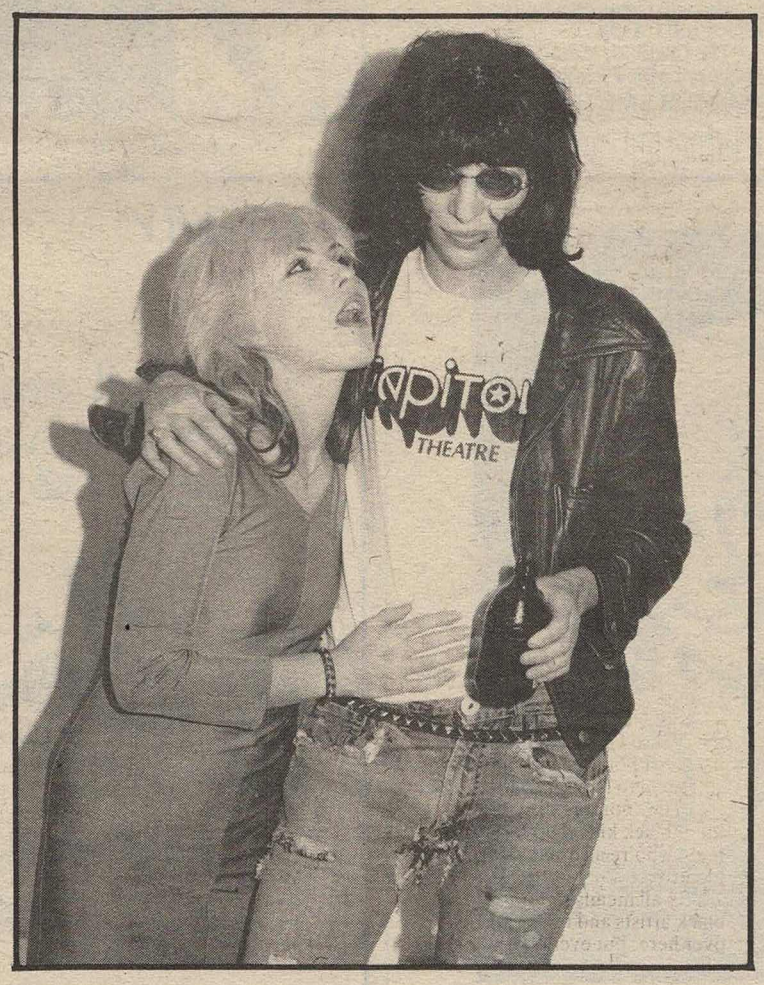
In a mid-Manhattan photographer's studio, rented specifically for the occaion by *Punk* magazine for a forthcoming special issue, Debbie, attended on only by her Runaway bridesmaids, waited patiently for the arrival of her blushing groom.

She was, she confessed to priest David Johansen, nervous and anxious though ultimately delighted at having finally managed to persuade Joey to make it to the altar.

After the somewhat tired and emotional Joey eventually arrived the couple were joined in fake matrimony after a brief ceremony and left for their honeymoon on the Lower East Side.

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THRILLS



ARTHUR LEE — THE PARANOIA AND THE POTENTIAL

FANS OF Arthur Lee and Love must have been a trifle mystified by the recent release of the EP on Da Capo Records reviewed by Roy Carr two weeks back. Not only is this four-track limited edition (3,000 copies) the first we've heard from Lee since the patchy "Real To Reel", but in sound and delivery, particularly on "I Do Wonder" and "Just Us", Lee comes somewhere close to his vintage "Forever Changes" brilliance, albeit without the Paul Harris strings and horns (which he apparently detested, daft old buffer).

Apparently Lee is still residing in Los Angeles with his drink problem, his paranoia and his frustrated genius, biding his time and waiting for a deal. Since the solo "Vindicator" and "Real" met a frosty reception he has hardly been in the public eye. This EP actually dates from late '76, early '77 and the tracks are neither out-takes nor demos but material worked up for an album on Expression which has yet to surface.

Dictator that he is, it's doubtful whether Lee wishes to embellish the very basic, acoustically orientated cuts any further but he's working again with studio musicians (unknown), one of whom, Bill Buford, has obviously caught the Love curse and ended up in jail just in time to see Kenny Forssi get parole.

In 1976 Lee made a finished album, unreleased, name of "Black Beauty" in the vein of his soul-bro'- second-rate-Mayfield-clenched-fist-overcoat jive for Buffalo Records on cheap studio time (he's broke of course). The EP is far more promising, but due to Lee's eternal nervousness he won't allow the record American issue.

Recently Lee and Bryan Maclean played a Love re-union gig in L.A., the only city where they draw a crowd of more than ten. Maclean by all accounts is in excellent voice but continues to baffle friends with his general creepiness and Jesus freakery.

Meanwhile, those who saw the 1974/75 version of Love in Britain will either cherish the memory or regret Arthur's tendency to turn his nuggets into H.M. He can't continue to dredge the past for a guaranteed audience, but the man is in an uncomfortable position regarding a following.

An album that fulfilled the potential of the EP would be something substantial. The world is waiting for you, Arthur Lee — to set the scene just one more time.

MAX BELL

THRILLS

A fourth man, Elvis Aaron Presley, was also granted £100 bail, on a charge of dishonestly handling stolen goods.

And you thought he was six feet under? Nope, observes Steve Davies of Bath, according to the local Evening Chronicle ol' Pelvis is raisin' hell in downtown Trowbridge . . .

. . . regurgitating old Van Morrison licks . . .

DIGUNG...

. . . constantly mentioning Manchester United in a pathetic attempt at street credibility . . .

LICENSED TO ROCK 'N' ROLL

THE CORTINAS may be two-year veterans of the punk wave, with a five-year contract to CBS Records under their belts, but they still need permission to go out nights — at least, according to the laws of the land.

Not wishing to become illegal emigrants, The Cortinas had to take a drive down to Bow Street Magistrates Court two Fridays ago to clear up some paperwork before a brief one-week stint at Paris's Gibus Club.

The problem is, three of the five Cortinas (Daniel Swan, Jeremy Valentine and Dexter Dalwood) are still under age. Consequently, if they want to "sing, play, and be exhibited" across the Channel, they need a licence as stipulated under the Children and Young Persons Act of 1933 — designed to prevent the exploitation of child labour.

It's only a formality, though, and for The Cortinas it's a bit of a lark.

There's time for a few glossies on the court steps. And after several minutes of antics reminiscent of The Monkees or even Paul Revere and the Raiders, a constable politely suggests the boys play elsewhere.

Fun while it lasted.

But down to "business". Time for the interview. We amble around Covent Garden, looking for a pub. They're still all closed.

Finally, we settle down in a breakfast nook across the street from the Roxy.

Jeremy Valentine does most of the talking. He's bright, quick, and wary of the musical press.

"They (the press) have made themselves into the stars . . . You can't hype us. We won't give you much to say."

I suppose it's true, in a way.

Valentine speaks in verbal cul-de-sacs. Criticizing bands "pretending to have solutions", he blurts out: "We're not saying we're right. But then we're not saying anything we could be right about."

Fun and games aside, The Cortinas all seem ready for the long haul. Their debut album, presently titled "True Romances", is scheduled for mid-May release.

They're happy with it ("very much The Cortinas"), but, as Valentine puts it, "We're in no hurry . . . It's pointless to be bad. We want to do things right. We don't want to be 15 minute stars."

This apparently is CBS's reasoning also. The company's press office continually emphasises the group's youth (18-year-olds Mike Fewins and Nick Sheppard are the senior members) and their subsequent "potential".

This low-profile optimism pervades my talk with the band. The Cortinas believe they've improved considerably since their early Roxy days.

Valentine in fact wise-cracks about the quality of the two Cortinas singles, "Fascist Dictator" and "Defiant Pose": "They were *recorded*. They weren't produced. We did it!"

On punk in general, Valentine expresses both excitement and scepticism.

"I think punk's brilliant . . . but you'll have to wait ten years until you can see what's good."

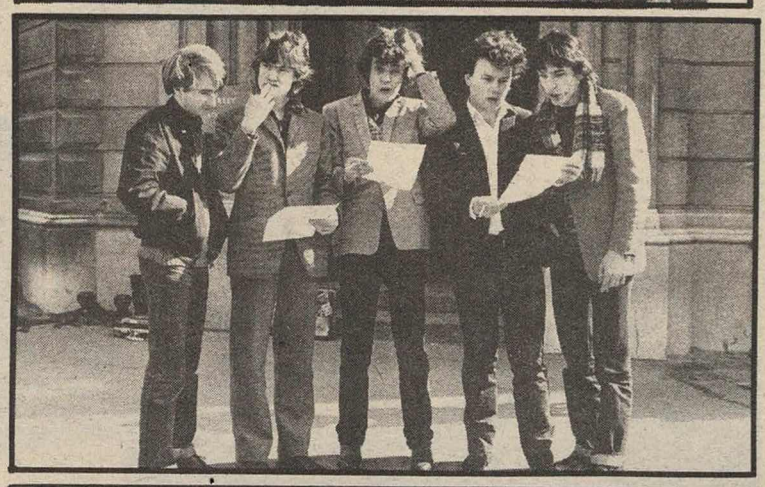
And the future always seems to be lurking near Valentine's and The Cortinas' uncertain present. Valentine, for example, dabbles in the sax, playing a few licks on the forthcoming album's cover version of The Lovin' Spoonful's goodie, "Summer In The City". He says that some day he wants to be a jazz-man — to ensure he always has a place in music.

"But what about the future of rock'n'roll?" I ask.

"The Cortinas," retorts Nick Sheppard with a wry grin.

MARCUS SMITH

THRILLS



The process of the law, as snapped by PAUL SLATTERY

IN THE late '60s, the drooling wretches of the New York rock and roll underground crept to the Dom and Max's Kansas City to hear the Velvet Underground. Later, they slithered to the Club 82, where The New York Dolls and The Harlots of 42nd Street paraded their deviance to feed the fan's insect lust.

For the past couple of years, CBGB's has been the place to crawl. Leather jackets and safety pins became the trademark of the new wave.

But now it's over. The Ramones have made the Top 20. The Sex Pistols have had duly publicised visa problems, gone on a national tour, and split up. FM stations play Talking Heads and Richard Hell, while super-chic Bloomingdales sells gold safety pins for $20 a piece.

The media spotlight has brightened the darkest corners. Scurry as you may, there seems to be no place left to hide.

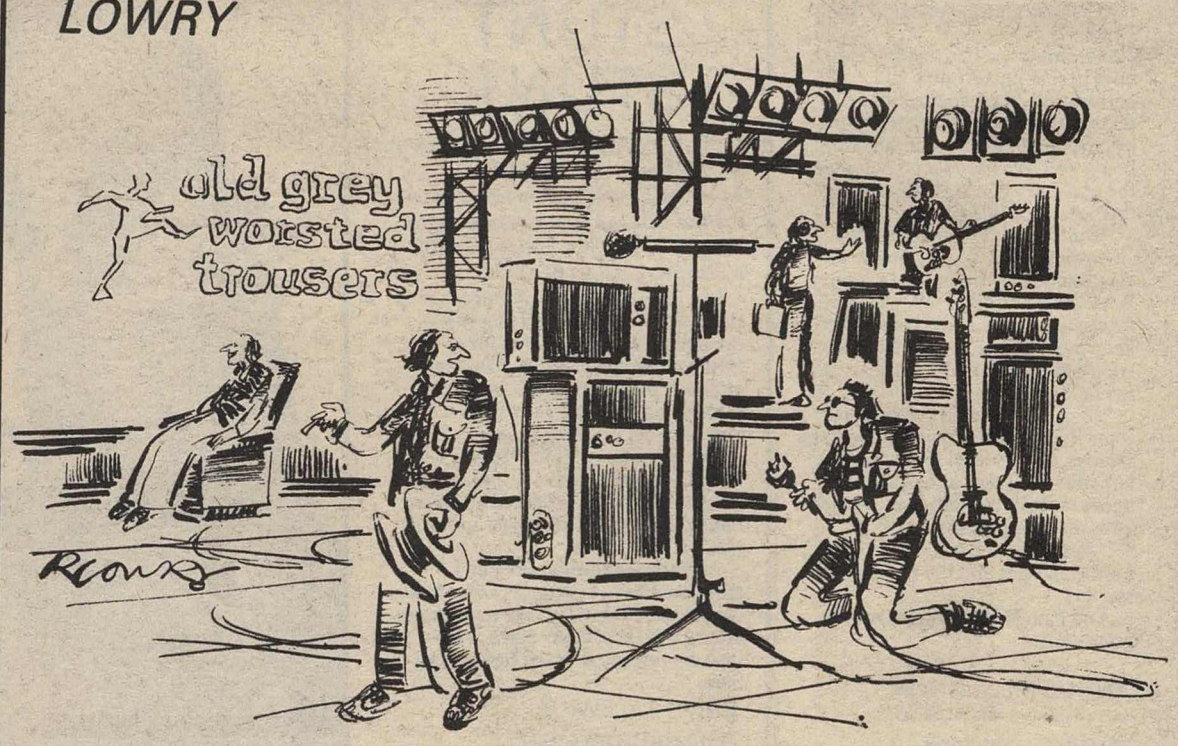
Fear not, music grubs, there is yet another rock to crawl under. There is something so new, so awesome, that it will be years before the electronic media can scrape deep enough to find it. The underground is not dead. It's to be found in as unlikely a place as Chicago, Illinois — or Gary, Indiana.

No one goes to Gary, Indiana. People just drive through and roll up their windows on the way. The city stinks of steel mills and the sky is perpetually grey. The smog is so thick you can taste it. From this pit belches forth SKAFISH; the newest, wierdest, ugliest — and possibly the best new group in rock and roll.

Skafish first played CBGB's in April of 1977. The punkettes ran screaming, holding their ears. By the end of the set, three people were left in the audience. One young man with an "I Hate You" T-shirt was applauding wildly, the other two were possibly dead. *Variety* gave the group a two inch review. What could they say?

To understand Skafish, you have to backtrack about 22 years to August 29, 1956. At that time Mr and Mrs. Skafish were struck with an event that changed their lives. Mrs. Skafish had

LOWRY



"This one plugs Bob Harris in."

KRAFTWERK

NEW MESSIAH SCORES WITH DEVIANTS

just given birth to something which they called Jim. Things were never the same afterwards.

Jim's father somehow managed to survive the next 13 years, then he died. His mother carries on. As a matter of fact, Jim still lives with her. As a travel agent she books passage for the group's far-flung tours — New York and Boston so far.

Jim writes all the songs and does the arranging. A lot of his childhood memories go into the music. Cute-rockers like Jonathan Richman also sing of their childhood. Jim's memories, however, are quite different from Richman's "Ice Cream Man".

Jim talks about the kids he grew up with. "We'll let you play with us," they used to tell him, "if you march by and let us shoot caps at your feet." Jim rarely played with the other kids.

He says his most vivid childhood memory is "hearing my parents complain because I wasn't popular or on the football team."

From his background and his looks — about 6'2", birdbeak nose, prominent paunch, Prince Valliant haircut, wide hips, thick lips, and tits! — Jim *is* the Skafish image. There's no need for dark glasses or leather jackets. Jim is lately even abandoning the one-piece bathing suit and babushka he used to wear on stage. Why dress up? Jim was born underground. There's no need to pretend.

"We're possibly the only group in rock who're not hiding under any pretence whatsoever," he says. And he may be right.

Living in Chicago with his mother continues to foster this kind of bizarre creativity. Jim's life continues as it did before.

"Life is still total hell. I live next door to a gas station in a neighbourhood where everyone hates me."

The other band members are: Larry Mazalan, guitar; Gregg Sarchet, 18, the youngest member on bass; Larry Mysliwiec, drums; and the newest addition, Karen Winner on guitar, electric piano and lead vocals on "Somewhere, Beyond The Sea . . ."

All are excellent and well-practiced musicians. They all play second fiddle to Jim.

"I scold and punish them when they misbehave." He smacks his palms together.

Many of his songs are about growing up — Skafish style: "Nobody Wants You", "No Liberation Here", and one about his most frequently eaten childhood food, "Knuckle Sandwich".

Not all the music looks backwards, however. He has even invented a new dance — "Sign Of The Cross (It Makes You Feel Real Boss)".

Up to now, weirdness alone has been enough to sell many otherwise worthless groups. But Skafish can actually play!

"We practice about seven hours a day, seven days a week," says Larry Mazalan. "But we never get bored. As soon as we learn one song, Jim cranks out another. It's amazing."

So, will there be a Skafish Live At Carnegie Hall album? An international rush for Skafish Madison Square Garden tickets? It's not likely. Not yet anyway. After all, who likes Skafish?

Punks don't like them. They don't wear leather jackets, safety pins or swastikas. They play more than three chords. Instead of strutting, grimacing, burning himself with lit cigarettes or cutting his chest(s?) with a razor, Jim just lurches around the stage like a mutant Mick Jagger. He dances "The Sign Of The Cross", croons a tune at the organ, and maybe does the frug. The rest of the band stays in the background. Even Jim's mutant actions are relatively minor compared to his total mutant self.

Heavy metal rockers don't like Skafish. There is little fuzzing or wah-wahing; and no long solos. The music is loud, but could never fill a large auditorium, let alone the Garden. Besides, there's no one cute enough to bare his chest and thrust himself up against the microphone.

Larry Mysliwiec has the band's only real sex appeal and he seems too busy banging his drums to bang anything else.

It's the *real* underground who like Skafish. Everyone who was ever last to be chosen for the baseball team; everyone who is fat or was afraid to take a shower in the High School locker room will like Skafish.

Everyone who helped support Clearasil; everyone whose closest friend for the past year has been his fist and the latest issue of *Hustler;* everyone who hated *Star Wars;* everyone who would rather stick a safety pin into the guy next door than through his own ear; these are the people who like Skafish.

These are the people who're going to make this band the most important thing to happen to rock and roll since Johnny Rotten gobbed his first gob.

If you doubt it, take a look at the worm sitting across from you on the bus. You won't have a chance once he hears about Skafish.

MYKEL BOARD

THRILLS

Pic: MYKEL BOARD.

JIM SKAFISH. Yes, it's true, you can't help noticing the . . . err . . . yes, well . . .

JIM again.

. . . we here at Thrills wish that elongated streak of discoloured urine would just piss off back to Dublin with his books of lousy poetry and his Z.Z. Top albums.

The Lone Groover

BENYON

HERE, MAN, CHECK OUT THIS INTERVIEW I DID WITH YA, SEE IF I MADE ANY MISTAKES.....
—HMM, Y'ONLY DRANK 3 BOTTLES OF SCOTCH WHILE Y'WERE RAPPIN'—NOT 16....
ME
ME
ER.... Y'WERE BORN IN 42 NOT 43—I READ THAT IN A PIECE Y'DID ON TH' STONES.
APART FROM THAT IT'S OK
ALTHOUGH Y'COULD MENTION ME SOMEWHERE.....
SIGHO! THOSE GRANDIOSE STARS 'RE RILLY MEAN NOT DOIN' INTERVIEWS.....
SURE, KID..... ER..... WHAT'S TH'NAME?
....JUST THINK OF TH'INTEREST IN' FACTS WE MISS OUT ON — LIKE SOME WHIZZO CRITICS INSIDE LEG MEASUREMENT—
THE END

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MAY THE MUSIC BE WITH YOU

Pix by DENIS O'REGAN

LEARNING TO LOVE THE PENTATONIC RABBIT

MONTY SMITH, our man in tie-dyed bra and gold lame pantaloons contemplates the virtues of RADIO STARS.

"WHAT WAS THAT silly song?" shouted my missus from the other room. "Radio Stars," I said. I'd been playing their "From A Rabbit" single, desperately trying to convince myself that it lived up to the immense promise of their "Songs For Swinging Lovers" album.

It seems a shade weak to me, a kind of boppy "Mr Apollo", though Paul Rambali (hardly an R. Stars afficionado) thinks it's an agreeable pop song, something they've been threatening to pull off some time — bitch!

"They've taken that from the pentatonic scale," continued Mrs Smith, all knowledgeable, alluding to the fact that the song's riff is but a variation on "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting" and other primary kiddy-ditties. "Children all over the world would instantly recognise that."

Blimey, I thought, I realised it was pretty basic but I never imagined it had *that* strong a chance of being a hit. And fair's fair. Radio Stars are overdue a bit of, er, chart recognition. "Nervous Wreck" just missed out (because it was too short, reckoned Asgard Management, but no one's swallowing that) and the other stuff just wasn't played — you didn't really think that the BBC would get behind something called "Dirty Pictures", did you?

The Stars have been schlepping up and down the country these past couple of months on the Hot Rods/Squeeze package. I saw them in Sheffield and London, and audience reaction on both occasions vindicated my faith in the band. My review of their album back in October was aggressively enthusiastic and more than one pair of *NME* eyebrows were raised quizzically a la La Rippon.

'Them?' seemed to be the accusatory tone, 'How could you possibly like *them?'*

The fact that the ace bop-a-long rock chewns on "Swinging Lovers" cut clean through the offal offered at that time by neurotic nincompoops spouting Snuff Rock solutions to the problems of Life in General mattered not one jot. As far as *NME* were concerned, if I'd walked in wearing a tie-dye bra and gold lame pantaloons with a feather up my bottom, it would've been preferable to professing a liking for Radio Stars. Bloody fools.

So the fact that the Stars went down so well on their recent mammoth binge was as much a relief to me as it was a headache to the Rods. They even got spat at, so they must have something.

The very opening of their Sheffield stage act reminded me why I like them so much.

"This is God speaking!" booms a basso profundo tape amidst shattering thunderclaps. "On the first day I created the world. On the second day I created a hand drill. On the third day I created Albert J. Throssel of 14a, The Cuttings, Dorking, Surrey . . ."

Lights! Action! And up jumps the blond singer (built like a budgie, according to Brian Case) as they go straight into the sweetly nasty women-baiting "Good Personality" — you know, about the sort of bird you'd always get lumbered with on a party night.

The sound is uniformly dense, just this side of raucous. Stolid guitarist Ian Macleod barely allows himself a grimace as he spices up the bollock-solid backdrop provided by Steve Puny and Martin Gordon. Drummer Peni remains a disembodied baby-faced mop-top behind his kit as bassist Gordon — whose bland good looks are vaguely redolent of actor Alain Delon — mildly poses for the girls.

Since Gordon is both the 'pretty boy' *and* the song writer, his claim to be the brains and the beauty behind R. Stars is largely unchallenged. But maybe flibbertigibbet front man Andy Ellison would quarrel with that.

It's not just his singing that places Andy centre-stage — his frenzied calisthenics make him the undisputed focal point. As he leaps from PA to light scaffolding, from photo pit to drum kit, he keeps singing, pausing only to take a sup of beer or to readjust his padded knee protectors (his left knee-cap is virtually shattered).

During "Johnny Mekon" he falls backwards into the audience; during "Dirty Pictures" he rampages through the front rows with a split pillow, swallowing as many feathers as he's scattering. I sometimes wonder whether he wouldn't rather have been the stunt man he originally intended to be instead of a Radio Star.

During this tour, Andy Ellison suffered three broken ribs, a dislocated jaw, a cracked knee, an ankle sprain, a head wound and was stabbed in the arm with a hypodermic (during an audience foray in Hartlepool).

None of those injuries kept him off the road (what a trouper!) but, ironically, a hospital job did occur when he attempted to hand a glass of beer to the front row in Hastings — some joker crushed it in his hand, causing a gash requiring 15 stitches.

"It was really boring," says Andy. "I had to leave the madness of the gig."

He can't insure himself but, since accidentally jumping on photographer Adrian Boot at London's Lyceum, he's currently insured for £250,000 against damage he may cause to others.

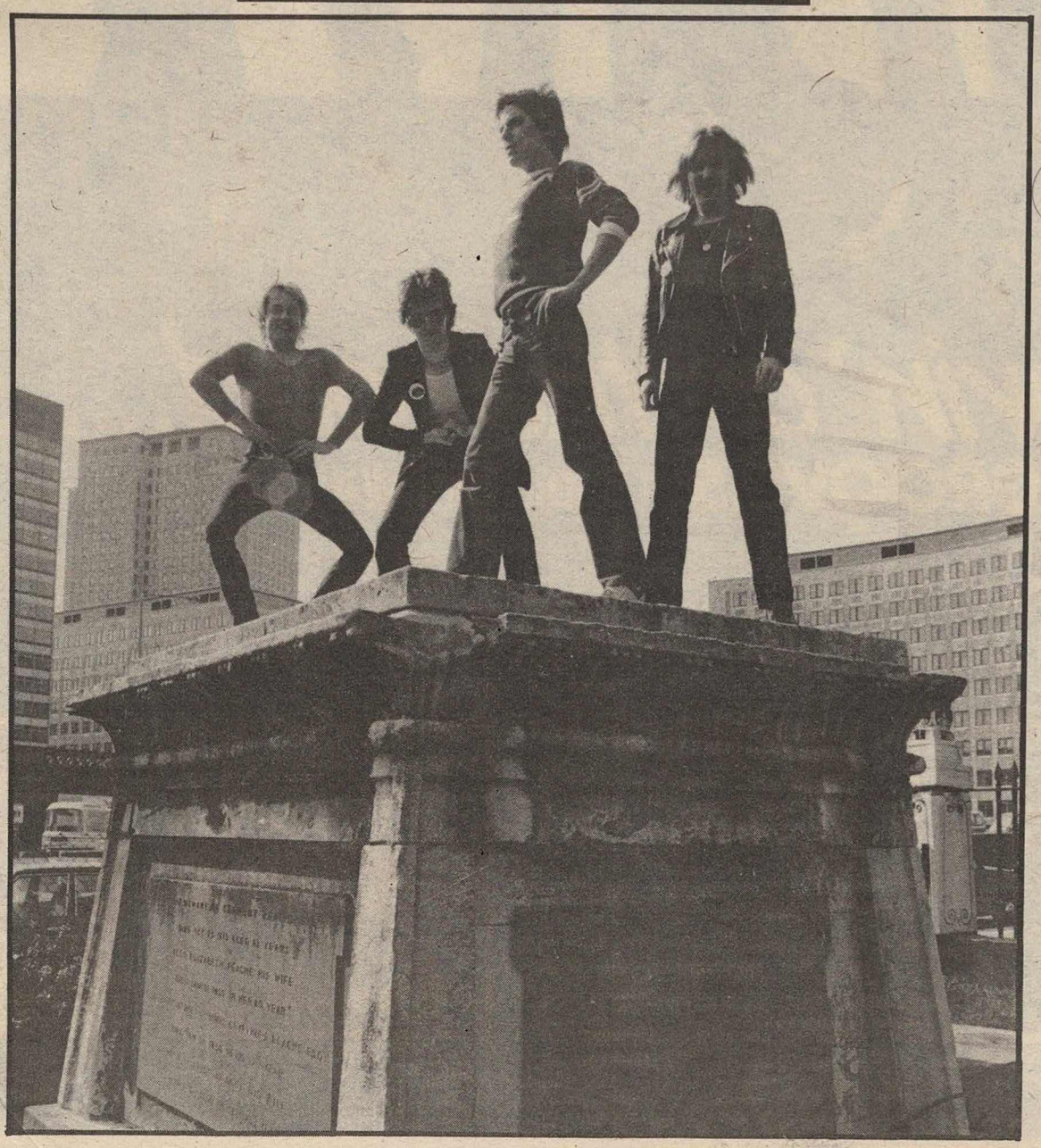
"Still," he smiles, "for anyone to claim, they'd have to die first."

Stiff Records' Pete Frame, creator of the famous Family Trees, reckoned he had enough evidence to prove that Andy Ellison was 56. Tough, Pete — Because although Mr Ellison (founder member of John's Children with Marc Bolan) may seem to have been knocking around since beer was one and a tanner he is, in fact, an equable 32.

"It used to bother me, being older than everyone else," he confesses. "But I don't give a shit now. I can outdo 'em all anyway."

The other Stars are 23 or 24. Jet by any other name. Apart from drummer Panty, they were all Jets. And it's probably that silly glam-rock image that's prejudiced people's reactions to them.

"We made 'Dirty Pictures' in early '76 as Jet," says Martin Gordon, blinding me with his teeth. "When we signed with Chiswick we just changed our name. There was no big change in attitude."



And that attitude is one of noble, wobbly humour. It even permeates their press releases: Andy Ellison — "is very old but still manages to creep onto a stage and forget his worries"; Martin Gordon — "after singlehandedly arranging Sparks' hit album was dismissed for being obstinate"; Ian Macleod — "has been playing guitar since he was 11. He is now 12"; Steve Barry — "thinks Andy Ellison is a poof."

The Radio Stars world becomes more peculiar when you consider that I described their music, yonks ago, as "the sly, slick, sick soundtrack for Page Three of the *Sun,* where spicey/sordid stories jostle with some bint's juicy bits." Martin's long-standing girlfriend happens to be *Sun* model Kelly St. John. And, that aside, Martin loves the *Sun,* gleaning its pages for source material.

"The letters page is great, absolutely off the-wall."

Well, they're all out there, Martin, walking the streets.

"Yes, it's quite alarming really. I do wonder if the public *will* understand us. I mean, a lot of people think 'No Russians In Russia' is political. It's a shame Gerry Ford isn't President anymore, he was really entertaining at his peak."

So, all they've dropped from the Jet days are those dire Daks. "I used to feel a right prat dressing up in ridiculous jodphurs," says Martin, cringing.

But does it bother them that even now many people dismiss R. Stars as trivial, irrelevant, lacking a viewpoint?

Gordon thinks the fact that they are apolitical throws everybody off.

"There was a classic *Sounds* review of 'Stop It' which ended, 'But do they take it seriously?' What a joke. Bands who are funny, like the Bonzos, take it most seriously of all, because humour is very hard to put over on record.

"If we wanted we could easily bash out very fast Heavy Metal pastiches but it's a question of wanting to take it a stage further. Frank Zappa is the main man because he's got it all sewn up — the humour *and* the technique."

But, blushes aside, the fact remains that R. Stars are dainty enough to warrant colour spreads in teenybop papers, which tends to confuse stupid people like me.

"I think that's good," says Martin. "On the face of it, Radio Stars are anything but a teenybop band. I don't see why people are so keen to categorise everything. We don't fall readily into any one bag, maaan, we're so versatile."

The sarcasm is a hundredweight heavy and hangs in the air like that old Greek bloke's sword.

"Basically, we just make records to please ourselves. Anyone who likes us is enlightened; those who don't are bores."

His tongue is almost splitting his cheeks.

"I don't think we're going to appeal to cynics, which is no great loss, but people won't know what kind of people we are unless they come and see us."

So what kind of people are you, he asked, innocently?

Andy and Martin as one.

"Cynics."

I still don't belive them.

P.S. Drummer Steve Petrie's name has been misspelled throughout at Andy Ellison's request, "Because it will drive him mad."

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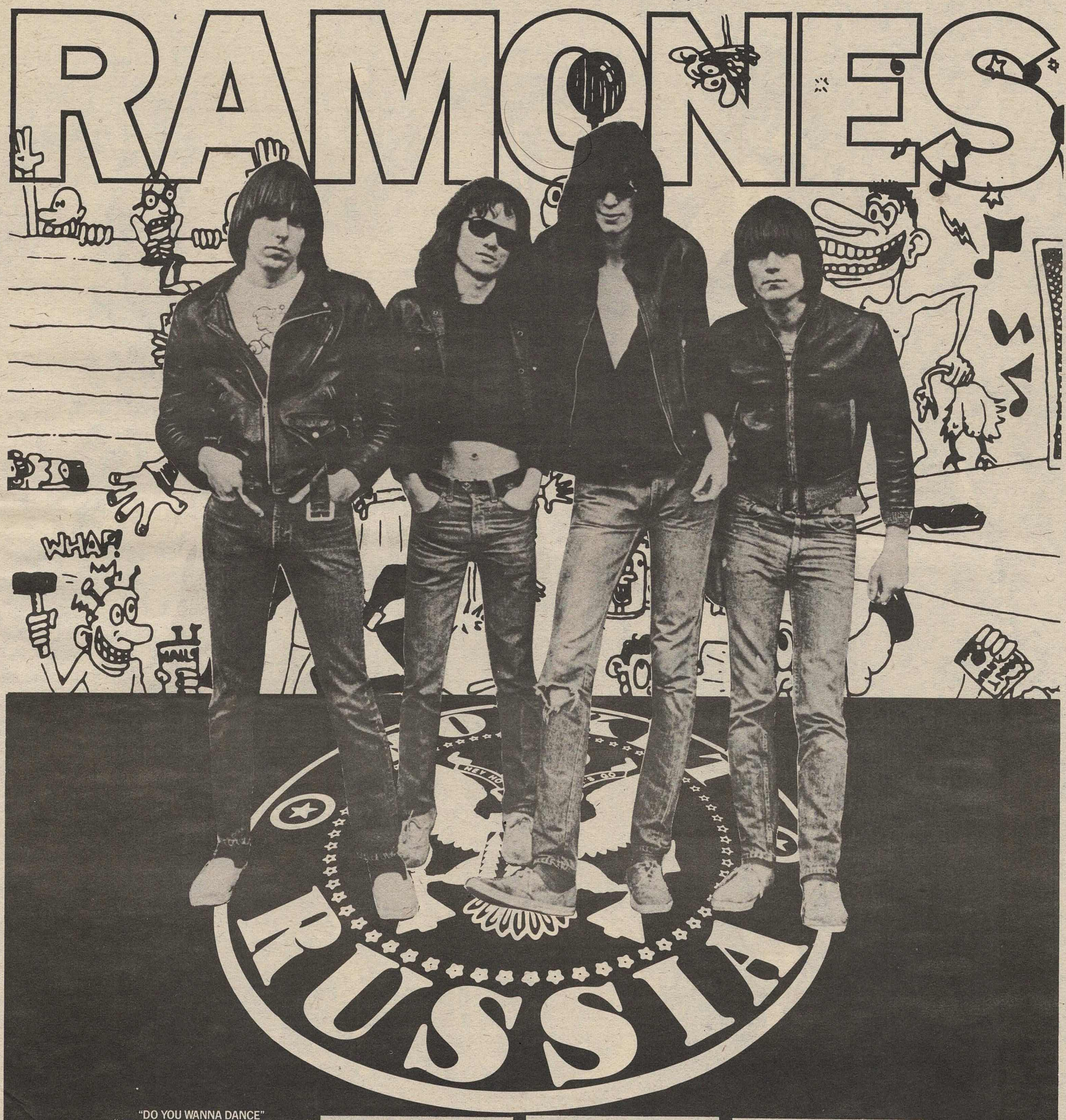

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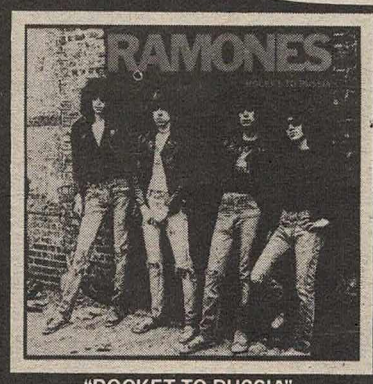

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Album 9103 253

marketed by phonogram

Out now on Virgin. VS209

SINGLES

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

X-RAY SPEX: The Day The World Turned Day-Glo (X-Ray Spex). Predictably, Poly Styrene has been the object of numerous vitriolic attacks by a threatened coterie of male writers with chronic deficiency in the (among others) critical faculties department — simply because they're the type who seethe at the sight of a girl on stage who declines to be a brainless Barbi-doll flashing her cami-knickers.

Quit quaking, *GANG*. Pyrotechnist Poly's scalpel is strictly lyrical; you'll go home intact, if that's how you came.

This here is another incisive Bird's-Eye view of our omnipresent consumer-society, a Yellow-Paged, orange-vinyled trade-name travelogue.

"I clambered over mounds and mounds of Polystyrene foam/Then fell into a swimming pool filled with Fairy Snow/And watched the world turn Day-Glo, you know, you know/The world turned Day-Glo, you know/I wrenched the nylon curtains back as far as they would go/Then peered through perspex window panes at the acrylic road/I drove my polypropylene car on wheels of sponge/Then pulled into a Wimpy Bar to have a rubber bun/The x-rays were penetrating through the latex breeze/Synthetic fibre see-tru leaves fell from the rayon trees/The Day The World Turned Day-Glo, you know, you know/The world turned Day-Glo, you know, you know/The world turned Day-Glo, you know?/OH-OH!"

Man-made urban neurosis? Envisioned Neutron Bomb nemesis? Obsessive Green-Shields fixation? Vintage Roxy Music tripping through rush-hour Tesco's??? Whatever, Poly's verbal acidity makes Allen Ginsberg, Bob Dylan and Arfur "Yus, My Dear" Rimbaud look like Ed Hollis, and her voice is as powerful as that of the very redoubtable Tina Turner.

The disc-of-many-colours is (as we say in the trade) b/w "Iama Poseur", indisputable proof that Poly's song-writing talent on her newer stuff has lost not one iota of the potency displayed on "Identity", "I Live Off You" or "Obsessed With You."

My solitary criticism is that the production has a faint whiff of H.M. about it that was absent on their first demos — when the band's manager, Falcon Stuart, obtained a sound that was worthy of the finest producer the infinite universe has ever seen (one Jack Nitszche). Hopefully, that's the clear-cut backdrop that will be present on the X-Ray Spex album, which I await with toe-nail-gnawing anticipation.

So careful with them buttons, Falcon. As for the rest of you — lay back and consume X-Ray Spex.

IGGY POP: I Gotta Right (RCA). BRYAN FERRY: What Goes On (Polydor). VILLAGE PEOPLE: Macho Man (DJM). *"Wanna feel my body, baybee?/Such a thrill my body, baybee?/Wanna touch my body, baybee?/Every man wants to be a mucho-macho man/To have the kind of body — always in command/Jogging in the mornings, go man go/Work outs in the health-spa — muscles glow!"*

My Stateside fifth column informs me that Village People's "Macho Man" is currently *the* biggest thing going the rounds in New York City's Gay Disco circuit — unlike Iggy and Bryan, who are both three feet six in their stockinged boots.

Seriously, though, nit-pickers, the Saturday Night Feebleness of "Macho Man" is not (as you may have assumed from the edited high-lights quoted) a caustic piss-take of all those torso-flexing would-be Arnold Schwarzeneggers with sand in their northandsouth's and nothing between their ears. These mucho macho morons *mean* it.

Ignoring the fact that an excessive penchant for Nietzschean-style physical perfection goes like a horse and carriage with underlying repressed-sicko mentality, these pea-brain peacocks from across the water could give the G.L.F. A BAD NAME. I hope Tom Robinson kicks 'em in their dumb-bells.

The offering from irascible Iggy would also have Friedrich Wilhelm flushing proudly were he not already frying tonight. On the picture-sleeve The Mighty Pap poses petulantly in his plastic imitation Wermacht helmet and too much mascara *(divine* lip-gloss, though, Jimmy).

The tiresome melodrama of the packaging is matched by that of the product; opening chord-changes blatantly ripped-off The Who's "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere" which, face it, was pretty pathetic, too) followed by Damned/Dead Buoy/Ramoan laughingly malignant self-assertion that drones *on* and *on* and sodding *on,* with (surprise, surprise) Iggy trying to make animal noises like some wild, untamed beast in the outback with its vitals ensnared on rusty barbed wire as the interminable guitar solos howl with self-indulgent virtuosity and Jimmy Jewel screams the title with ennui-inducing repetition.

"I Gotta Right", huh? It's alright, Ma, he's only whining because he wants to pack in David and do some work with Village People. Cathartic? It's bleedin' pathetic, moonbeam.

Are they not men? They are dumbos.

Well, there's Old Wave, there's New Wave . . . and there's Blow Wave. The return of The Lounge Limpet. I'd recognise those quavering, tremulous dulcet tones anywhere — it's the Brothers Flob, innit? No? Oh . . . he could have chosen a more suitable Second Coming than this nine-years-old Lou Reed disaster area.

Reed covered his track-marks almost as badly as Ferry does — the riff is, uh, *borrowed* from the sublime Small Faces "All Or Nothing" and then severely sanitised. To me it's intolerably ineffectual, innocuous, insipid and many other bland names — made ever more apparent because the flip is Ferry's own ineffable composition, "Casanova" (not the Roxy Music version, the superior solo-album adaptation).

Anyhow, Bry, it's good to see you back and bearded.

Reviewed this week by Tony Parsons

SATANS RATS: You Make Me Sick (DJM). THE DEPRESSIONS: Get Outta This Town (Barn). THE TOTALLY OUTTA HAND BAND: Teenage Revolution (Kilgaron). PREDATOR: Punk Man (Criminal). PETULA CLARK: Put A Little Sunbeam In Your Life (CBS).

This week's kama-carsey assault on the music business monolith. Satans Rats have got their Rotten vocal inflections down badly, are suitably venomous (Snicker-titter-smirk-smirk), saying "boo" to the girls and expecting them to burst into tears, etcetera. One trusts the reader is cognisant with the syndrome; rebels all, as in *"Anarchist, anarchist, an-ah-kissed a couple of local punks . . ."*

I've been more scared scraping the gravel-encrusted turds out of our kitten Reich's cat-lit.

Likewise, The Depressions, a bunch of late '77 punkified bandwaggon stowaways with peroxided Harold Debbie forelocks and Lord Johnny Kidd-Nelson eye-patches. I caught 'em but once (one time too many, Benny) when as fate-worse-than-deaf would have it they were supporting The Heartbreakers, and your humble hero was in Strict Molten Awe to discover the manic Depressions aptly baptised.

Amazingly they're as devastatingly dire *sur* disc as they were that night on stage. A sub-Hendrix wah-wah-wah guitar lick is given away buckshee with every copy, presumably to corner the pogoing yippie market.

The totally Outta Brain-Cells Band's "Teenage Revolution" and Predator's "Punk Man" are both ostensibly satirical swipes at a genre they would have *loved* to have been a part of if they weren't such a bunch of slow-off-the-mark, middle-class wimplettes.

"Teenage Revolution" sounds like T.V. Smith working with Chinny-Chapie, "Punk Man" sounds like a gaggle of university school-kids (which is exactly what Predator are) raising coinage for rag-weak by spoofing The Baron Knights impersonating the worthy Mekons, and both crews would be better employed cramming their preps, or whatever the expression is on a campus-site.

It's naturally left to Petula Clark on the quasi-Nicoesque "Put A Little Sunbeam In Your Life" to conjure up this batch's first semblance of malevolent ambiguity.

"Put A Little Sunbeam In Your Life/You'll have such a high as you go walking by/They'll think 'It must be love'/Every day you're dreaming and every night your scheming/About something you can't touch/Oh, but you need it oh-so much/When you find your secret it's YOUR'S!/You've got to keep it/It's your own special thing/It's gonna teach your heart TO SING!"

Ah, the secret language of rock 'n' roll . . . hey, short girl — what you doing Downtown? You chasing Maggot's Roddy around???

FLAMIN' GROOVIES: Feel A Whole Lot Better (Sire). CHERLIE CURRIE: Call Me At Midnight (Mercury)

The Flamin' 12 string Rickenbackers jangle gamely on this archaic Gene Clark toe-tapper, though their effort blanches considerably when compared to the original mouth-watering Byrds version, and Fab is one thing it certainly ain't.

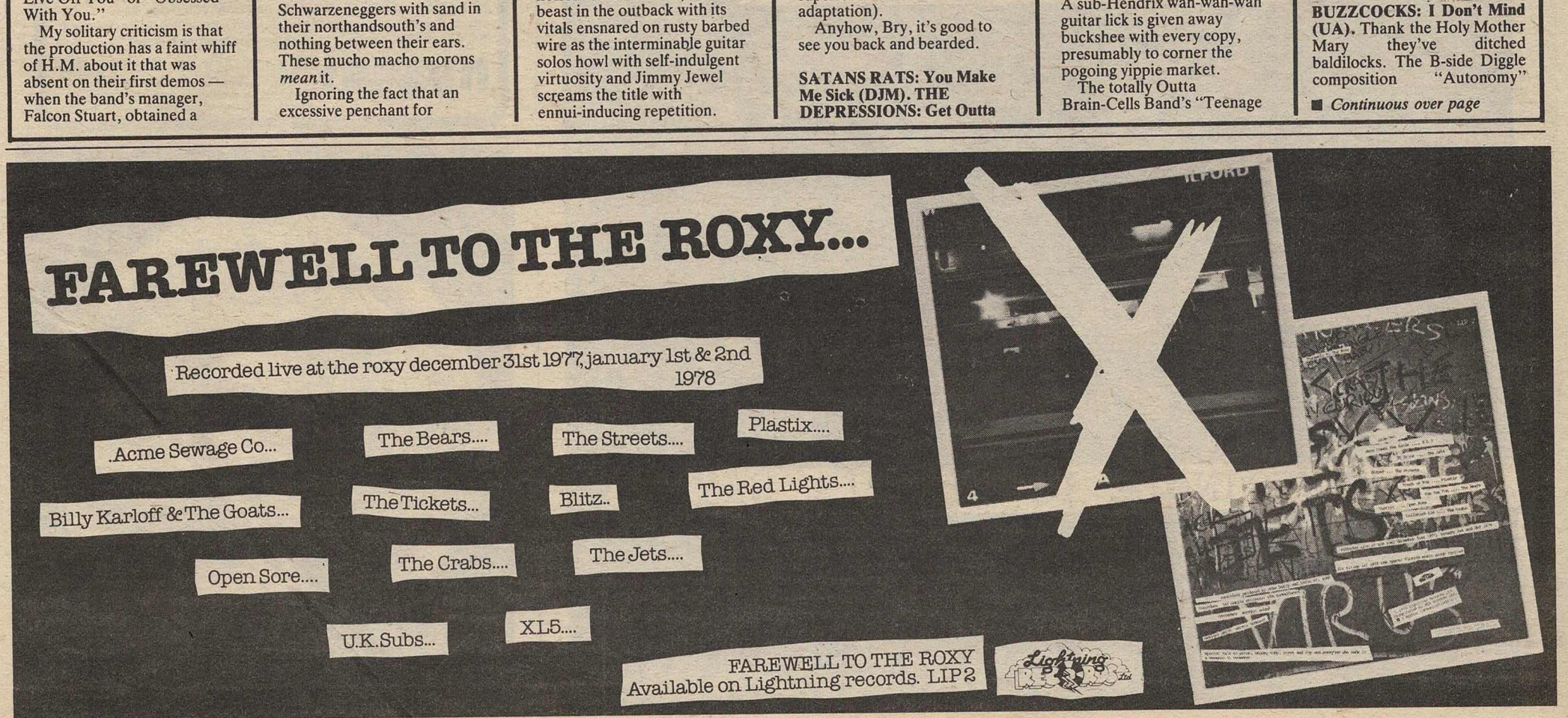
Ol' Currie breath makes an inauspicious debut with nasal bitching that seems to be peculiar to a cerain breed of El Lay songbirds. She sounds like she needs a good blow (of her nose, that is) as her Auntie Kim helps her aim for a slit-eyed Disco market . . .

"It's been so long since somebody loved me/And my band is gone - they think they're above me/But they're not . . ."

Whine all you want, you'll never be fit to lick the platform boots and chains of the Jett Girl.

BUZZCOCKS: I Don't Mind (UA). Thank the Holy Mother Mary they've ditched baldilocks. The B-side Diggle composition "Autonomy"

■ *Continuous over page*



SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

augurs well for the future of Buzzcocks' shared-songwriting resposibilities and the A-side "product" is in the brash sensitivity mould of "What Do I Get", documenting the paranoic throes of lust-lost. Pete Shelley is our greatest living poet.

DISCO IN ONE EAR AND OUT DE OTHER

BONEY M: Rivers Of Babylon (Atlantic). 3 OUNCES OF LOVE: Star Love (Motown). JUDY STREET: What (Grapevine). BACCARA: Darling (RCA). TONI VAN DUYNE: Venus and Mars (Lightning). HI TENSION: Hi Tension (Island). FRANCINE McGEE: Feelin' Good (RCA). LENNY WILLIAMS: Look Up With Your Mind (ABC). PIN UPS: If You Can't Boogie (EMI). SOUL IBERICA BAND: Baby Sitter (EMI). RARE ESSENCE: Love Talking (Private Stock). SARR BAND: Double Action (Calendar). PETER BROWN: Dance With Me (T.K). CAPUANO: Close Encounters Of The Third Kind (Decca). DELEGATION: Honey I'm Rich (State).

Put up, shut up, get down tonight, hand out, bland out, don't put up a fight . . . Boney M crown the crumbling coup (in which they toppled Donna Summer) with a ragged disco reggae effort. It's mildly offensive, but no more so than old Bob Marley is when mouthing commercial slush while passing for Mathew, Mark, Luke and John all rolled into one.

Along with the boney phonies, 3 Ounces of Love give a finger to a once-immaculate label, sounding like raw black girls with aspirations to being white girls in the manner of Baccara . . . are they the kind of people that Ilya Ehrenburg fought the Civil War for? They're finished with this single anyway, so there's no need to fret.

In these times of ten-foot striped disco editions, Judy Street is barking up a blind alley with a mono for monotonous disc that don't stand a chance in hell. She sings like lard wouldn't melt in her arm-pit, as does international *Vogue* mannequin Toni Van Duyne, who has a voice which matches her beauty" and therefore sounds an excellent choice to play Ugliest Sister to Wayne County's Cinderella.

Who wants an RCA twelve-incher? Francine McGee does, and that's what "Feelin' Good" (b/w "Delirium" is all about, in so many moans.

The rest match the depths of the nothing-to-give submission of the disco dolls, but they'll sell even fewer because they're not photogenic. Hi Tension, Soul Iberica Band and Sarr Band say nothing in almost as many words — the couple of chanted choruses thrown in are there only so the wretched single won't be passed off as that old legless sprinter "an instrumental".

Lenny Williams, Pin Ups, Rare Essence, Delegation and Peter Brown attempt to create a whole song — with breaks and hooks and verses — around irretrievably bad backing tracks and come off even worse than the other three. At least Capuano keep their mouths shut. What higher praise for a disco artiste?

JENNY DARREN: Ladykiller (DJM). CARLENE CARTER: Never Together But Close Sometimes (Warmer Brothers). MARY MASON: Baby Make It Soon (Epic). SUNSHINE: Too Much In Love (State). WHITE GOLD: Cross My Heart (Lego). JACQUIE SULLIVAN: Moments (Air). PATTI BOULAYE: The People Some People Choose To Love (Handkerchief). MILLINGTON: Ladies On The Stage (UA). MARY MACGREGOR: I've Never Been To Me (EMI). TIGER SUE: When You Walk In The Room (Pinnacle). BROWN SUGAR: Oh No Look What You've Done (State).

There is nothing like a female impersonator . . . nothing in the world. Girls, girls, girls . . . I like 'em mute, I like 'em dumb, and thankful for every crumb.

Tiger Sue sings Jackie De Shannon's legacy with all the love and affection of a kitten's carcass, and so sets the tone of this segment.

To varying degrees of tunelessness and apathy, Mary MacGregor and Millington sing the same old "A Career Girl Cannot Be A Fulfilled Woman" song, while Patti Boulaye, Jacquie Sullivan, White Gold, Brown Sugar, Sunshine and Mary Mason sing variations on a theme of "Tear My Innards Out and Hack My Limbs Off and Gouge My Eyes Out but I'll Always Love You" (standard Girls' fare).

Carlene Carter and Jenny Darren are the Dynamic Duo of dissent, but still with songs so weak that a *male* singer wouldn't dry his dentures on them.

Coincidentally, nine out of these 11 songs were not written by the people who sing them. For all the sincerity with which the girls gush them, they were plotted by male songwriters — in much the same way as black discotheque singers boast of being hollow-headed hedonists in songs conceived by white Germans.

When is a woman not a woman? When she's a man's Muppet.

JETHRO TULL: Moths (Chrysalis). ROGER WHITTAKER: If I Knew Just What To Say (EMI). DIANA ROSS: Your Love Is So Good For Me (Motown). LINDA RONSTADT: Tumbling Dice (Asylum).

The one-legged flute-tooter would appear to be too old to roll and rock but won't admit it. Dear old Hoppity, clever Hoppity, there is no folkie more vapid than he; acoustic whimsy full of references to spring-time hikes, soaring eagles on the wing and whacky haystack madness — get the general drift? Apologies, Hans Christian, but it's a definite Gabba-Gabba-Hey-Nonny-No-No.

You remember that segment in David Jacobs' book where he danced around a fountain in some park with his teenage daughter and all her hippy chums so that he wouldn't lose the ability to communicate with his wayward, kaftaned progeny? Well, that's what Roger Whittaker reminds me of . . .

"Who do I think I am to act this way with you?/What's my head into? What's my head into?/You see I'm just trying to be myself/No-one else/Oh, no-one else/But I've played too many games/And I've made too many names . . ."

Yea, real Alternative Culture kiss-n-tell, you're-as-old-as-you-feel, man, Power To The Individual stoned hog-water. A good barometer for how well decade-old jargon has been assimilated into the old codgers vernacular is *The Archers* (we never miss it in our garret) where they've just caught on to organic communes (Jackie The Barmaid at The Bull can dig it) and they'll no doubt be dropping sulphate references by the end of the 80s.

This waxing is certainly no "I've Gotta Leave Old Durham Town And That Leaving's Gonna Get Me Down."

In a similar varicose vein is the latest D-ross product "Your Love Is So Good For Me", where Diana (no chicken herself) tries to be the sublime Donna Summer and only succeeds in sounding like the torpid Andrea True.

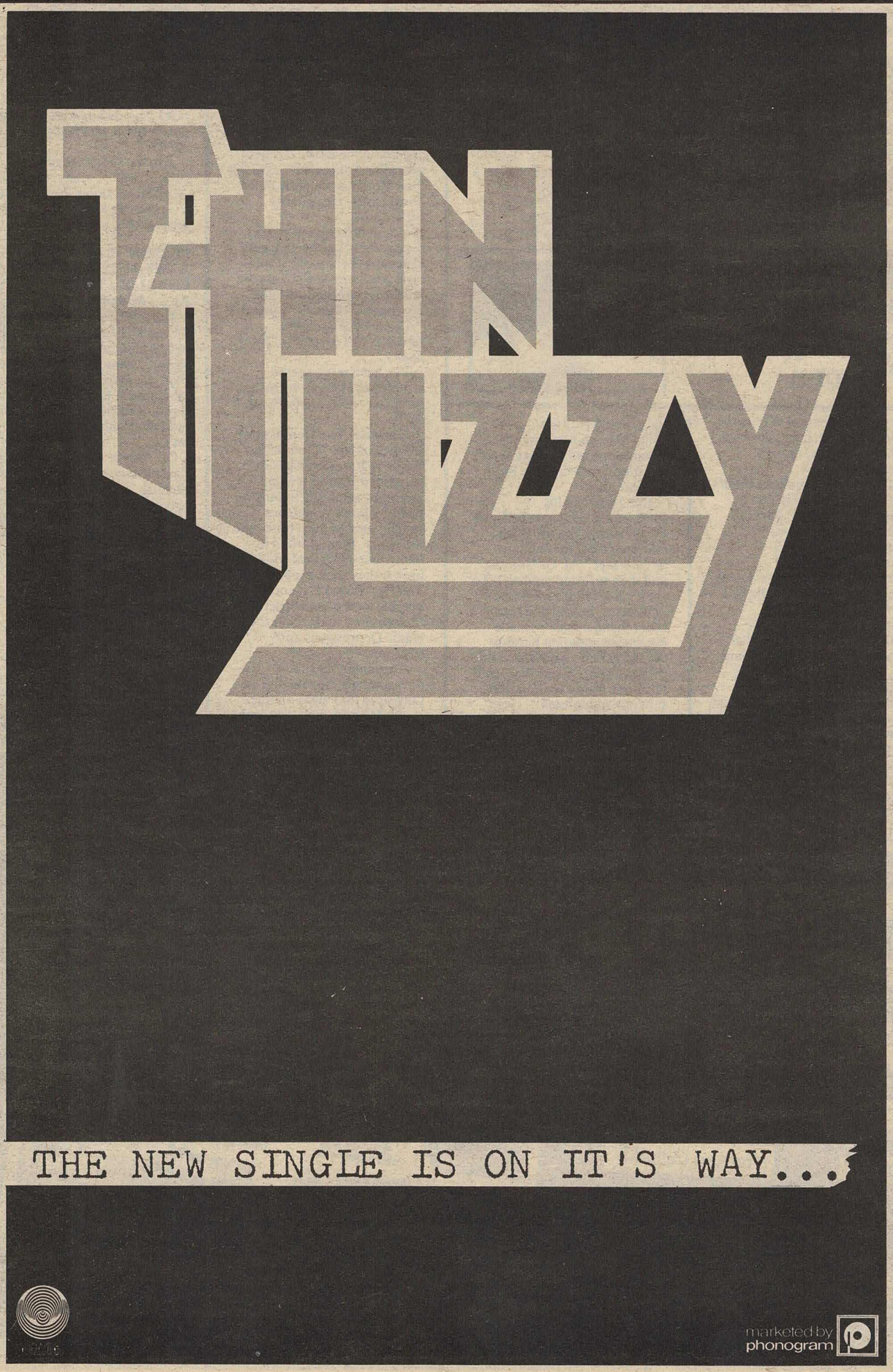
"Tumbling Dice" was soporific enough in the scarred, hamfisted mitts of the Stones but at least you couldn't hear the words then. The girl with the silver larynx and matching nose, throat and roof of mouth has never sounded reedier. A poor follow-up to the superb "Poor, Poor Pitiful Me".

THE JAHLIGHTS: Right Road To Zion? (Trojan). Turn left at the chip-shop, mon.

PARENTHESIS CORNER

THE ROCKSPURS: Kathy (You Don't Mean A Thing) (DJM). LLOYD MILLER: Love Grows (Where My Rosemary Goes) (Trojan). J. VINCENT EDWARDS: I Don't Remember (Coming Home Last Night) (Pye). CHRIS REA: Fool (If You Think It's Over) (Magnet). THE BABETTES: (I Wanna Have) Sex With A Bambi (Kidron Records). THE KILLERS: Killer (On The Dance Floor) (Satril).

Rockspurs provide bouncy, jolly-hockey-sticks M.O.R. (sweet revenge for harrassed Heathcliffe in his belly-oh?), Lloyd Miller achieves the impossible by watering down Edison Lighthouse (albeit aided by a reggaefied beat). J. Vincent Edwards offers *New Faces* funk-junk (extremely wide-legged and gormless). The Babettes should get maximum chart action (with the healthy animal lust oozing from every groove in their tender love song, deer). Chris Rea has wet dreams over Steely Dan. The Killers are Rubettes-style flits, but not so funny.



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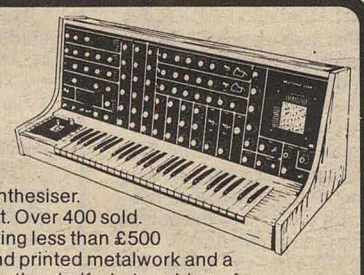

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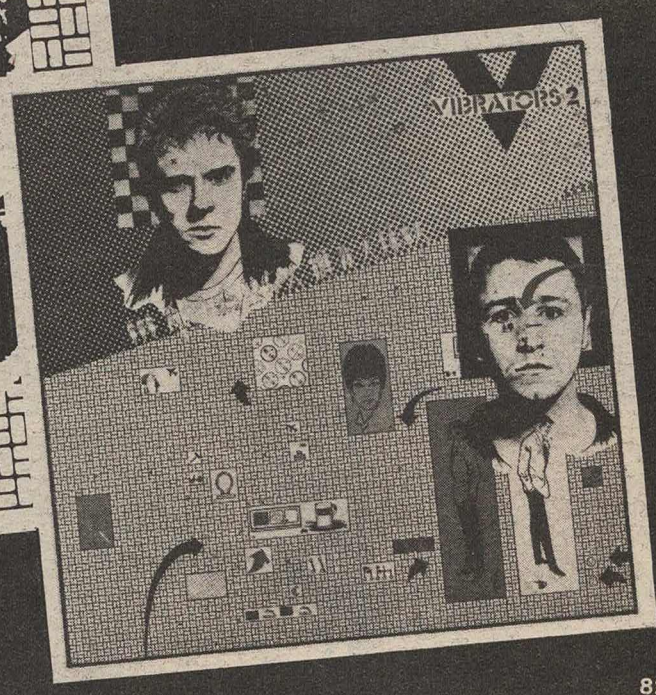

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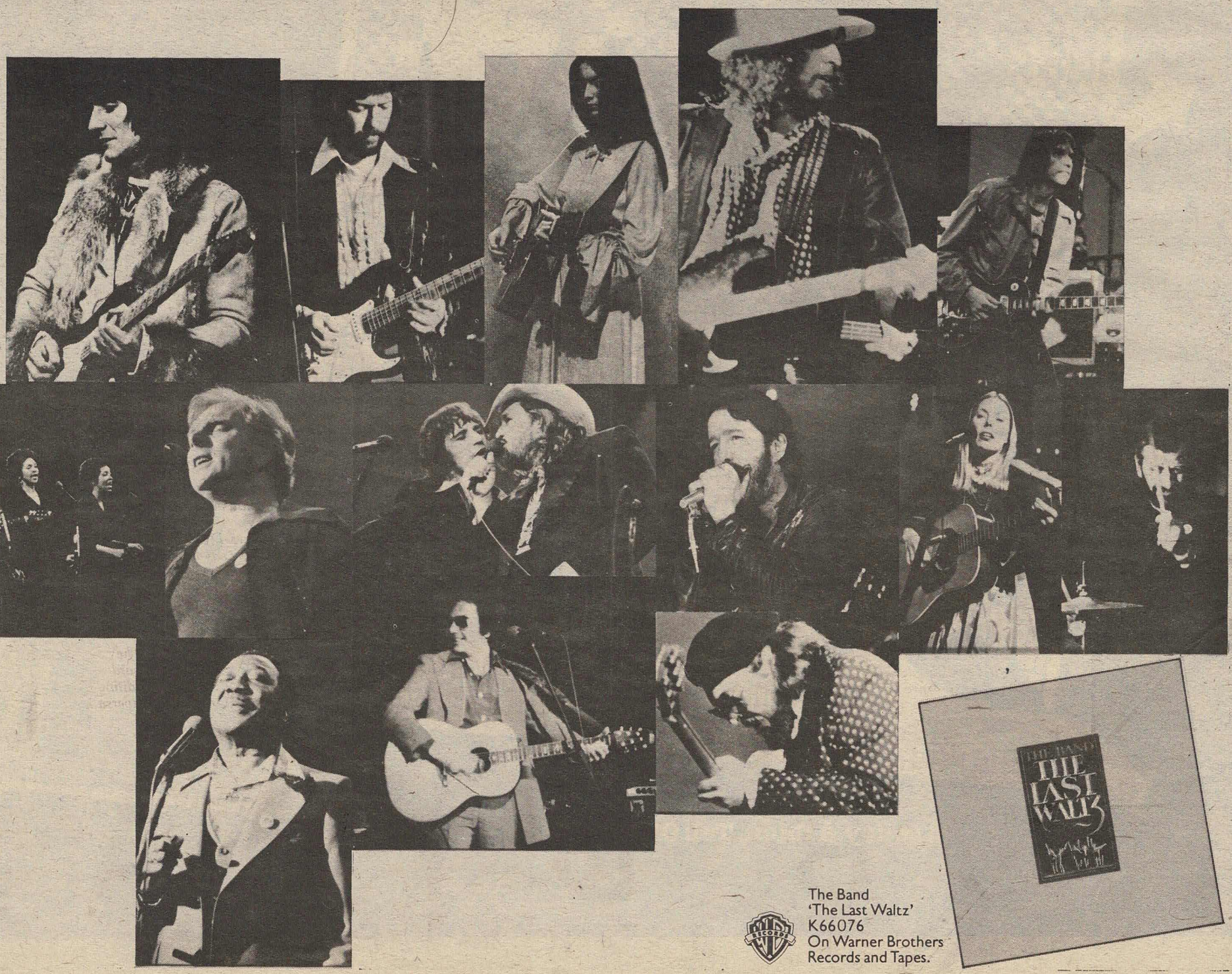
THE LAST WALTZ

IF THE LAST WALTZ MEANS CHOOSING YOUR PARTNERS... ...THEN WHO BETTER THAN THESE?

The Band–Rick Danko, Levon Helm, Garth Hudson, Richard Manuel, Robbie Robertson.
Special guests–Paul Butterfield, Eric Clapton, Neil Diamond, Bob Dylan, Emmylou Harris, Ronnie Hawkins, Dr. John, Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, The Staples, Ringo Starr, Muddy Waters, Ron Wood, Neil Young.

"The road was our school. It gave us a sense of survival; it taught us everything we know and out of respect, we don't want to drive it into the ground . . . or maybe it's just superstition but the road has taken a lot of the great ones. It's a goddam impossible way of life.
The Band has been together sixteen years, together on the road; eight years in dance halls, in dives and bars, eight years of concerts, arenas and stadiums. Our first concert as The Band had been at Winterland, so we wrapped it up there on Thanksgiving Day. There was a dinner for 5,000, a waltz orchestra, a hell of a party and some friends showed up to help us take it home. But they are much more than friends. They are some of the greatest influences on music and on a whole generation.
We wanted it to be more than a 'final concert.' We wanted it to be a celebration."



The Band
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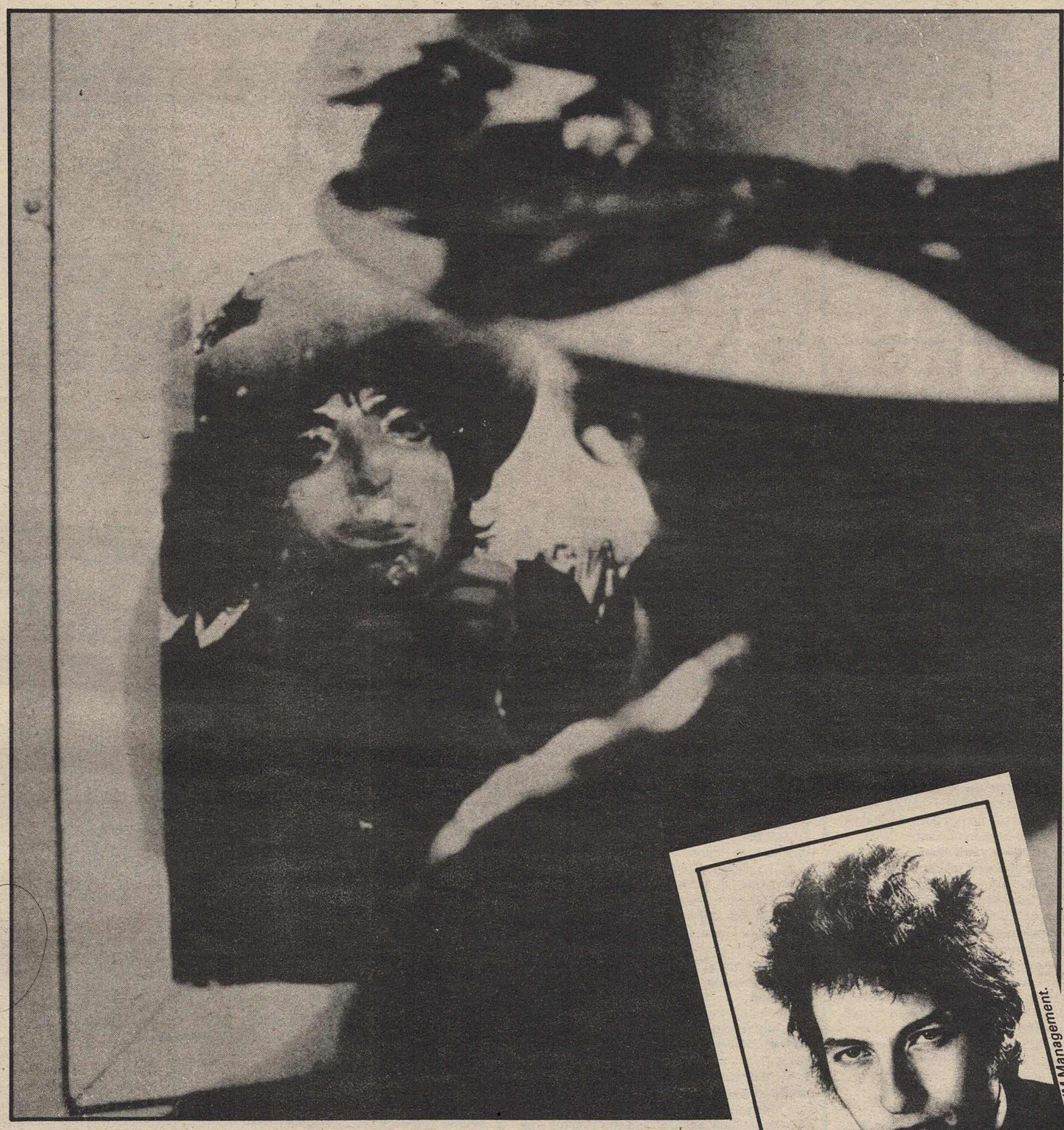
TANGLED UP IN BLUE



*Who was that Masked Minstrel? Dylan tries on a rubber Bob Dylan mask he bought in a New York shop. Photo from the "Rolling Thunder Logbook." **

Photo: ABC/M Management.

THE BOB DYLAN INTERVIEW

***WHEN BOB DYLAN** arrived in Sydney for his first Australian tour in over a decade, he found himself confronted at the airport by a formidable and slightly unruly phalanx of pressmen and sundry media people, all anticipating a press conference.*

Dylan uttered one word — "Hopeless" — and walked straight through, declining to talk to any of them. The following day, though, in Brisbane, he did agree to talk to Craig McGregor.

*An Australian writer, McGregor is the author of **Bob Dylan: A Retrospective** (Picador), a collection first published in 1972 of just about all the best writing about and interviews with Dylan up to that time.*

McGregor first met Dylan during the 1966 Australian tour. Dylan seemed to like him, even according him the honour of playing him the acetates of "Blonde On Blonde" (which left McGregor bewildered and speechless). Since then they have been in touch from time to time; Dylan probably felt relatively at ease for the interview.

McGregor says he found Dylan "gentle and straightforward", and wondering how his tour would go. It was a very different situation to that in '66 when, as Dylan says in the interview, he had been wondering if every gig would be his last.

*Reading between the lines of the interview, Dylan still seems affected by his recent divorce — he was quite emotional in talking about Sara and his family life, and had possibly been more upset by the whole episode than he would care to admit. Similarly, he was reluctant to talk about his new film, **Renaldo And Clara,** and was probably disappointed by the reaction to it; his quote "fading from my mind" perhaps covers a lot of real resentment.*

The interview/conversation lasted for almost two hours. The transcript that follows over the next four pages is word-for-word Dylan, and is virtually complete. McGregor says the only editing he has done is to delete most of his own contributions to the conversation.

* "Rolling Thunder Logbook" by Sam Shepard published by Penguin May 25, priced £1.75.

BY CRAIG McGREGOR

McGREGOR: What would you like to talk about?
DYLAN: I've got nothing on my mind right now. I've no axes to grind with anybody or anything. I'm back workin' again and I'm relatively happy doing that. I was off for two years; I can't go that long without touring.
You mean before the Rolling Thunder tour?
We did the Rolling Thunder in 1975, 1976, and then did another one after that to help support this movie we were doing. You didn't see the movie yet?
***Renaldo And Clara?* No.**
I think you'll like it. It isn't for everybody, but I think you'll like it. It got a lot of criticism, but that's because people have expectations, y'know, they shouldn't really but they do.
I like the idea that it's four hours long.
It isn't too long.
Have you been disappointed in the reaction to it?
Ah. . . The people who go and see it, I can feel resistance to it, by people who I don't know who are very critical of it. But they miss it. They're not lookin' at it in the way it should be seen, I know. At this point it's fading away, just like the last album is fading away.
You mean in your head?
Yeah. After you've done it, you've done it, so I'm not in any position to defend it against people who are critical of it. I don't feel I have to defend it anyway. There's enough people who like it who, if they felt like it, would defend it.
Do you know Daryl Poncison?
No.
He's a writer; he writes books, but they turned a couple of them into movies; *Cinderella Liberty* and *The Last Detail.* They are both movies about sailors, they were playing in the States for a while. He just wrote another one called *The Ring,* it's about a circus. Possibly he'll be working with me on the next movie, which we want to have a script for.
Tell me why you're getting back on the road again; do you really like it?
It's not that I like it or dislike it; it's what I'm destined to do. Muddy Waters is still doing it, and he's 65. In the States there's a lotta old guys that are doing it, and I kinda feel that when I'm that old, as long as I can do it, I guess I will do it, because it's all I did ever do or want to do.
Do you find it still gives you a charge — do you get energy from it or does it take it out of you?
Well, it takes it and gives it. It's a kick to sing these songs that were written in 1961, 1962, and to feel that they're still alive right now, I mean that's an incredible rush, just for that.
What about these new arrangements?
They're not new in the sense that the melodies have changed. I'm still playing three chords, but the lines are there whereas the lines were never there before, it would be all melody based upon old folk songs. The lines became clearer to me as time went on, the structure of all those songs, so what's happened is that I've gotten down to play the line on the guitar or piano, the basic structural line of the song which holds it up. That's all it amounts to when they say new arrangements, because they aren't really new arrangements, they're just stronger lines.
When you say line, you don't mean just the melody or the tune. . .
Well, it's the line of the melody which can be broken down and simplified. Some of the lyrics have changed.
You're doing them faster, rockier than before?
No. I don't listen to that much kind of music, you know, I only listen to the old music: the old blues singers and the old country singers. No, they're about the same. I get energy just knowing they're still alive, and that the lines are so strong even after all these years.
But changing them makes it possible for you to keep singing them, and resinging them?
Every time I sing 'em they are real to me, I've been through so much that some are even more real to me now than when I wrote them — then I could *feel* what they were about, but now I can *understand* what they're about.

BUT DO YOU ever feel that in changing some of your old songs, you're untrue to the person you were when you wrote them?
No, I feel pretty true to that person. There was a period of time when I couldn't relate to that person, but now I can. I relate more to the person that wrote those songs than I do to the person I am that's walking around, in most cases.
I don't know whether to believe you when you say that.
Yeah, it's true. I have new songs, too. We aren't going to be playing any of them — maybe we'll play one, we did one in Japan, we didn't do it in New Zealand, it's a real simple song which we worked up. We got a couple of them. See, I'm also workin' with this band, trying to hold a permanent band together, which I've never done before.
What are some of the new songs Bob?
I don't usually have a title until after I've written them. There's one called "Changing Of The Guard", another one called "Her Version Of Jealousy". . .
"Her Version Of Jealousy"?
Yeah. (laughing) Another one called — I've forgotten it.
Can you tell me a bit more about them?
Man, I really can't, they just have to be sung. They must reflect on this energy field that is happening now, in the same way that the old ones reflected on that. I mean, I get criticised for not writing songs like I used to write. . .
Do people still do that?
All the time! It seems all I see is criticism for not writing songs like those old ones, but why should I when I'm still singing them? I couldn't write any song like that old song that would be better than it.
When did you write these new ones?
I wrote a bunch of them in the fall, and before this tour I had about seven or eight of them. I think I'll be writing a few more on this trip. I'll record them when I get back to the States in April, and that album will be out by spring.
Have you got a title for that yet?
No.
So these are all songs you've written in the last few months since you broke up with Sara?
Yeah, since that divorce thing happened.
Are they related to that?
Not really; we were breaking up for a long time. So it doesn't reflect too much of that.

HOW COME you seem so at ease at the moment? I mean, I'd like to know the secret. . .
I'm not really, I just appear that way! This is a pretty easy place to be, this town, it's a pretty easygoing place.
I didn't think you liked Australia too much last time you were here.
Well, we had a rough time last time. I think we came before any of the big groups came, before the sound was sophisticated; they put us in boxing arenas and wrestling arenas — in one place we followed, I think, Gorgeous George into an arena where the stage moved. . .
That was Sydney! The stage turned a quarter of a revolution every now and then, if I remember. . . .
Do they still have that building?
No, they've torn it down. It was old Sydney Stadium, where Jack Johnson took the world heavyweight championship from Tommy Burns in the early part of this century and became the first black heavyweight champ. . . there used to be a lovely old photograph in the aisle leading into the stadium, Johnson and Burns in the ring together, with this great sea of thousands of felt hats watching the black champ beat the white man for the first time.
I saw a photograph of that.
You probably saw it there. Things have changed a bit; but have you been here long enough to notice anything?
I think we played here before. I don't see much change in Australia, just in the streets I've walked around, since the last time I was here. Perhaps just a little bit (laughing). . . Progress doesn't seem to have touched down in the streets over here. People are still the same, in the pubs.
What's your next project going to be?
Just more records, and hopefully another movie.
Any priority there? Which are you most interested in?
Just making more songs.
You don't feel yourself changing over to movies?
I want to make more movies. On this last one we did the best with what we had. We have a small crew. . .
What's the next one going to be about?
It's about evil. Good and evil.
Oh yeah — anything else?
That's mainly it. It's a kinda complicated story to spring on you, or give it away. We're gonna try and have most of it scripted and outlined before we even start. It can't cost nearly as much money as this one did, and it can't take nearly as much time to do.
Is that partly because you're disillusioned with the idea of improvised scripts?
No, not really. The people who got on this movie are intellectual people, not just the people who want to get out their house and see a movie. Those people seem to find something in it worthwhile. It's that establishment intelligentsia that got down on it so hard, and I don't know whose fault that was: it was probably our fault in showing it to them. But when people see what they've written, and haven't seen the movie themselves, they decide, what the hell, if they say this about it I guess it can't be any good, and they don't give it a chance. We hurt ourselves in showing it to all those critics, but we were open about it and thought it was good. But it doesn't really affect me, because when I started out singing I just had a small group of people following me and most people didn't know what I was doing anyway. The same press that was putting my work down back then is the same press that's doing it now, nothing's really changed that much.
Have you ever thought of trying to do a really extended musical work?
No, I don't have any of the ideals: but other people do, and they're doing it with songs I've written. There's a group in New York that's doing a play using a lot of songs, and they're a group of clowns — ex circus clowns who all quit the circus for one reason or another and came to New York and choreographed a whole play using songs I've written. Things like that. I don't have the time to do that.
Have you thought of not using your old songs, but writing a complete opera, musical, the sort of thing Gershwin did?
I feel too young yet to do that. I still haven't written all the songs I really want to write. It would be a good idea if you were stationary in the one place for a while.
Or is it that you feel that you don't have to prove yourself in some substantial form like that?
Not to me, I don't. The idea attracts me. But my mind can't hold something for that long period of time, with songs which are all in a certain vein, like "Porgy And Bess", or something like that. I would love to be able to do that, but I can't sit down and map it out. I lose track of my thoughts and I get too involved in other things to keep coming back to such a big thing as that. I don't think I could concentrate on that right now. I don't think those things like "Tommy", or what have you, are what you're talking about.
What about other directions?
That's it, I don't have any direction but one.
Which is that again. . .?
That's this one, straight ahead.
What about writing apart from song writing?
No. I do once in a while, but you really have to get laid back for that. You got to be finished up with one aspect of things and go lay back and you'll get it, you know. I'd like to do that too. But it isn't the time for me to do that; maybe when I'm 80 or 90.
What about poetry?
No, I'm not writing too much of anything but songs.
Sounds as though you've refined yourself down.
I was pretty spread out a few years ago, trying to do this and do that, and it didn't make much sense to me, I didn't get anything much out of it, I was too wired up so I'm back just doin' that one single thing now.

HOW MUCH of a success do you think you've made of your personal life in the past few years?
My personal life? My personal life is pretty hard to keep track of. I've kind of narrowed it down to what I care about, you know, who I care about, what I care about, and when I care about. I've narrowed it down as fine as I can to that. Being in this kind of situation you meet a lot of people that are attracted to you, and also you become attracted to quite a few people, and you can't really be sure many times whether that's true or not, so you just have to let the situation run its course. But in the recent past I don't even give it a chance to run its course. I just kind of stay with my old friends, and my old loves and old mates, you know, and at least that allows me to work. The rest of it don't allow me to work. If I get hung up I could disappear into the jungle for three or four months, I've done that.
Does that mean you feel you're faced with a choice between your music and your private life?
My personal life suffers because of that. I think ultimately man is better off if he can stay in one place and see the world revolve around him rather than have to be out there revolving. I try to stay put as much as I can, but I can't all the time, and I guess my personal life has suffered because of that. The privacy thing I don't think about too much any more. I never went after fame or fortune, but I didn't turn it down. That was one of them things I had to learn how to adjust to . . .
And now you've got it you don't want to let it go.
Now I have it, it's not that I don't want to let it go, because I don't believe that I'm attached to it, but I can't let it go, there's no way I could let it go, because people know me. But a lot of people know me, and then a lot of people know the image; you get a lot of resistance from people who just know the image, who can't see through it.
I still think it fucks you around.
No doubt about it.
What you do about it, I'm not too sure.
It fucks you around in a lot of ways, but you have to be open to . . . it's not a burden that's just been placed on someone to drive them down.
Can you channel all that into your songs?
No, I don't write from that, I don't use that; I don't figure anybody cares about that, I personally don't care about it, I don't even care if someone else is into it; I think it's a superficial thing, fame and fortune.
I meant more, you write songs about Sara — I wonder whether you can channel your private emotions into your music, that's one of the reasons you're able to write songs. You suffer, and that comes out in your songs.
(pause) That particular song, well . . . some songs you figure you're better off not to have written. There's a few of them layin' around.
There's some parts of your life you'd rather not have lived, also.
Yeah.

HAVE YOU GOT into any religion since I saw you last?
No, no dedicated religion, I have not gotten into that. No dogma. I don't usually do that, I usually play my guitar. I don't know why, I've never gone on any of them guru trips. I've never felt that lost.
I thought for a while you were moving back to your Jewish background.
No, I don't have much of that background to go back to, so if I was going to a Jewish religion, or Islam, or Muslim, Catholic, or whatever that religion might be, I would have to go *to* it; I don't have it, that religion to fall back on. What I have to fall back on is just my own isolated existence, I don't really think too much about those things.
But in the interview you did with Jonathon Cott (in *Rolling Stone*) there were a lot of references there . . .
Oh, Jonathon, yeah, he had all these sayings with him; we were just sitting around getting loaded, y'know, and he would bring out these quotations, which sounded really good.
But you responded to them.
Yeah, I'm excited by those kind of principals on life, and moral codes, that are part of any religion. They get to me. But as far as organised religion goes, I don't see myself as partaking too much of that.
But whether you realise it or not, that Jewish thing must have given you a very heavy imprinting; I've assumed that's stayed with you, and that in a way you still draw on it.
Possibly. It's possible. But I don't know how Jewish I am. See, with these blue eyes, which are Russian. Y'know, back in 1700s, 1800s, I know I have different blood in me.
What sort of blood?
Cossack blood. I don't know how any one could escape it, anyone of my family that lived back then.
Did you say somewhere that you had some gypsy blood in you, is that right?
I'm not sure. From the questions I asked of my old family, and the answers that I've been given, I know there's Russian blood in me.
Where does that come from?
It comes from Odessa.
That's where you get your blue eyes from?
Probably, because in Odessa mostly everyone has the colour of my eyes.
Have you been there?
I've never been there, I don't know if I'd like to go there either (laughing).
Sounds to me as though you're constructing a very exotic past for yourself.
No, I don't do that! I just . . .

That particular song (about Sara), well . . . some songs you figure you're better off not to have written. There's a few of them layin' around.

You, Django Reinhart . . .!
No, no, I don't know about the gypsy thing, I might have said that; to somebody once, I'm not sure about that because that's from Rumania.
Do you feel very Jewish, Bob?
I don't know what Jewish people feel like!
That's a nice answer! For Christ's sake, you know what I mean . . . as a New York . . .
As a New York Jew?
Yeah.
(laughing) I'm not from New York!
Isn't that part of you?
I feel a part of all people, really.
You don't feel proud of that background?
I feel proud of what I am. How proud can you be? I mean, there's so many people walking the earth, like, if everyone among us is gonna feel proud of who they are, mankind would be in a hell of a mess.
Maybe mankind is in a hell of a mess.
I feel proud of my accomplishments.
Sure. But often people try to link themselves to a tradition.
If you check back on my work, it doesn't link itself to a tradition. Not any one that I've ever heard of.
But your music does.
Well, my music, yeah; but that's all Stateside music.
That's still a tradition. You mention blues singers, and so on; they're traditions you've hooked into.
Musically.
But not personally?
I don't know. I feel life is going by at a tremendous speed. What I feel one moment I usually don't feel the next moment. I don't hold on to any period of time for too long. Even all the things I've ever written, or said, or done, I sometimes think it's all a joke, really, in certain periods of time.
Do you ever look at it and think it could have been said or done by someone else?
No. I think I was meant to write that.
So you see yourself there still?
Yeah.
I think the reasons a lot of people link themselves to traditions is they feel they have no importance otherwise.
Well tradition is great if you've got a community, and a society; then tradition will hold you up as long as you're living. But if your society is crumbling, what right do you have to be part of that tradition?
But what makes you a sort of freewheeling atom, like the Lone Ranger?
Well, most people in the States right now are pretty freewheeling.
Do you like that, though? Do you think it's good?
No, I don't think that's any good at all.
But that's what you're doing.
I don't have any choice. I would prefer a steady family life.
But that didn't work.
That didn't work. That *really* didn't work. You know, I could be happy pounding metal all day, going home to a big fat wife, and eating a meal and, y'know, going to bed. That would be my ideal of happiness (laughing).
You mean that's your romantic idea of happiness for someone else, but not you.
No, it's my idea for me! (laughing) I'm still open to that.
You ought to hang that on your motel door.
Otherwise, if I didn't believe in that, I'd be burned out by now; some of the things I've done.
It puts you in a hard position; you've nothing much to prop you up.
But I never did. When I was last here, 12, 13 years ago, it was the same thing.
You were propped up pretty much with drugs then.
Yeah, we were taking a lot of chemicals back then, which doctors prescribe for entertainers and athletes . . . But those were different days, things were a lot simpler then, we were all on the way up.
You mean it's harder at the top!
Ah, at the top it's pretty difficult, you could fall at any time. No, it doesn't really worry me. Because morning always comes so quick that I don't have a chance to think about it.
Is that the only reason you don't worry about it?
You don't have much of a chance to think, really, on this level. The only time you get a chance to think is when you're thinking about your work. It's not a healthy thing, it can't be for everybody. But to make it you really have to cross a lot of things off.
I wouldn't have thought that you, of all people, would have to worry for one instant any longer about proving yourself. You don't still feel any need for that, do you?
Yeah, I'm always trying to . . . it's not proof of yourself, like in the old days. What is it . . . I feel like I've had it, you know; and I'm doing it; I know it; and if the audience is still there, well I'm still here. If not I'll be in the corner bar playing. I don't have that youthful desire to prove I can go out and conquer the masses. A tour like this is just a tour. There is no great meaning to it. I'll be touring a lot, it's just what I do. I'm not sure about the event, and what it means to the people. To us we're just going on playing.

DO YOU THINK you can extend yourself much more?
I don't know. I don't really think so. I think I've pushed it as far as I can, and I'll just have to maintain it on this level.
I'm surprised to hear you say that.
Well, I can write new songs, and I can sing 'em, but they're always going to be sung in the same way. I mean, my style is pretty well defined. Everything about what I do is pretty well defined by this time. Sure, you could ask Paul McCartney this same question, and he might say, oh yeah, there's more to do, there's more limits to reach . . . But not really.
Does he say that sort of thing?
I don't know if he does. He could; but it would only be a superficial thing. I don't have the urge to learn any more technique than what I already know. If I was to go on and push further I'd have to learn more technique, and I've done that. I don't figure I can do any more with that technique.
But you're willing to take on films, which means learning a whole new technique.
Yeah, but the film is an image. I'm not so sure how great a love, or great a need, I have for that. I know I do now, because I figure . . . I'm looking at the film as a painting, and if you can get character into that painting, and make it come alive, that's what my intentions are. I don't know if that's the right way people are making films nowadays; some are, but most I don't think are. I'm trying to get more out of that film. But in reality it isn't as great as standing on stage and singing. For me it's not that much of a kick, but it is a kick to get your vision across.
It's a nice thing to do anyhow; make a film.
It is, if you believe in it.
Do you do much painting these days, like you used to?
I havent done so much painting for a long time. I miss it. I'd like to get to a place eventually like Churchill, you know, just sit around and paint! And write your memoirs.
It sounds as though you're mature, that's what it sounds like.
I don't think so. Maybe I have matured, or mellowed, or whatever them words are, but it isn't like that inside. What I've learnt to do, which I didn't learn in the old days, is just hold it, in order to put it out when the right time is. So when people say he's mellowed, or matured, that's true, and I've gone through a lot of changes so it is true, but I just hold back most of the time till it's the time to let it out. And if I didn't have that way to let it out I'd probably be just as crazy as everybody else, if not more so.
Whereas as it is you're absolutely sane!
Yeah, right (laughing).
To reach a stage where you're pretty confident, and can hold back and let it out when you want to, I'd have thought that must feel pretty good.
I've always been confident though. I went to New York confident, I didn't know what I was going to have, what I was going to do, but I was confident I was going to come through. I wasn't going to roll under any wheels. I feel pretty confident now, in what we're doing. I don't know how much pleasure it gives me, but I know I'm doing what I'm supposed to do.
When I said "mature", I suppose I was thinking of artists like Michelangelo and da Vinci, who reached a stage where they all had the technique, and at that stage they did their greatest work. Do you feel that could happen to you?
No, I don't feel I could be a Michelangelo or da Vinci. Those guys had too much isolation back then. They were given the nod; it's hard to find anybody that society will do that for these days, so you're pretty much on your own. Michelangelo and da Vinci weren't really on their own, they were pretty much supported. And encouraged. Their work was respected in its time.
But so are you, and so is your work.

'66 Dylan. Photo: JERRY SCHATZBERG

'76 Sara, the former Mrs. Zee.

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DYLAN FROM PAGE 33

Well, I don't know if it is or it isn't. I never think about it, because I don't want to believe it — in case tables turn, or white goes to black, I don't want to be prepared, I don't want to be unprepared.

CAN YOU give me any idea as to where your work might move?

No. It's in the same old place it's always been, it's not movin' anywhere, it's staying right where it is. It won't get any more complicated or simple than it is. New thoughts come and, y'know, new ideas, new feeling; and I can't say what they're going to be.

I was thinking that, sometimes, you get some idea of what sort of shape your life is going to take for a while.

Oh yeah. I've had them ideas.

Did they ever turn out right?

No they never do. Things change so fast, so quickly. Just turn around, everything's gone.

One of the reasons I bothered to do that book about you was at that stage I thought I could half understand what you were doing, in relation to myself: you were acting it in one way, I was acting it out in another. But I don't know that I can now.

I bet you can. I'm just doing the same thing. You get the point where you're just doing it. That's the point I'm at now, I'm just doing it. I don't think about it anymore.

Faced with something like the choice that you were faced with, in your life . . . if I understood it all . . . the family thing . . .

Well, you've got to have that. I expect to have that. I just didn't make it one time. But I mean, I still got my kids. I got five kids. I see them quite a bit of the time. But . . . er, I expect to have that too. Again.

Sounds like a failure, Bob. By you there, somewhere.

What, in my marriage?

Yeah.

Right at the start . . . It wasn't a failure . . . it was a . . . Maybe it was a failure. Marriage was a failure. Husbandry . . . husband and wife was a failure. But . . .

Not husbandry.

Father and mother wasn't a failure.

How were you at husbandry?

Husbandry, I wasn't a very good husband. I don't know whether I was or wasn't, I don't know what a good husband is. I was good in some ways, as a husband, and not so good in other ways . . . But, I feel my true family relationship is up ahead of me somewhere.

You mean, you'd try it again? You'd get married again?

Oh yeah.

You like that?

Yeah, I like comin' home to the same woman. (Pause) It was a failure. You got to take the bad with the good. It didn't disillusion me at all.

Did it knock you around to have a real failure like that, because I don't think you had a failure up till then?

Oh yeah! (laughing).

What were your other failures?

I failed at school.

That was a long time ago.

Not so long. My life seems to have flashed by in a minute. When you think about it, er . . . but then again, "there's no success like failure."

That's a nice line!

I believe it, too. It wasn't a failure . . . If you fail at one job, and you pick up another job, which you like more, then you really can't consider what happened a failure. There aren't really any mistakes in life. They might seem to knock you out of proportion at the time; but if you have the courage and the ability and the confidence to go on, well then that failure, you can't look at it as a failure, you just have to look at it as a blessing in a way.

When you say that, you're not saying you believe everything is predestined, do you?

No, I don't believe everything is predestined, but it is in a way. We're sitting here right now in the present, but we could talk about yesterday, and if we want to look at yesterday we could see that it was all predestined, because it was, if we're looking back everything is predestined. And tomorrow we'll be looking back on today, and today will have been predestined: we just don't know it now. So in a way I do believe in predestination; but only when you get to the place you can look back on does it become proof of itself.

Or make sense.

Right. But you can't project into the future, which probably gets conflicted with predestination. Things upset you, which you don't have any understanding or knowledge of at the time.

Does that knock you around?

Yeah, it knocks me around. Usually when you're caught up in the turmoil of some personal event, and you can't seem to work it out and you're impatient with time doing it, you become impatient, and then you decide to get angry. But if you've been through it enough times to know it does work itself out, well then it just doesn't mean as much. That's what's happened to me, anyway, I still get booted around in my personal life, here and there, but er . . . I just try to understand that . . . *tomorrow is another day.*

How do you handle it?

Well, fortunately I handle it just by working. I just forget it and go back to work, rehearse, make records, or play, and then when I turn around whatever it was was bothering me aint there anymore. Sometimes that's true, sometimes' it's not true, sometimes it's still there . . .

Do you think you become a bit desensitised as time goes on, through that process?

Probably do, yeah.

Does that worry you?

Yeah, it bothers me sometimes. Sometimes I can't even be sensitive to my own needs.

You got a litmus paper test, you can hold up and say, how's my sensitivity rating?

I wish there was some kind of test like that. I don't deny it makes you insensitive to the flow and activity around you. But then again, it makes you more sensitive, because you get more inward.

Maybe you become wiser.

As you go on, you begin to realise, if nothing else at least you're alive. If you've been around enough times you realise what it is *not* to be alive, and to go down, and have that feeling of going down, and if you've had enough of them times they build up — especially in my life, when I got to a point . . . where I just . . . I don't want . . . at least I'm alive!

Jesus, I hope we get wiser, Bob, that's what I'm holding out for . . .

I don't want to get wiser (laughing).

DID YOU HAVE a motorbike accident at all?

You mean back in 1966? After I left here? Yeah . . .

It wasn't just a cover-up?

No, I was put out of the picture. That was it, for me.

And you nearly did wipe yourself right out?

Well, it wasn't that the crash was so bad. I couldn't handle the fall. I was just too spaced out. So it took me a while to get my senses back. And once I got them back I couldn't remember too much. It was almost as if I had amnesia. I just couldn't connect for a long, long time. And what was happening around me I didn't want to connect with anyway. And what had happened in that period of time was that music had become very big. There were people doin' my songs. When I was working, I was nothin'. Talk about criticism now — there was more criticism back in those days than there is now. We'd get no good reviews; every time I put out an album the only good reviews would come from the musical papers; no one else knew what I was doing, or could care less . . .

After I was knocked off, knocked out, I guess people thought I was gone, y'know, wasn't about to come back, so they started elevating me to a level of which no one could come back from. I wasn't out there working; and then acid became very big; and when I got back, I couldn't relate to that world, because what I was doing before that accident wasn't what was happening when I got back on my feet. We didn't have that adulation, that intense worship, I was just another singer really, but I had a loyal and intense following. And when I went back on the road I was more famous than I was when I'd gotten off the road. I was incredibly more famous. And I had a lot of people who were coming who weren't my true fans, I was just another famous name. These people didn't understand what I had done to get there, they just thought I was a famous name and I'd written songs Jimi Hendrix was singing, that's all they knew.

And so I picked up a lot of new fans, and I made some records, and went on, y'know . . . I was half there and half wasn't. And when I finally did get back up to a place where I could express myself again, it surprised a lot of people. Because they didn't know that that's what it was all the time.

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When you see me on stage now, I mean, you don't get that feeling that I might die after the show. Whereas that's what happened the last time here.

What was the place that you got back to, where you felt you could express yourself? Was that a particular album?

No album. I haven't made one album yet that I figured I really . . . I haven't made an album since "Blonde On Blonde" that I felt I was all there for. I have written songs that were worthy of it; I haven't been able to perform them properly, but the ideas were there. I haven't been able to get them down right. I could relate to the idea in an abstract way but I wasn't able to get it down right, the way I felt I needed and wanted to bring it home.

Which songs were those?

From the "John Wesley Harding" album to the "Desire" album I've written a lot of songs which I felt real close to; I don't feel I performed them that well on record, or performed them with the proper meaning; but it still doesn't reflect on the songs at all, it reflects more on me. And I didn't get back into doing what it was, with everything blocked out of the way, until like, maybe, the end of the first Rolling Thunder tour. Or the second Rolling Thunder tour — at least I was doing the best I could in the environment I was in. And now I'm also doing the best I can within this environment; and I expect to go on and even do more acoustical things.

Are you doing any acoustical things on this tour?

I'm not doing any acoustical things, but we do some stuff which you'd think it was acoustical, but there's another level to it, it's just with guitar, organ, saxophone, but it brings it out in a way where you think it would be just me playing the guitar.

Why aren't you doing any acoustical things?

I'll tell you one reason, but you wouldn't probably believe me, is because I haven't found a magic guitar. I think I might have found one now, but I haven't found one where I could feel completely at one with. In my kind of thing you have to have the proper instrument. I played acoustical songs on that Band tour in 74, but I pushed too hard. I played acoustical guitar on the Rolling Thunder tours, but I had to push too hard. And for my type of style I can't really afford to push too hard, because I lose the reason behind the song. If you heard me sittin' in a room singing I wouldn't be pushing too hard.

It pressurises you, doesn't it?

Yeah, I never used to push too hard in the old days, and I was playin', y'know, an hour by myself and an hour with the band, and yet I was never pushing myself.

What's the guitar you found?

A guitar passed my way, I think it might be it's just telling me to use it.

WHICH OF THE songs you've done in the past few years are the ones you feel are *close* to what you've just been talking about?

There's a bunch of them in "Blood On The Tracks. "And there's half a dozen of them off "Desire". "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" is a good song. There's a bunch of good ones on "John Wesley Harding", and "Nashville Skyline" there's good songs on.

Which are the ones on "Blood On The Tracks"?

"Idiot Wind", "Big Girl Now", "Tangled Up In Blue" . . .

I've always thought "Tangled Up In Blue" was a great song, I really like it.

Yeah, I like that one too.

Without knowing anything about it, I half assumed that Blue might be Joan Baez.

Joni Mitchell had an album out called "Blue". And it affected me, I couldn't get it out of my head. And it just stayed in my head and when I wrote that song I wondered, what's that mean? And then I figured that it was just there, and I guess that's what happened, y'know.

It's not the same Blue as in "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue?"

No, no. That's a different Blue. That's a character right off the haywagon. That Baby Blue is from right upstairs at the barber shop, y'know, off the street . . . a different Baby Blue, I haven't run into her in a long time, long time.

You're being serious?

Yeah, I've never looked at Joan Baez as being Baby Blue.

Do you see much of her these days?

(Pause) She was on two tours with me. I haven't seen her since then. She went to Europe.

You involved in her?

No, no . . .

Listening to "Tangled Up In Blue", I got the feeling it's like an autobiography; a sort of funny, wry, compressed novel . . .

Yeah, that's the first I ever wrote that I felt free enough to change all the . . . what is it, the tenses around, is that what it is?

The person . . .

The he and the she and the I and the you, and the we and the us — I figured it was all the same anyway — I could throw them all in where they floated right — and it works on that level.

It's got those nice lines at the end, about *"There was music in the cafes at night / And revolution in the air" and "Some are mathematicians, some are carpenters wives/I don't know how it all got started, I don't know/what they do with their lives."*

I like that song. Yeah, that poet from the 13th century . . .

Who was that?

Plutarch. Is that his name?

Yeah. Are there a lot of Dylanologists around still in the States?

I don't pay much attention to that.

Is Weberman still around, who was going through your garbage? I've lost touch with all that . . .

I've lost touch with it too.

Well, you've changed cities, for a start.

Yeah. Get my own garbage dump. (laughing).

But are you still hassled by people projecting on to you and your work, at that level?

I get over-enthusiastic fans. But I never did pay much mind to that.

And you've got some good, close friends that you can just spend time with?

Yeah, I still have the same old people I've always known.

WHY HAVE YOU built this great place on the West Coast?

That's been built into a big thing out of nothin'. What had happened was that, somehow, we found ourselves in California in '73 or '74, and we were living on the beach, and I didn't like it, it was too noisy; traffic was on one side of the beach, ocean was on the other side. Couldn't eat in your sleep.

So I found an area out there which was a little bit more remote, but very close by, and wasn't so glamorous and attractive to most of the Hollywood set. It was an older area, up on a cliff. I bought a house and I figured it was too small, I was going to remodel it. But we soon found it was pretty impossible to remodel it in any old way, because they have these laws, y'know, you can't build this on such and such; it was discouraging.

Anyway, I found a man one day who was pretty much like me in a lot of ways, but he was a contractor, and he didn't have hardly anything going, he was doing one house in the Canyon or some place, and he said, well you can do anything! You just draw it up and we can do it. Well, what happened was, we already had plans filed for one part of the house, but then we drew up another room one night, and filed that, and then drew up another room, and we just got carried away with this house!

One thing led to another, and it got to be a whole scene — it got to be a big scene up there, we had 30 people livin' in the back buildin' the house, and seein' as we could build it, I figured to go ahead and build it. So we built it and . . . it's standin' there now (laughing).

Are you going back to it? Sounds like a symbol ...

I don't know. Don't know if I'll go back to it, don't know if I'll sell it.

You don't want to become a prisoner of it, like Randolph Hearst.

Can't afford to become a prisoner of it. The day I start to become a prisoner to it is the day I blow it up, or somethin'.

I know what you mean about being too close to the sea. I lived for a while at Byron Bay, lived and wrote there with my family, right on the beach; it was beautiful, and spectacular, and idyllic, and after a while it really got me down, because I've come to think of the sea as embodying some active principle. It becomes oppressive, a challenge. So now I'm living here in the bush, which is like the passive principle here in Australia . . .

Do you have electricity?

Yeah. That's about all we've got. No hot water, no nothing . . . an old wood stove. But it's really lovely, because there everything is waiting for you to put your own energy into it, you're not having to be challenged all the time. I really feel I'm going to do some good work there . . .

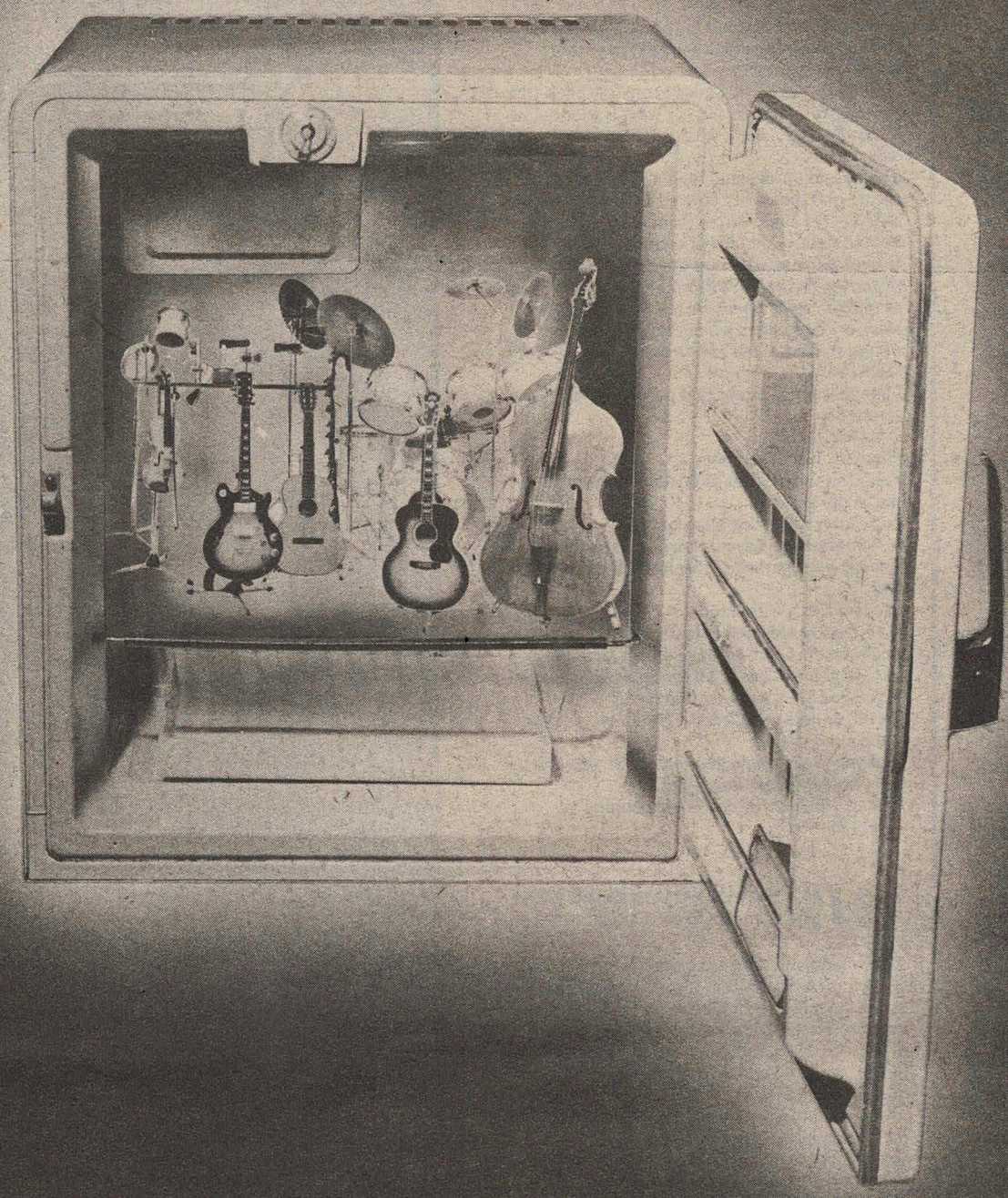
(Pause) I'm looking for a place like that.

My personal life is pretty hard to keep track of . . . I just kind of stay with my old friends and my old loves . . . at least that allows me to work.

Rolling Thunder portrait. From the "Rolling Thunder Logbook" by Sam Shepard, published by Penguin May 25, priced £1.75.

Dylan's West Coast folly by the beach. Photo: SUZANNE MURPHY.

...and Roger buys a fridge...



You love them live...

"The Bowles Bros. Band are a singing and playing quintet vaguely reminiscent of Manhatten Transfer but much more talented...and managed somehow to make it all sound fresh and alive instead of like a museum creation."
Sunday Times

"Opening in fine style, the fantastic Bowles Bros. Band, a hip mixture of "do-wop" and "be-wop."
Melody Maker

"Carramba" *John Peel*

"...the Bowles Brothers have been knocking their audiences for six with a stage act which is quite exceptional...the new album and single should be worth listening to."
Music Week

The amazing rise of the Bowles Bros. is no less astounding when you realise they have never cut an album. That has changed now with the release of their long awaited first LP. For those who have seen their act, this is confirmation of how exceptional they are—for those who have not, it will be your first treat.

BOWLES BROS.

"Roger Buys a Fridge"—the debut album from the Bowles Bros, on Decca, wrapped in a painting by Graham Lupp.

DECCA TXS 127
Also on tape KTXC 127

ALBUMS

THE BAND
The Last Waltz
(Warner Brothers)

I WASN'T there, I doubt if you were either, so let's nix any angle on this three album set as a valid document of the event.

"The Last Waltz" was the phrase concocted for The Band's last official gig. The performance took place at San Francisco's Winterland Ballroom, in front of 5,000 paying and dinner-eating guests. The Band had made their live debut there back in '68 under apparently heinous conditions, with leader / guitarist Robbie Robertson so ill he had to be hypnotised by some local mesmerist into taking the stage at all.

Back then The Band was just a five-piece — without any heavy friends around to share the spotlight; they played a set that, by the second night, irrefutably fulfilled the promise shown by their "Music From Big Pink" debut.

Subsequently The Band went from strength to strength, setting a precedent for pristine yet austere live gigs (we Limeys were KO'd en masse by their quiet storm prefacing Dylan's appearance at the '69 Isle Of Wight festival, for example), but also for their second album, simply titled "The Band", which to this day marks the finest of their many fine hours.

That album remains an inscrutable achievement spotlighting a plethora of talents: three dazzling vocalists in Rick Danko, Richard Manuel and the irrepressible Levon Helm; *the* organist in Garth Hudson; a combined multi-instrumental swagger and verve that was way out on its own; and, most importantly perhaps, 12 songs written by guitarist Robbie Robertson who thereby casually granted to American rock what William Faulkner had granted to the American novel, albeit in a rather more eclectic fashion but with that same seeds 'n' stem stoicism.

The Band never bettered this triumph. More grievous though, they never equalled it through what can only be described as a patchy and frustrating career. "Stage Fright" was very good, but hardly classic. "Cahoots" revealed serious shortcomings in Robertson's songwriting muse; he seemed to be attempting more contemporary (rather than historical) insights into the American condition, but more often than not his observations were more glib and clumsy than anything else.

The Band's activities reached something of a watershed with the live double "Rock Of Ages", a sturdy collection of old chestnuts given added oompah by Allen Toussaint's horn charts — although in the wake of former achievements it seemed hardly essential.

Both "Rock Of Ages" and the subsequent lack of Band solo activity stretching over an ominously long period seem to verify rumours of Robertson's writing talents having deserted him. Other rumours revolved around the usual contentions of 'internal disharmony', bickering and drug problems whilst the group up-rooted themselves from their native Woodstock patch to trek out to Malibu to take part in David Geffen's Bob Dylan rejuvenation programme, this centred on "Planet Waves" and "Before The Flood".

It wasn't until the winter of '75, passing by the lacklustre "Moondog Matinee", that an album of new Robertson material appeared. "Northern Lights, Southern Cross" was very much a return to form — not exactly epic but certainly as good as anything elsemade before or after, with one track in particular, "Arcadian Driftwood", transcending its surroundings to reach the Robertson pantheon alongside such gems as "Whispering Pines", "Unfaithful Servant" and "The Weight".

This would have made a good last album, but the dictates of a Capitol contract forced a further volume of, apparently "Northern Cross" out-takes. On "Islands" The Band merely sounded tired and morose.

Luckily "Islands" is no longer The Band's full stop. Now we have "The Last Waltz", a gargantuan tome that, through six sides, successfully displays The Band's talents as self-contained collective and the world's greatest back-up band. Meanwhile the final side grants us one of more or less wholly new material in "The Last Waltz Suite".

There are, however, disadvantages to overcome — not the least of which is the appearance of assorted 'guests'. Similar three record sets of live 'events' wherein hordes of wondrous subscribers to the rock hierarchy have communed (like "Bangladesh" and "Woodstock") have also resulted in vinyl wastage, so there you go.

"THE LAST Waltz" works though, mainly through nifty editing, a general toning down of the 'celebrity' angle, a subtly effective increase in atmosphere over five sides which wills you to listen to the thing as a whole and, finally, the last, studio side that proves Robertson can still write exceptionally well.

Most of all, there is an overabundance of good music here — music that transcends the mere presence of the celebrities involved and actually delivers.

Following Robertson's exercise in old world instrumental schmaltz that comprises the soundtrack title for the upcoming movie, The Band set the general tone with the spritely "Up On Cripple Creek" jumping straight in with exquisite swing from the first bar as Levon Helm almost gurgles with glee. There's not a whiff of The Band's 'stiffness' here — this is the kind of rock The Band have patented since the outset of their own career. There's a real sense of "If this is going to be the last gig, it's going to be the best" in every Band song here.

In effect The Band challenge their previous work and emerge with a thrilling consistency and intensity throughout. Thus "Stage Fright" comes replete with blazing horns and smoulders with a verve and a fire that perfectly complements the sentiments therein, Robertson's guitar twitching like a demon. Even "It Makes No Difference", only 'agreeable mournful' on "Northern Lights", gains a fully fledged treatment that gives Richard Manuel's singing a truly affecting edge.

And again, "Life Is A Carnival" from "Cahoots" is simply transformed, while a fully orchestrated version of "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" transcends to become a proud and moving testament to The Band's greatness.

ALTHOUGH it seems all too easy to find yourself actually *ignoring* The Band amid all the heavy-duty 'names' here. First up then is Ronnie Hawkins, the Canadian rough-houser who, some 16 years back, sluiced the young Band members together and dubbed them The Hawks. Hawkins is a prickly old rogue, always out for the main chance and the archetypal hardcore rock and roll loser seemingly doomed to a career in sleazy clubs.

But that's not to say he's all gone — in fact his gravelled tones still crack and splutter with a power and he's caught in the ascendant on Bo Diddley's "Who Do You Love". He does turn the Voodoo paean into more of a goodtime roustabout, but the irrepressible force of it all make for an engaging performance.

Other old league troupers fare similarly well, principally Dr. John, whose corncrake New Orleans yowl is nicely abetted by The Band on "Such A Night", though the less well known Bobby Charles' "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans" is too full of Creole cliches to allow it a comfortable place amongst its stronger neighbours.

Most of side four is given over to hardnosed blues amp-ups which provide real sparks. Paul Butterfield joins forces with The Band on Junior Parker's immortal "Mystery Train" (Butterfield did it on his first ever album, The Band on "Moondog Matinee") and rocks with a vengeance, Robertson playing particularly well.

In fact Robertson plays masterfully throughout — arguably the best I've ever heard him — and hits a stirring peak when jousting with Eric Clapton on the latter's fronting of "Further On Up The Road". Clapton himself rekindles the old flame, playing incendiary lead.

Both these songs are bookends for Muddy Waters' vamp on his imperious brand of hoodoo with an intense "Mannish Boy". Waters has some of his own crew to support him plus Butterfield on grinding harp, but the absence of drummer Willie Smith creates a void that jinxes the rhythm section's raucous thrust. But Waters is still as mesmerising as ever.

And so to real big league time. Fellow Canucks Neil Young and Joni Mitchell attempt "Helpless" on side one, and what should have been a moving rendition is turned sour by their voices being mildly unsuited to each other's. Mitchell's "Coyote" from "Hejira" is neither embarassing nor striking.

Van Morrison makes his appearance towards the end of side four, howling and barking over an almost offensive blotch of Irish bar room bathos entitled "Tura Lura Lural". The reading of "Caravan" is a sight more inspired; I'd have preferred "Pantomime" from "Cahoots" myself. The less said about Neil Diamond's "Dry Your Eyes" the better.

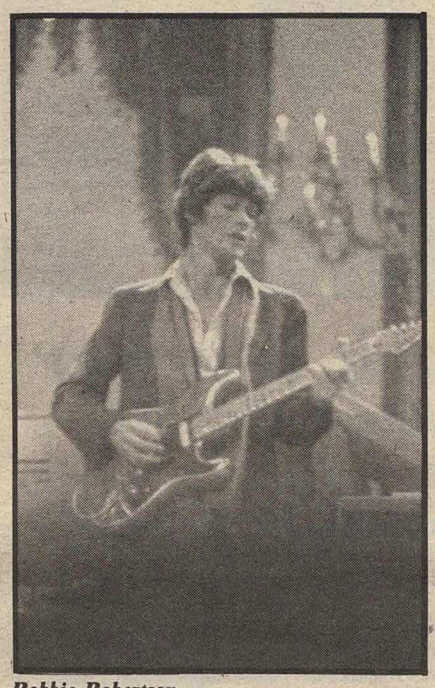
And Bob Dylan? In a word, he's great, choosing two songs he performed with The Band in '66. "Baby Let Me Follow You Down" sets a keen pace before a gorgeous "I Don't Believe You", given an identical arrangement to the Royal Albert Hall (bootleg) version and rendered with the same searing conviction. "Forever Young" follows, proving along with the luscious "I Shall Be Released" that The Band were, are and always will be The Bard's finest backers.

The Dylan side alone is reason enough to purchase this package, but there's also the sixth, offering four new songs, plus The Band and Staple Singers version of "The Weight". All new Robertson songs, none are truly classic but do nothing to discredit him. There's a strange second cousin to "Forbidden Fruit" in "The Well", a spry, annoyingly catchy Cajun stomp featuring Emmylou Harris in "Evangeline" and a gorgeous love song in "Out Of The Blue". Finally, in the "Last Waltz Refrain", Robertson claims "It's the Last Waltz but that don't mean the party's over". Draw your own conclusions.

Listening to this album reminds me of a recent quote from Keith Richard about rock and rollers growing old but maturing like the blues and jazz men before them. It's a moot point as to whether The Stones can manage as much gracefully, but "The Last Waltz" certainly suggests The Band actually have. More than that, this all adds up to a bunch of greats shooting their best shot. Sensibly priced (if you shop around) and nicely packaged, it's not to be ignored.

Richard Manuel

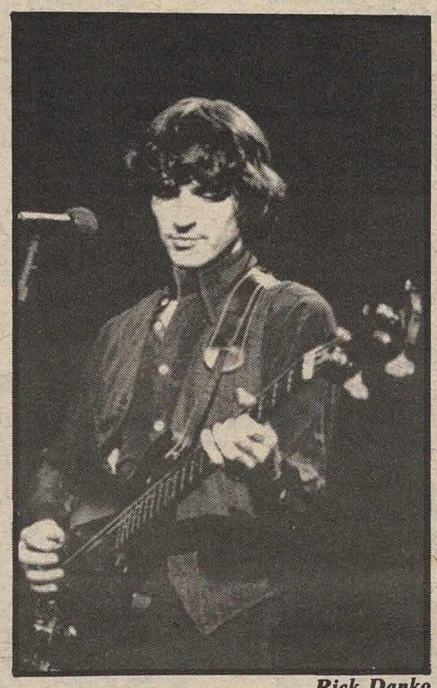
Garth Hudson



Robbie Robertson

Levon Helm

The Band get their chops into their chops at the last supper.



Rick Danko

THE SECOND FEEDING OF THE 5000

And lo, the leftovers filled six sides of vinyl. And the people marvelled. So does NICK KENT.

TODD RUNDGREN
Hermit of Mink Hollow (Bearsville)

AND JUST WHEN we all thought that Todd Rundgren had finally disappeared into the darkest recesses of his cosmological inner sanctum he comes back at us with this . . .

Any of you Todd freaks out there still awake? Getting tired of reading about the Runt's flirtation with Alice A. Bailey, the nature of Prana, the factor of Manas, how to keep your camembert fresh in cardboard pyramids? Didja wish the boy would stop his schuck and jive with elementals and the Cyclic law and attach his box of studio wizardry to the fuse he blew after "Another Live"?

Well, if you were hoping beyond reasonable hope that the Philadelphia rabbit would energise his simple melodic quotient and take the time out for something more like a lowest common denominator, then here's your chance to remember what he was like when understanding entailed empathy *before* you did the paper work. So switch off the review, go buy the album and send off your lapsed membership card for the Todd army because back on planet earth the True Star is once again visible.

Recent years have not treated him well. Utopia became Nadir, the cosmic light show failed to make a connection, synthesiser repairs man Roger Powell quit for David Bowie's camp (for Todd, who loses no sleep over the White Duke, that must have been the ultimate treachery), and then he has his private life smeared all over the gutter press when his old lady, Bebe Buell, decides to play at rock stars with the appalling Rod Stewart. One might have believed that Todd's safest cure was to end it all on a magic carpet somewhere in Asia Minor, but trooper that he is the bad times are grist to the productive mill

"Hermit Of Mink Hollow" is not actually a *completely* accessible slice of vinyl. Buried beneath the sound flow you'll find a lot of pain, a heap of diary entries and the honest autobiographical content of the solo artist taking the time

to deal with himself first and not pretending to set the world record straight until he knows exactly where he stands.

The sides are headed 'Easy' and 'Difficult', not in musical terms but as indications of the state of mind. As with three-quarters of "Something, Anything" he's done the whole caboodle himself, down to every last squeak, every sax part, bass, drums, the works. The more you play it the more his brilliance is staring you in the face. All superlatives carefully considered.

So to the 'Easy' side. "All The Children Sing" is part of Todd's love for the common man. Steering well away from sentiment he prefers to uncover enlightenment in fantasy. Yet illumination (of The-Answer-Is-In-You sort) is balanced and thrown into darker relief by a song on the difficult side, "Bread", where the loneliness of the American urban victim is contrasted with the unknown races and the poverty of *"Some untouchable stuck in Calcutta"*.

Emotional contrasts are the strength of Rundgren's technique, he uses them to the greatest effect throughout the record. So when you're snug and complacent resting inside the psychedelic music machine tape loops of the one song, the chill blast of another reality flattens that illusion stone dead.

"Can We Still Be Friends" is in a familiar idiom for Todd, whose attitude towards women has always been mature and reasoned. Musically it couldn't be anyone else. Acoustic piano tinkles the outrageously commercial melody and suddenly he's swimming in a sea of multi-tracked Todds, harmonising like on all the old records before they soar into a cut glass bridge which should knock you off your feet in toe-curling delight.

And still there's more international feel. "Hurting For You" builds on a wall of

Tapper prepares to take a broom to the ghetto. Pic: DENNIS MORRIS.

Man Ah Worker
Zukie Keeps The Beat

TAPPER ZUKIE
Peace In The Ghetto (Front Line)

GREAT PROBLEMS in the street, my friend. And, as the King toaster's life-affirming recitations of joy, of grievance, and of revision hereto testify, so too are great solutions.

Running a parallel course with events in the Kingston ghetto, the youthful man ah Warrior wise-up, shelve the agitation and violence to make the future happen with a smile not a scowl. The rebellion endeth, as it should, in asceticism.

Following a decade of bloody opposition choreographed by the multi-farious Kingston ghetto supporters of the Jamaica Labour Party and the People's National Party, both are, in this year 1978, united in a common vision. Peace in the ghetto. (For a fuller exposition of events in the Jamaican political arena, consult Penny Reel's 'Peace Conference In A Western Kingston' *NME* March 11).

The unity is sealed with a treaty, echoed in numerous Rebel Music sound scriptures—the talkover will ensure that the talks are not over: the 'artist' in his true social capacity. Do not aim to sub-divide the subject and the singer . . . or I say you will burn you lickle finger!

A majority of the nine tracks on "Peace In The Ghetto" constitute — 'im now Man Ah Worker — I King Tapper Zukie's JA releases to this end. 1978 is high tide for the commercial t'ing, with most of Zukie's catalogue now widely available in one form or another, constantly shifting label as ever.

His talkovers haul back to 1973, the year Tapper (or often, on the traditional semantically indeterminate reggae label and sleeve, Topper) was scouted by Ethnic/Fight label owner Larry Lawrence. Forthcoming was 'Man Ah Warrior' — immortal, indestructible music — now back in the marketplace '78 via Smith—Kaye MER label patronage (gaining the previously deleted, warped and essential "Message To Pork Eaters").

The Lawrence gig was relatively shortlived however, Zukie cutting the Gordian knot of exploitation before it was fully tied. The re-broadcast came in 1975; a smattering of less violent 45 sounds label-hopping until, back in the UK, Klik Records signed his ire at quite obviously the right time, catching four smash-ups (specifically the boss clarion call "M.P.L.A."). 1977 saw the issue of the previous year's "Man From Bosrah" collection, itself rather let down by inadequate announcement. Do not neglect.

"Peace In The Ghetto" is only one of Zukie's '78 moves which has followers confident of the Man's ability to keep the beat, and, moreover, to direct muse and musicians towards newer, dreader permutation, purer consideration.

The rising Star has his own label: New Star looks to be releasing some premium collaborations — check it! The exact same sentiment applies toward the tastefully packaged "Ghetto" (a word to Island directed — it need not be traffic light red, green, and gold).

This is certainly not the magnesium-coil tight and spartan "Warrior" sound, and you will be missing the point if you expect it to be. In places the rhythm would benefit by a touch more definition, a cutting edge, but above all this is music which will last, music to live with.

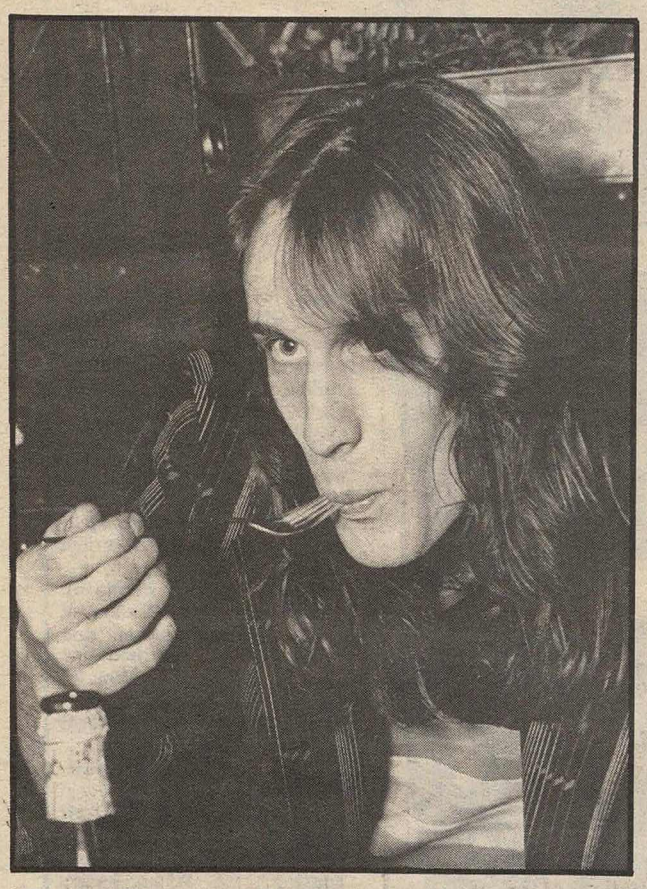
"Dangerous Woman" is simply the current pre "She Want A Phensic", and with "Bimbo Bimbo" is the giggle, the gas and the party sound of the set. Understated but still strident — no duff workout. Tapper's preachiness may have receded but the points come over. He'll jump off at tangents rather than rumble on as some talkers tend.

"Peace In The City" (re-titled pre "Peace Heroes") is slow and hypnotic, a firelight song. "Tribute to Steve Biko" exemplifies the method — strong sentiment in a gentle, hopeful tenor: *"Blessed is the man who will get up and fight / Who will get up and fight for a right . . ."*

***". . .For they shouldn't 'ave killed Biko!"* We *all* must know that.**

Ian Penman

The Day Todd Turned True-Glo



Hmm, can't seem to get this fork outta my face.

symphonic keyboards as Todd muses on man's place in the *"great design of life"*. For once here's the pathos of failed love writ large and not cheapened by rock's inability to make universal emotion seem important.

All credit to Rundgren that having decided to give the people what they can relate to he doesn't throw the knives back at the critics who buried him. 'Too Far Gone' involves a truth drug dialogue in which he poses the inquisitioner's demands in *"Weren't you going to show us all/Some new kind of dancer/This season's singing savior"* and owns up to his attitude, keeping on the move, referring to his *"lamest years"* with considerable wit and grace.

While there are no anthems in the selection "Determination" is typically Rundgrenesque in utilising a powerful plea for some faith from the recipient/listener/audience. Rundgren has put his balls on the line so many times before, and on"Hermit Of Mink Hollow", that he deserves some reaction. This is a human being talking to you, not a piece of product.

And to the "Difficult" side. If a song like "Bread" makes you ask what the hell is Rundgren going to do about the starving millions, then the answer is he's jogging a nerve. It isn't a vehicle for information or social comment but the message sticks in your memory, which, given that rock and roll on its own doesn't make for political change, is closer to a valid point: *"Save your regrets for the dead, but for the living, give them love, give them bread"*.

Simple. Rundgren checks his social barometer on the streets of New York and finds some indication that there are plenty of people existing, living isn't the word, beyond the pale who need to be brought back into the roost. "Bag Lady" enters the lonely world of the tattered outcast and the insight is chilling.

"You Cried Wolf" cuts the "Wolfman Jack" riff into little pieces as an updated comment on Rundgren's own love life. Given that the person getting numbered is undoubtedly Todd's erstwhile companion, you can only wonder that he's got the sheer guts to bare his personal life with such clarity. These are real songs about real people for the most part. The involvement is thus magnified beyond the proportions of those records whose subject matter is so patently bogus.

Rundgren uses the image of the man untouched by misfortune, of the emotionally secure, in "Lucky Guy". And when that looks like ending up as a glib impossibility the song turns inside out with the sadness of the last line, *"I wish I was that lucky guy"*.

Like its counterpart on side one, "Out Of Control" explodes the myth that Rundgren is blissfully unaware of his detractors. Not just feeling intimidated by the changes going down of late he develops the ferocity of his latterday punk stance while admitting he's going to crash in flames rather than get left behind.

Of course the rock competition stakes aren't the end of existence. "Hermit Of Mink Hollow" concludes with its sublimest melody in "Fade Away" and believe me the hooks in here are abundant and beautiful), the plaintive note of the last lovers left watching the planet and the stars disappear. He doesn't believe that he will be left to turn off the lights — this is a desperate love song with a chord pattern and an echoed chorus that recalls all his finest moments from "I Saw The Light", "It Wouldn't Have Made Any Difference", "Sunset Boulevard" and upwards.

So finally, Todd Rundgren returns with an album at least the equal of his supposed heyday and perhaps a superior example of his unpredictable genius — for that is undoubtedly what he sometimes is. For its honesty, its endeavour and, goddamn, for its sheer musical accessibility "Hermit Of Mink Hollow" will not be surpassed by any other record this year.

Would you buy a second hand pyramid from this man? I think right now I would.

Max Bell

IMPORTS

THE LATEST series to rack-fill is UA's Anthology Of Reggae.

I guess someone's working backwards when it comes to release order 'cause I spotted Vol. 13 initially and as yet haven't laid peepers on Vol. 1. Nevertheless, those logged include *The Skatalites'* "African Roots"; *Pablo Moses'* "The Love I Bring"; *Dobby Dobson's* "Oh God Are You Satisfied", a Tom Moulton engineering job; *"Jackie Mittoo"* on which the one-time Skatalite provides such oldies as "Eleanor Rigby" and "Sunshine Of Your Love" with an organ-ic shove; *The Meditations'* "Message From The Meditations", a Dobby Dobson production; *Delroy Wilson's* "Best Of . . .", which includes his "Trying To Conquer Me" 1964 hit; *Ken Boothe's* "Live Good"; *Max Romeo's* "Open The Iron Gate"; and a compilation called "New And Old Sounds" spotlighting tracks by *Burning Spear, Bob Marley, Dillinger* and others. Nice to see a US major really hitting the bell for reggae. Guess things aren't just bermuda shorts and Bee Gees after all.

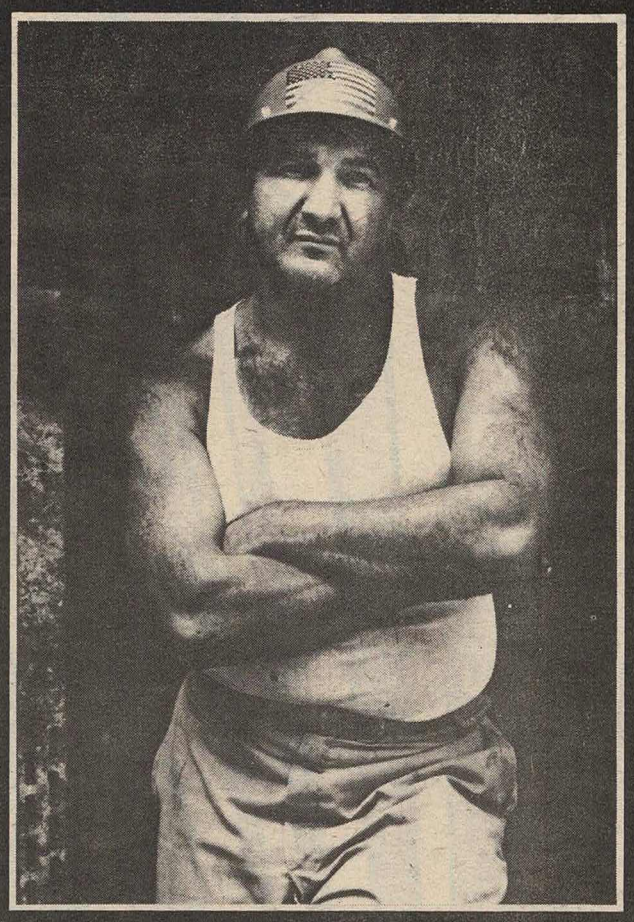
Flyover are now lugging in a *Country Gazette* album that's never trod water in my part of the pond before. Titled "Live at McCabes" (Trio), it documents a live date played at Santa Monica in 1974. 14 tracks, no less. A veritable goody.

Meanwhile the massed forces of Charmdale, Stage One and Parke Records provide *Richie Furay's* "Dance A Little Light" (Asylum). kind of Poco old gang reunion thing, with Tim Schmidt, Rusty Young and Jim Messina happenin' by — not to mention David Cassidy and Chris Hillman.

The same import bloc are handling *REO Speedwagon's* nattily titled "You Can Tune A Piano But You Can't Tuna Fish" (CBS); *Dr John's* devoid-of-info "One Night Late" (Karate); *The Isley Brothers'* "Showdown" (T. Neck); *Earl Klugh's* Booker T produced "Magic In Your Eyes" (UA); *Stanley Clarke's* "Modern Man" (Nemperor), a Jeff Beck guester; and *Johnny Taylor's* "Ever Ready" ((CBS), which includes his current "Keep On Dancing" single.

Finally, a reminder that the US Columbia version of *Elvis Costello's* "This Year's Model" contains a fresh track in "Radio, Radio", but loses "Chelsea" and "Night Rallies" while the sleeve also differs to that of the British edition. Must be hard for Stiff and suchlike collectors to keep pace with this sort of thing.

Fred Dellar



'Smiling Stranger'

'Dancing'

Here's just a couple of tracks to woo ya... there's six more on 'One World' that'll really wow ya!

A bloody great album from John Martyn

ISLAND

ILPS 9492 Produced by Chris Blackwell

THE JOLT

NEW SINGLE

'WHAT'CHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT?'

[SAMWELL/POTTER]

'AGAIN & AGAIN'

(ROBBIE COLLINS)

IN A SPECIAL BAG polydor

PRISM

Get hold of Prism, the album and the band storming out of Canada.
Prism are one hell of a rock band with a demon horn section, giving the band the kind of fast driving sound that's labelled them as 'The Who with horns'. And that's not a bad start to any career.
If you caught them on the Old Grey Whistle Test recently, you will know you should get "Prism" the album from Prism the band.

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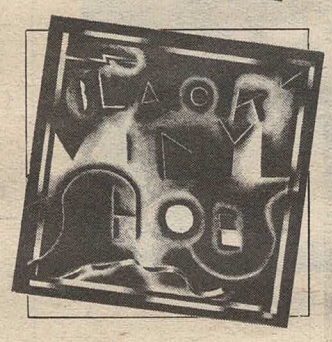
Wanna Meet The Scruffs? (Power Play Import)



How Real Kids Scruff Their Shoes And Other Americana

THERE IS nothing especially new about this power pop hullaballoo, y'know. As a sub-genre it has existed in a succession of shapes and guises for years now. Recently, however, the term has gained an irritatingly popular coinage — so popular and so irritating that it now hangs like an albatross around the necks of its supposed exponents.

Which makes me somewhat wary of bestowing a similar fate on The Scruffs and The Shoes, who are the true academic heirs. Their line of descent traces back to The Raspberries, Big Star and Blue Ash, early to mid-'70s bands whose determined allegiance to an unfashionable pop aesthetic in the face of an ever-growing HM onslaught got them pretty much nowhere, but at least helped pave the way for the current wave of US popsters from Cheap Trick to Tom Petty, and all stops in between.

The British school — who seem to me a time-locked bunch, reliving a pearl from Albion's past in an orgy of regressive nostalgia — owe nothing to this. They probably don't know it, but their line of descent stops squarely with The Flamin' Groovies. Incidentally, one wonders what a Rutl . . . sorry, Pleasers crowd would make of the Groovies, considering it's within the 'Frisco quintet's power on a good night to make you feel like you're watching the best rock and roll band in the entire universe — such is the suspension of belief they inspire.

So much for the historical distinctions. The principles, I admit, are the same: short songs, usually concerned with pimply teen romance traumas; lots of melodies; some harmonies; fun; more fun; more melodies — all mixed down to a crisp, peachy whole and preferably heard through a car radio at cruise speed, with windows down and elbows roasting in the warm summer sun.

Heard in the less idyllic vicinity of my room on a grey day in April, The Shoes come off a sight better than The Scruffs, and not just for environmental reasons. The Real Kids would sound fine anywhere.

The Scruffs have ready-made credential ties with the long lamented Big Star. They come from Memphis, and their album was engineered by John Fry at Ardent studios, the same combination that yeilded Big Star's "Radio City", the idiom's primo statement.

But there any similarity ends, for The Scruffs play a straight mixture of predictable '60s pop influences — mainly The Beach Boys and Mersey — which isn't so much bad as lacking the immediacy necessary to make it work.

Immediacy, by the way, is a key quality in this genre, and something The Shoes and The Real Kids have in spades. It's inexorably linked with the make or break ability to absorb and reprocess influences that puts, say, Dwight Twilley — for all his daft pop glamour boy ambitions — ahead of the game.

Another black mark in The Scruffs' book is vocalist Stephen Burns' phrasing; it's dangerously close to Eric Carmen's. The Raspberries were arrant musical thieves anyway (though some people loved 'em for it) and ripping them off takes plagiarism to a fine distinction.

So to The Shoes, from Zion, Illinois, whose "Black Vinyl Shoes" was recorded last year in guitarist Jeff Murphy's living room on a Teac four-track and positively shames many multi-million dollar jobs. I can only marvel at what these guys might have come up with in a studio proper, but as it is the wit and inventiveness of the production more than makes up for the slight cranking up of the Victorola necessary for full fidelity.

Fifteen songs, hardly a turkey amongst them, all short, deliriously sweet, and strangely disorientating through their combination of high grinding fuzz tone guitars, garage drums and ethereal Byrds-like harmonies.

That's an understatement. The Shoes have the vocal sound of things like "Draft Morning" and "I See You" down to a perfect, unself-conscious tee. If any band's going to pick up the discarded Big Star mantle then this must be they. The undercurrent of madness — all the songs sound like they were put together backwards — and pop delirium that made Big Star and Todd's best work is also here to be savoured.

And that's only one of a dozen possibilities for this band. If it isn't a fluke brought about by production limitations, then The Shoes have a fully-fledged stylistic deck they can flash at will, and in any combination from Gary Glitter to Cheap Trick, from Creedence Clearwater Revival to The Ramones. The Shoes' past is one big melting pot. They sound like all, and ultimately none, of the names mentioned. It's that paradox that makes them a band to back.

As for The Real Kids, if fate had been kinder and they had been born in London not Boston, they'd be showing heel rubber and churning dust in the faces of our pop kiddies with power to spare. The Real Kids are what The Jam might have been had their roots been in rock and roll and, to a lesser extent, Mersey instead of R&B and The Who.

They play hard, stripped, tight and fast, and mostly 12-bars. The songs are choked with intoxicatingly simple, economical hooks and a bare bones yet bountiful production by ex-Dolls manager Marty Thau — on whose Red Star label they appear — that would do The Ramones proud.

Rock and roll, like pop, is a term that gets thrown around very carelessly these days, but both epithets find a rightful home with The Real Kids. If they weren't so ugly, I'd say stardom was just around the corner.

Paul Rambali

MARY TRAVERS
It's in Everyone of Us (Chrysalis)

NICE, JUST nice. No polemics or finger-pointing songs, just a bland collection of lushly produced songs from the pens of such luminaries as Carole Bayer Sager, Albert Hammond and Nils Lofgren.

As one third of the influential Peter, Paul and Mary, Mary Travers was in the vanguard of the '60s folk protest movement, helping focus national interst on the young Bob Dylan. But those days of trying to blow down the walls of the establishment are long ago and far away now.

It's not for me though — not because of the lack of 'political' songs, since there's plenty of room within the rock spectrum for inoffensive albums like this, but because of the lack of purpose and an essential shallowness.

Patrick Humphries

Rainbow

NEW ALBUM

LONG LIVE ROCK 'N' ROLL

LONG LIVE ROCK 'N' ROLL

LONG LIVE ROCK 'N' ROLL

polydor

NO MORE GOOD GUYS

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Long Shots, Dead Certs And Odds On Favourites (Chiswick Chartbusters Vol. 2)
(Chiswick)

CONTEMPORARY COMPILATIONS are a stone gas.

After all, why should some earnest, studious schnook up ahead there in the late '80s or early '90s have all the fun of digging out old, scratched Chiswick singles, and painstakingly running them through the editing/processing/remastering machines to get the clicks and scratches and egg stains out of the grooves?

It hardly bears thinking about: if this album hadn't been assembled now, sure as death and taxes it'd have emerged as "The Classic Heritage of Punk Rock Vol. 18" or some such ghastliness in 10 or 15 years time, probably with liner notes by John Tobler, and some wet-eyed nostalgic who's eight years old now would be reviewing it.

To oversimplify: side one is headbanging ramalamadolequeue (and I'm ashamed to say that at least half of it is totally unlistenable) and side two is (gulp) powerpop. The cast list is as follows: Radiators From Space, Skrewdriver (two tracks each), Johnny Moped, Motorhead, Radio Stars, Rings, Jeff Hill, Count Bishops, Amazorblades and The Stukas (one each).

Skrewdriver's "Anti-Social" and "You're So Dumb" are pretty much what you'd expect from the titles: terrace vocals: sheet-aluminium guitar; clubfooted drumming and every sub-Clash, sub-Pistols cliche known to makind, 'Disposable' is about as polite as a well-brought-up middle-class boy can be, maaaaaan.

The Radiators' "Television Screen" is only fractionally better than the Skrewdriver cuts, but "Enemies" is a great deal better with its razzle-dazzle guitar line, heartfelt lyric and unsophisticated-but-true harmonies.

Johnny Moped's "No One" bears a superficial resemblance to the straightforward bozopunk which surrounds it, but Moped's genuine wackiness, nifty lyric and snazzy guitar lift it out of the rut.

That leaves Motorhead's "Motorhead", which appears to have undergone some kind of audiocastration when remastered for this album.

Over on the pop side, we open up with "No Russians In Russia", prissy powerpop whimsy from Radio Stars. Stars have a large following (hi, Monty!), and the inclusion of this cut may help shift copies of the album, but it does not move me (even tho' I've seen the movie).

Neither do The Rings. "I Wanna Be Free" is an earnest clamber on the punkwagon — about as convincing as a rubber ring. Jeff Hill has an attractive pop voice, and could do well if he gets a better song than "I Want You To Dance With Me" and some slightly more adequate musicians to perform it with.

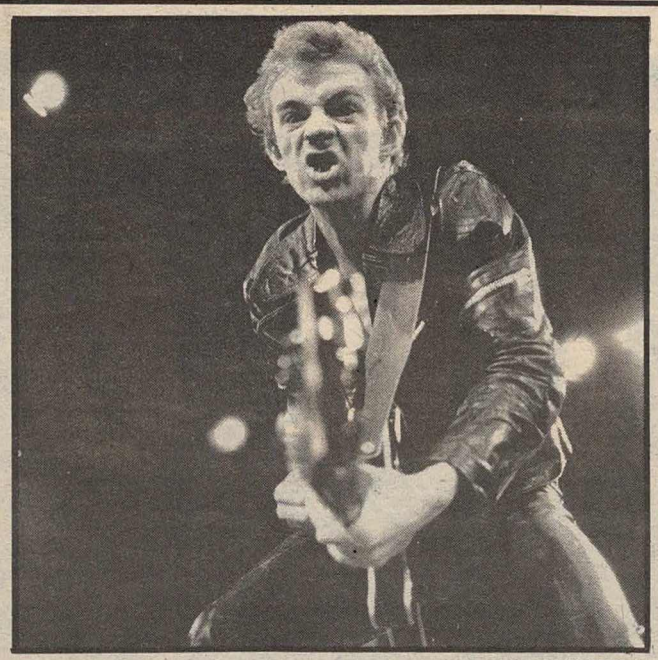
"Baby You're Wrong" is the Count Bishops in their pop bag, and it should've been a hit: 12-strings, harmonies and all. The Bishops are more than adept at adapting the musical language of blues-based rock and roll to pop demands, and if Zenon de Fleur can come up with a few more gems like this, then they might even get a hit one day. I particularly commend to your attention the guitar solo, which has as much of a hook as the chorus.

Amazorblade's "Common Truth" is okay, and The Stukas' "Klean Living Kids" is a lot of fun: would've been nice if someone had actually produced the band instead of just recording them.

The reason that Chiswick have never captured the public imagination like their more audacious cousins over at Stiff is that while Stiff have always gone for the oddballs — and produced both brilliant and awful in the process — Chiswick have too often ended up with the little more than mediocre. Why Skrewdriver were signed I haven't the least idea, for example.

Still, "Long Shots Dead Certs And Odds On Favourites" is a hot for the time capsule: tomorrow's compilations today!

Charles Shaar Murray



A Radiator: Remember this sort of stance? ***Pic: ROBERT ELLIS***

THE MEDITATIONS
Wake Up! (Third World)

QUITE UNEXPECTEDLY, this second set of songs from Danny Clarke, Ansel Creigland and Winston Watson — collectively, The Meditations — has proven one of the most popular reggae LPs in recent months. It was only the issue "Kaya" that interrupted its reign at the pinnacle of the UK chart.

Mention of Bob Marley prompts comparison between The Meditations and the one time Trenchtown rocker. I rather suspect that the commercial eminence of "Wake Up!" has been not entirely undue to its stylistic proximity with Marley's latter-day work. The trio have achieved arrangements and vigorous execution in their music, although without the same majestic projection of Marley.

And this is the crux of the set's appeal, surrogate Wailers music for sensibilities that crave similar sounds, but feel that the muse of Bob Marley and Co is maybe a little bit on the *passe* side at this time in 1978.

Sadly, the album is in most ways inferior to the trio's previous "Message From", which met with far less accolade and far fewer sales. The Meditations had their own special, country-tinged identity then. "Babylon Trap Theme", "Running From Jamaica", "Rome" and "Woman Is Like A Shadow" on "Message From" remain among the best reggae recordings from the 1975/6 period. I doubt if much of the music on "Wake Up!" will prove of similar endurance.

Among the better tracks are "Turn Me Loose" and "Fly Natty Dread", both of which have met with sound-system sponsorship in the past few months. Surprisingly, the type of audience that usually rejects the Ras Tafarian ethic have greeted this music with a warm reception. Again, we note the Wailers parallel.

My own favourite track is "Get Left". So get there.

Penny Reel

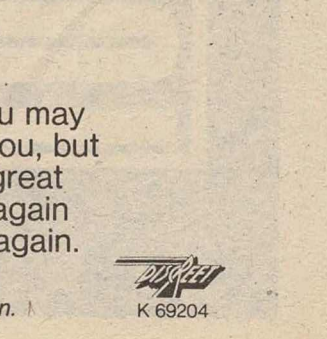
GEORGE BENSON
Weekend In L.A.
(Warner Brothers)

THERE IS boredom and there is a total and utter numbing of the senses that leaves the mind gasping for something — anything — with which to ward off the yawning vacuum.

But worse than that, there is George Benson's double live album.

It proves three things: that Benson's days as cocktail lounge Stevie Wonder surrogate and sub-disco fusion interior decorator (as in wallpaper) are numbered; that a studio production air-brush job can do wonders saleswise for ageing jazz guitarist who hasn't thought of one new lick since the '50s; and that there is something less eventful than a fortnight in Clacton — it's called "Weekend In L.A." and it presents the best argument heard so far this year for bringing back the vinyl shortage.

Paul Rambali



BRIAN AUGER AND JULIE TIPPETTS
Encore (Warner Brothers)

AS REUNION albums go, this is considerably better than The Byrds' album, Booker T and

I heard 'Zappa in New York', but it didn't do a thing for me
Listen to this album once,you may think that it hasn't affected you, but in a day or two you'll feel a great urge to hear it again. . .and again . . . and again.
ZAPPA IN NEW YORK. . .
it's bound to make you a different person.
DISCREET
K 69204

the MGs', The Small Faces' or The Animals', but that's like saying that a kick in the balls is considerably better than a jab in the eye with a pointed stick.

Way back in the swinging '60s, I used to dig Auger/Driscoll (as Julie Tippetts was then) a whole lot; the epitome of cool high energy. Auger's keyboard work was simultaneously stately and rampaging, Driscoll's voice was meandering and dangerous.

Anyway, they split up in '69, and since then Auger — a pioneer of jazz-rock fusion since the days when jazz-rock fusion actually combined the desperate energies of rock and jazz instead of subtracting one from the other — has been keyboarding his way around Europe and America, and Julie Tippetts has been avanting with her husband Keith Tippett and sundry others. Now they're floated to the surface with another collaboration.

Now maturity suits black bluesmen and jazzers, but it doesn't seem to have done much for Auger and Driscoll. The hideous bland-out plague that afflicts 90% of rock and roll and its assorted related fields in the late '70s has, sadly, not left even these two unscathed: two cuts to the contrary, "Encore" is little more than so much elegant wallpaper.

Two songs by Al Jarreau, f'Chrissakes, one at each end of the album: "Spirit" at the front and "Lock All The Gates" at the end. Other songs include Roebuck Staples' "Freedom Highway" and what must be the 94th (or thereabouts) version of Jack Bruce and Pete Brown's "Rope Ladder To The Moon". Auger's two contributions "Git Up" and "Future Pilot" are as good a definition of "undistinguished" as one is likely to find this year.

That leaves two cuts: Steve Winwood and Jim Capaldi's "No Time To Live", a strong, beautiful song that receives a strong, beautiful treatment. Auger's keyboards stab and flow, and Tippetts' voice claws into your guts and maybe even reminds you of why you dug her in the first place.

I've left the best 'til last: a stunning, moving, shaking version of "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" — Eric Burdon did it up pretty good with The Animals back in prehistory, but the definitive version was the original by Nina Simone, one of the most affecting vocal performances since James Brown's "It's A Man's Man's Man's World". Tippetts can't cut Nina Simone — though she's certainly been doing her best these last ten years — but she pays a fine tribute.

If "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" comes out a single, purchase is all but mandatory. The album's a bad bet, though. Still, if this is the "Encore", I'm just glad that I was around for the show.

Charles Shaar Murray

NO MORE BAD GIRLS

MERI WILSON
First Take
(Pye)
CHERRY VANILLA
Bad Girl
(RCA)

I'M NOT against them, but what *kept* all these American girls?

While all Boudicca's saucy pop girls have a long time to go in the Under 23's Division — Poly Styrene, Fay Fife, Pauline Noname, Siouxsie Banshee, Kate Bush, Gaye Advert, two Slits — and all Europe's punkettes are still wet under the arms — Marie of Les Garcons, The Lous, Elli Toy, two more Slits — somehow our Yankee sweethearts left it till their murky 30's before they cut their vinyl teeth.

Snatch, Harry, Smith, County, Coolidge. . .all of them almost 202 years old before they got off their butts and done something! (Well, I guess we are a few thousand years ahead of our cussin' cousins — give them time, they can only get worse).

To judge from most of the bilge America throws up, one can only suppose it's the lack of Welfare and old-age provisions in free-enterprise America that have started them wanting to create (Debbie Harry has admitted that the only reason she works is so she won't be a destitute old lady) — but not so Meri Wilson, who seems to have aimed her first album at the most unlucrative market (country/comedy/ballads) around.

Though *Top Of The Pops* presented her as a bubble-cut platinum bimbo to tout her hit single "Telephone Man" *("I got it in the kitchen and I got it in the hall"*— don't it make you wanna curl up and cry for such a state of affairs?) vulnerability channeled safely into self-abasement as with all the sexy blondies since Jeanne Eagels — Meri Wilson seems to me to be a beautifully un-American woman with a lovely almost-English voice.

Much more athletic (if that's your angle) than "Telephone Man" is "Rub A Dub Dub", a must for all you freaks who dream of going to Zion on a rubber duck.

I don't suppose you'll buy it, you rock'n'roller you, but to go by our chart you buy Bob Marley and Genesis and Sham 69 records, so you're a happy idiot anyhow.

Though to give you credit, you probably won't buy Cherry Vanilla's album either, despite the massive RCA promotion campaign and the painfully obvious "I'm No Threat, Boys" title.

This is the most embarassing album I've heard since Richard Hell's, and that's some. Cherry sings a Punk song ("The Punk"), a Dyke song ("Foxy Bitch"), a Kitsch song ("So 1950's"), an On The Road song ("Liverpool") and a self-hate song which sets the tone of the album ("Bad Girl"). The most tragic is the song she wrote for Bowie, "Little Red Rooster". If ever someone ate shit on plastic, you can play voyeur for a mere four quid (see how long it is since anyone in the music business *bought* a record?) to it here. The chorus goes *"Cock a doodle doo/Cock a doodle day/Cock a doodle doo/Won't you come back/Won't you come back/And play with me."*

On the musical side (surprise surprise), Cherry's band are very bad, which isn't an accusation you can level at many records these days even if the band only played their first gig at the Vortex last night. To judge from the honky-tonk piano, Cherry has obviously swooned to Bette Davis in *Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?* too many matinees.

Every song has a pathetically transparent 78 rpm-type passage spliced into it so that Cherry can claim to be a punker should power-pop be let out with the bath water.

On the girl's room side, I'd like to say that Cherry looks so air-brushed on the front sleeve that the photographer must have draped his lens with plasticine. And on the letting the side down side, I'd like to inform Grandma Vanilla that there are no "Bad Girls" anymore — just buck-hungry, masochistic ones.

Julie Burchill

***Say, sweetie, did I do something wrong?* Pic: WALT DAVIDSON**

ERUPTION
Eruption (Atlantic)

PLAIN OLD Euro-discosoul brought to you by those responsible for the version of Ann Peebles' "I Can't Stand The Rain" currently shaking the singles charts.

I like the Peebles' original, but I like Eruption's treatment too; it's hardly as devastating, just as danceable and 'features' the fiercely forceful voice of one Precious Wilson.

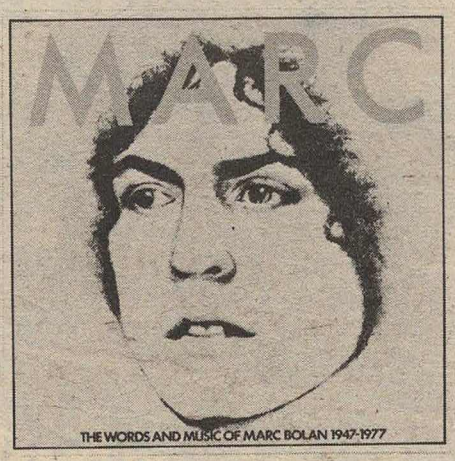
Otherwise — not much to sing or shout about, save for a mildly astonishing Donna Summer / Moroder soundalike (or parody) entitled "Computer Love", co-written by someone with the suitably mechanical monicker of Diesel. Whatever, the song explodes Dee D. Jackson's "Automatic Lover" for the exploitative (sexploitative?) poffle it is.

Stick with the single.

Angus MacKinnon.

MARC

THE WORDS AND MUSIC OF MARC BOLAN 1947-1977



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ON THE TOWN

Television
The Only Ones

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

LAST YEAR, Television arrived in Britain under a shower of gilded prose and hyperbole claiming that they were the hottest thing since the invention of electricity, etc., and proceeded to play a number of well-attended gigs during which time they secured mostly very positive reviews plus the handle "Ice Kings of Rock".

A few dissenters were noted in the press corps bemoaning the band's static visual, their tendency to appear 'distant' which, mated to the fact that a) they didn't move much and b) their music was involved with other matters besides 'fun' and demanded considerable attention from the players to be performed decently, drew derisive criticisms that the quartet was 'cold' and 'emotionless'.

However even taking into consideration leader Tom Verlaine's weedy, pained on-stage demeanour, the latter conclusions, were, to say the least, facile, particularly when one considered the rather more realistic fact that the group had previously been consigned to playing clubs so that the concept of filling out a fair-sized stage was something new and altogether perplexing.

Anyway, exactly a year has elapsed since those T.V. gigs and all the heady pre-publicity that prefaced them, and conditions have changed most radically.

The music press has been known for its churlish penchant for activating a stinging critical backlash, but the reviews that greeted Television's second album have been so hideously twisted in terms of any coherent perspective that they've made the aforementioned 'facile' contentions of a year ago seem positively sage-like by comparison.

Both *NME* and *Sounds* reviews of the album highlighted such criminal displays of ignorance that the critics' vulture-like descent on their prey chose to ignore any dint of a salient angle that in turn might accidentally refer to the music conceived within the grooves of their blighted victim.

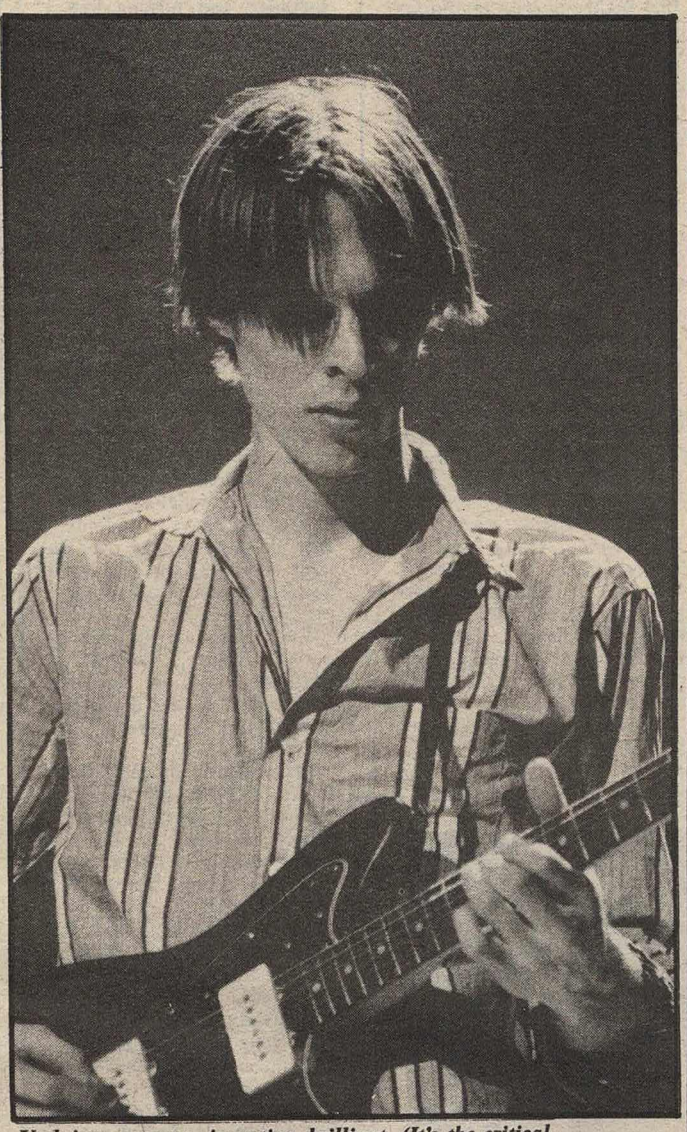
It's a moot point therefore as to whether the recent media backlash caused the just-completed Television tour to be similarly blighted by feeble attendance figures.

It probably did, and that's a damned shame because at Hammersmith Odeon last Sunday a 70% capacity audience (that's roughly twice the capacity of all previous gigs played on the tour) caught both a blitzing set by England's Only Ones and a set by Television which proved yet again that they're one of rock's most exciting, original and passionate units playing anywhere.

Unlike T.V., The Only Ones are buoyantly floating on a critical ascendant right now — a fact that made disciples feel doubly gratified when the band proved irrefutably that their charms can easily be transformed from small club to big hall.

The Only Ones in fact played easily the finest set I've witnessed them do in any environment, with Peter Perrett firmly at the helm, but guitarist John Perry and drummer Mike Kellie particularly startling.

It was undoubtedly the heavy bout of gigging that had sharpened their repertoire, but songs like "Another Girl, Another Planet", the gorgeous "Whole Of The Law", older items like "Lovers Of Today", "Oh No" and "Peter And The Pets" and the cataclysmic finale of "City Of Fun" seemed to take on a more



Verlaine: uncanny, inventive, brilliant. (It's the critical back-backlash) ***Pic: DENIS O'REGAN***

De-pressed no longer: TV tune up

fevered, lunging dimension.

The album is out on May 6, by the way — you have been warned.

I was particularly intrigued to see whether The Only Ones/T.V. pairing would result in a quasi-Battle of the Bands situation.

After all, both groups are 'left field' units and share the same compositional line-up (something which Tom Verlaine was particularly concerned about, when first informed), not to mention one being currently critics' darlings, while the other are suffering the aforementioned grievous spate of proverbial slings-and-arrows.

But Television as bill-toppers quickly dispelled such ideas of combat, basically because their music is wrought from different angles and reflexes.

Their music is loaded with powerful subtleties that underpin the diffident front of leader Tom Verlaine and his trenced-out hyena vocals.

Indeed where rock is renowned for its overbearing qualities, Television go strictly against the grain consistently underplaying their most obvious front-line tendencies, instead choosing to concentrate on a rare, innate and near-telepathetic musical empathy.

Thus their most straightforward songs like "Venus De Milo" are granted an almost cursory performance live, while the band choose to dig into the more open-ended material as a foil for improvisation that bears a closer feel to jazz than rock.

Certainly drummer Billy Ficca's stunning polyrhythms provide a disarming anchor to the music with Fred Smith positively inscrutable on bass.

Above all this run the guitars of Verlaine and Richard Lloyd, who arguably now have become the most exciting and inventive dual guitarists in rock.

Lloyd is slightly more the conventional player — effervescent and gorgeously fluid; he's not simply the perfect foil for Verlaine's more off-the-wall, quirky-but-inspired work-outs these days — he comes close to stealing much of the latter's thunder at times.

Verlaine himself has one major drawback which manifests itself in a tendency to over-extend his solo playing to the point where one prays for some of the exhilarating brevity he consistently displays on record.

Some added points of interest: those songs from "Adventure" like "Dreams Dream" and "Ain't That Nothing" that left me cold when I caught them on record sounded absolutely stunning live, the former providing some dazzling guitar interplay, particularly from Verlaine's uncanny use of harmonics and tremelo.

"Fiction" was absolutely thrilling, again totally transcending an already deadly studio archetype.

It was "Knockin' On Heavens Door" though where it all fell into place for me, perspective-wise.

This is exactly the music Neil Young would be making, had he followed up the style of "Cortez The Killer" with Crazy Horse.

Young's loss, though, is Television's gain. Bob Dylan once said of The Byrds that they're working on levels of music most people don't even know exist.

I'll concur with that in strict relation to Television and they'll be around long, long after this current state of back-stab bickering has subsided and the perpetrators are off doing something with a little more dignity.

Nick Kent

Gruppo Sportivo

BOSKOOP, HOLLAND

GRUPPO SPORTIVO are Holland's number two home-grown rock band, catching up fast on the evergreen Golden Earring.

Their first album, "10 Mistakes", received a more then impressive *NME* review from Phil McNeill a few weeks back, and got air play from John Peel.

In case you've forgotten, Gruppo picked up every cliche that influenced the late '50s, nearly missed the '60s (bar a few earfuls of the West Coast Pop Art Experimental Band and "Gorilla"), and wrote a stack of quirky ostensibly banal songs in the professional rock and roll style that will no doubt see out the '70s.

But can you dance to them?

Oh yes. I caught them at Holland's answer to the Woburn Agricultural Annual Bop near Gouda.

They took the stage with "Superman" on the p.a., and by the end of the number it was the band playing; even Melissa Manchester couldn't have told where they changed over.

Guitarist, singer and songwriter Van de Fruits plays in a string vest and bootlace guitar strap, looking like Ron Mael without a moustache at a vicarage used-car auction. Drummer, bassist and organist are not visually special, but play just fine.

Then there are the Gruppettes. Two girls, one like Marianne Faithfull in a leotard, the other a haystack in pink rompers and a sling, they coo playfully about, smashing in their boyfriends' heads in gooey "Leader Of The Pack" harmony.

Their voices are a real asset to the group sound, clear and penetrating, held perfectly on a line between genuine '50s and a parody thereof.

It's as a total sound, rather than as a rhythm section plus soloist and singers, that the band are best; mainly, I think, because of the construction of their songs.

"(All you need is Beep! Beep!) Future Love" sees them at their most coherent, all sections coordinating furiously round a pounding bass line.

"I Shot My Manager", a spoof about fame, switches easily from a modified "Gloria" riff, to "I Shot The Sherriff" and back again.

The last three numbers, "Rubber Gun", "Girls Never Know", and "Henri", all from "10 Mistakes", were sheer joy.

Now for the criticisms; Van de Fruits should have his rhythm guitar mixed up higher for my money, and his lead breaks must have more real fire if they're to hold attention.

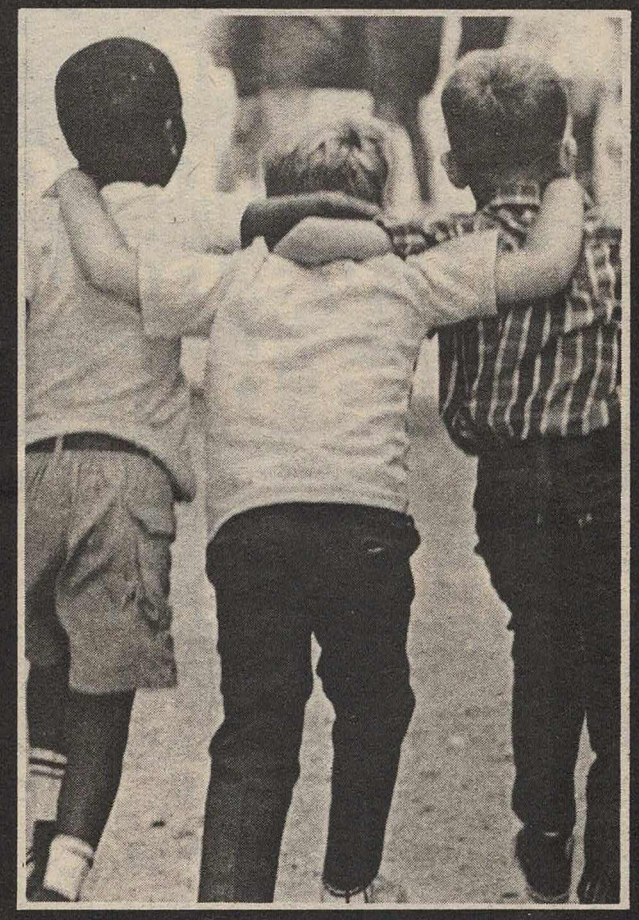
The sequence of joke songs must go, no arguing; the Fabulous Poodles punk parodies are streets (ooh . . .) ahead of Gruppo's "Ooma Paloma Blanca", for instance.

Also, the band sometimes tend to display a homeliness that doesn't cut ice on the professional stage. That said, though, their personalities generally come across well.

Gruppo Sportivo are touring England for three weeks in May. Catch them; suitably edited, they could be the very essence of Pure Pop for Now People.

John Hurst

'Small Hours'



'One World'

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ISLAND

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AUTOMATICS
ISLAND

The Solid Senders, Blast Furnace And The Heatwaves

CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE

OUT HERE in Potato Land I was well and truly straightened out by an evening of faultless R&B from the re-named Wilko Johnson Band (just handy) and Islington's own electric Jug, Jook, and Washboard combo The Heatwaves.

No metal-machine-music adjectives to sum up the characteristics of these two blooze, booze/R. White's Lemonade, and Illinois Central Line rhythm outfits.

That they are united in a common cause would seem obvious; the prime ambition of both Blast and Wilko is to get young kids (whose music ken begins with 1977) singing along word-perfect to "Got My Mojo Working" and all the other root gems to which we owe so much.

Predictably, notes taken on both bands were somewhat, ah, minimal. I've seen so many detached, scraggy Corialanuses in the past 18 months street-politics (sic) hoo-hah that I'd almost forgotten rock/R&B could make you feel *good*, a loud-mouthed god an' all that.

This was the Heatwaves' first night out with temporary bass (and his own towel) Dee Based (Kevin Allen, ex-Stukas) whose only post-gig grumble was over the comparative number of young ladies The Stukas' clean pop image pulled against raggedy-ass cigar totin' mean mo'fu R&B.

Blast's crew played sneaker-in-sneaker tight.

Kicked off with Robert Johnson's "Me And The Devil" and from there on really . . . really kicked ass. Laugh if you want, there's no better a way to describe it; good enough for me and Radio Station WVON — the South Side thing is right! A sense of Pye/Chess: the Blues Volume '78.

Check yourself: "South Of The River", "Don't Start Me Talkin'." Tom Tom on biscuit tins, the Nostradamo-hunched harp engineer Skid Marx, Blitz Krieg on relentless barre to Blast's Highway 51 picking and riffing (and Howard the Duck-walking the stage).

They ripped "Nutbush City Limits" apart, encored with a moody "Mystery Dance". The wail of harmonica, the blues shout — loved it!

THE CUT-UP, wired callisthenics of live Wilko Johnson you must already be familiar with — white gargoyle's head snapping and turning like a hinge-neck reptile, manic and compressed, compulsive viewing.

Tortured cycles of tic, zombie stare, and staccato tremble, only the insect-featured Richard Hell polaroid steals any comparable slide of rock 'n' roll's innate paradox of release *and* tension. The oblivion / straitjacket of performance.

And I might say here and now that any inclinations toward the opinion that Wilko is the possessor of everything but a good voice are hereby declared most redundant.

The voice I caught had its projection and place in the overall scheme of the band itself well marshalled.

You don't have to be Johnny Ray to get emotion over to your audience, and The Solid Senders are this (work) ethic in practice.

Every song is a hurricane of nervous frenzy, without fail contained by an invisible perimeter of barbed discipline. Just rhythm — harsh, blue-white rhythm.

(The Slightly Unwell) Stevie Lewins on bass, and Alan Platt on drums are not content to be simply an anchor for the up-front technics; rather they propel the songs, playing fine but, yes, solid.

John Potter's keyboards are alternatively ice-in-the-cocktail or J. L. Lewis hard clout, high and sweet.

There is no descent in pace, everything walks a high resonant wire — stainless steel to the base metal of the Feelgoods.

Wilko's guitar playing is as fine and unrelentless as ever it was, except to say that on at least one number — "Burning Down" — he surpassed himself, moving into a haunting, choppy permutation of usual technique / speed, scratching every last flat, sharp and stinging chord from the battered pick-up axis.

Other unfamiliar refractions were the up-coming single and B-side "Doctor Dupree", a steely up-tempo reggae derivative. John Potter takes vocals on "Down The Line", "You're In My Way", "Keep Both Eyes On The Road", and the upstart encore "I Got A Woman".

Yeah, they played "Boom Boom", "Dr. Feelgood", "Paradise" and a lot more besides, including a sterling version of "Highway 61".

No sociological explanations wanting, Jack.

If you want sweat in your sneakers and *fast* tattoo'd on yer heart, catch this. Three lemons on the fruit machine, eight to the bar. **Ian Penman**

Elvis Costello And The Attractions

ROUNDHOUSE

YOU CAN always tell when an act has made it in a big way because you find some shady-looking types milling around outside a gig by the act in question, asking if you "Wanna buy a ticket, guv?" or if you've "Got any spare tickets?"

On this occasion, however, it appeared that few punters wanted to know about the touts' exorbitant prices or, for that matter, about the management's generous refund offer (the reasons for which you probably know already, so I won't bother repeating them) — a smart move, as it turned out because Costello and various Attractions, despite obvious difficulties, made this, the first of their two London dates, a triumphant climax to their first major headlining tour.

But, first, brief mentions for the two support acts.

The Mickey Jupp Band, led by yet another of the sons of Canvey Island with Mick Grabham (ex-Procol Harum, for all you useless fax 'n' info, freaks) on lead guitar, were on first and played a predictable, and sometimes sluggish rocka-boogie set. I yawned twice near the end.

Can't say I was swept off my feet by Whirlwind, either (geddit?).

I know next to nothing when it comes to rockabilly, but these boys sounded authentic enough to me, although their material is too samey. Still, they were called back for an encore and I only yawned once.

After that, the roadies set up the Attractions' complete stage gear, so it was clear that a replacement for Bruce Thomas had been found, but no one was letting on as to the identity

from the tangerine dream you've never heard before...

cyclone.

Tangerine Dream got what must surely be the greatest ovation of their career when they played at Hammersmith Odeon last Monday. I have seen audiences erupt into roars of appreciation when they have successfully brought a piece 30 or 45 minutes long to an inevitable conclusion, and I have seen French audiences, in particular, treat them as if they were some sort of electronic second coming. But, frankly, I have never seen or heard anything like this.

Edgar Froese and the rest of the members, new and old, must be very satisfied with the new direction they have taken if this is how their dedicated fans greet them: a standing ovation for their very first item, ending up with the entire audience on its feet and stomping for more so long that, having put up the house lights, the management had to call them back just one more time.

KARL DALLAS
Melody Maker April 1st 1978

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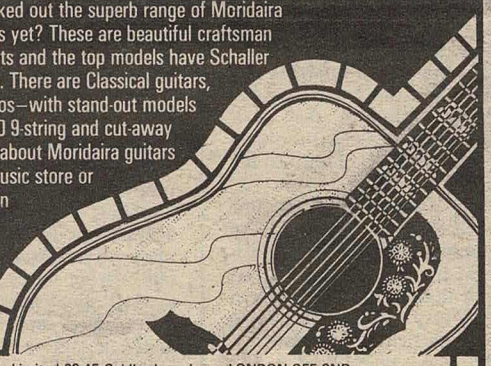

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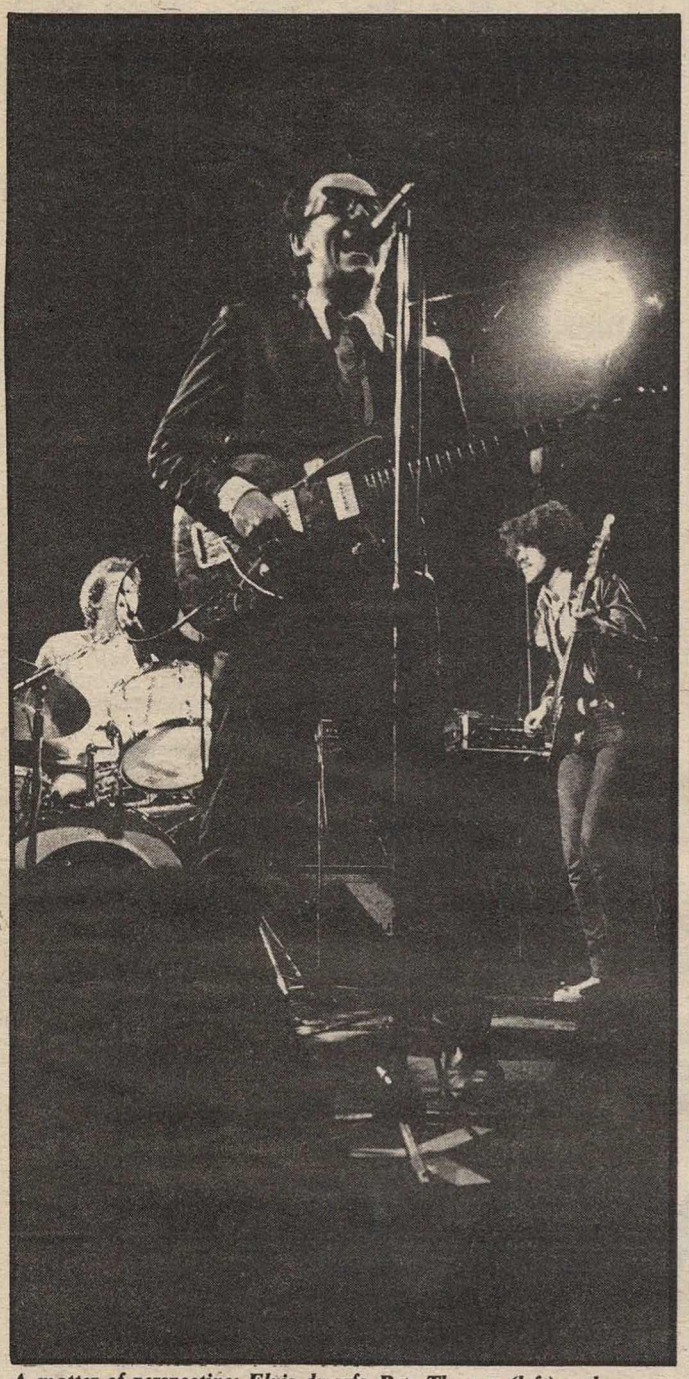

A matter of perspective: Elvis dwarfs Pete Thomas (left) and Phil Lynott *Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES*

of the mystery bassist — it seemed that Elvis wanted to keep the punters guessing.

Then suddenly, completely unannounced (oh, the drama of it all!), Elvis runs on alone, bows (!), stares at the crowd, and starts to play a song called, I think, "She'll Be The One", on his guitar.

The song over, he pauses to say "Good evening. How are you?" to smile even, before playing "Chemistry Class".

Still no mention of the replacement bassist, until he introduces Pete Thomas and Steve Naive and then . . . is it? . . . no, but it can't be . . . yes it is — Nick Lowe, who proceeds to play perfectly sound bass throughout the set.

The last time I saw Elvis was in August of last year when he was still playing weekly gigs at the Nashville.

He was good, sure, but I felt that he was performing *at* rather than *for,* the audience.

No such qualms this time, however, he immediately seemed more confident and relaxed, no doubt the effect of assorted Stiff and American tours, but was still just as charismatic a performer.

The sound was better too, so I could hear the keyboards properly and Steve Naive, his gaunt features offset by a pair of round shades so that he looked like nothing so much as some giant insect, proved, with only an electric piano and a Vox Continental, how utterly unnecessary synthesisers are (for all their supposed versatility).

There were times when the Attractions could have been accused of over-speeding so it was the slower numbers that tended to stand out — "Waiting For The End Of The World", "Less Than Zero", and even "Chelsea" all made their studio counterparts sound, well, a little *tame.*

An agreeable surprise also to hear the Attractions' version of "Alison" not as poignant as the one which graces the grooves of "My Aim Is True" but I suppose that's asking *too* much, and in an extended "Watching The Detectives", Elvis' uneasy listening became uneasier still.

They were called back for "Mystery Dance" with Phil Lynott on bass, who obliged with one clenched-fist salute as he left the stage, but there was no way the crowd was going to let them off a second encore so Elvis returned, looking somewhat chuffed at his reception, and explained that they didn't know any more songs ("I'm Not Angry", "Lipstick Vogue", and "Night Rally" were all conspicuous by their absence from the set, but credit where it's due — Basher had performed admirably) so Nick was going to sing "Heart Of The City", and so he did.

And that was it.

Probably not the best gig Elvis and The Attractions have ever played but, considering the circumstances, still worthy of the highest praise and good enough to make monkeys of most other bands.

I didn't yawn once.

Neil Peters

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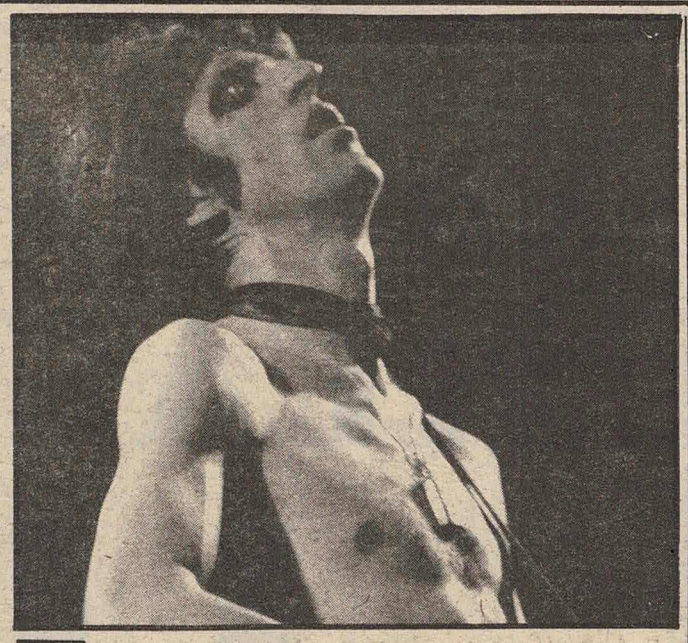


Forgotten stills of Dr. Caligari

The Doctors
MARQUEE

THE INVENTOR of British existentialist rock is looming on the once-hallowed Marquee stage, singing songs of darkness and dismay, and getting showered with phlegm.

Did Jean-Paul Sartre ever suffer such problems?

It's the punx, who perhaps are waiting for Dave Vanian, speaking the only language they understand with practised aim.

Kid Strange and the band seem unconcerned. No stagey threads, no make-up, no trick lighting, no dry ice.

And no Urban Blitz either.

If you remember the Doctor of Madness from their Armageddon Revue style of a year ago, expect changes.

The new, stripped-down, three-piece (musically, at least) Doctors rock with a power that the old version rarely achieved.

Minus violins, they're cut back to a jangly, ringing-metal rhythm section.

The musical focus is Stoner's bass, and the low, engine-room hum of his near melodies.

Peter Di Lemma strikes his kit with brutal fury. Kid Strange, now a more than passable player, even by pre-punk standards, has a unique guitar sound — it could be down to his using a Vox Phantom — that avoids the usual screech and growl voices.

The music is the sound of animated machines, a *danse macabre* for the modern age, and, as Strange once put it, it's "almost organic." Almost.

It's achieved with a beautiful simplicity that yer actual punx usually miss.

Over this android music Strange yells and crows his lyrics, fragmented images of doom, madness, despair, the whole end-of-the-world scrapbook, gleefully offering titillating glimpses of a bleak, ravaged landscape of ideas.

The hardcore punx, who've occupied the front of stage zone, gob and pogo devotedly, and clap politely between numbers.

It's mostly stuff from the new album — the title track, "Sons Of Survival", with a tape loop replacing Urban's nagging violin monotone, chugs mightily.

"Into The Strange" hints at mania, . "Back From The Dead" confirms it.

Doctors' fans of longer standing call out for numbers from the older albums, and get "Out," "In Camera," (the Sartre connection?) and a few others.

Halfway through comes "Network," a song destined to become an anthem. A ragged funeral march, it builds to a repeated chant, *"Is this just another Network . . ."*

Enter Dave Vanian to join in the rousing refrain.

His role in the band is still a little unclear. He wanders about the stage, making theatrical gestures, and shooting manic glances at band and audience, an anarchic mascot who adds a certain random menace.

His vocal contributions seem fairly insignificant, adding little power to Strange's and Stoner's harmonies. He has a verse or two to himself on "Don't Panic England," a new, unrecorded song, and he's okay. Still, it's nothing like what he was used to in The Damned.

Visually the effect is intriguing. Kid and Dave form a two loonies, welcome-to-the-asylum, front line. Mismatched heights, all blacks and whites, angular mad shadows — a forgotten still from *The Cabinet of Doctor Calgari.*

It could develop into something spectacular. It's fun as it is.

Lots of encores: "Kiss Goodbye Tomorrow," a lugubrious wisp of romanticism sung by Kid to solo guitar backing, followed by "Cool" (subtitle "Live In The Satin Subway", geddit?) merging into a bit of "Waiting For My Man."

And about a verse and a half of "New Rose"' — punx invade stage, stop play. Welcome to the madhouse, Doctors. **Pete Sutton**

The Members
RED COW, HAMMERSMITH

I LAST saw The Members a couple of months ago. They were diabolical.

I wouldn't have said they were in debt to punk music, it was more like outright robbery.

They have, however, improved beyond recognition.

Their overall image has stayed almost the same.

Fearless leader Nicky Tesco shambles around like a road-drill, hollering emphatically and giving people nasty looks. They move in the same stilted way. They still fire on aggro-powered engines.

People seem to register "standard punk band" as they arrive on stage, and so half the battle of acceptance is over.

What's new is a large amount of reggae-based material. Not sharp, cut and dried reggae, but more a stumbling reggae rhythm behind rock guitar riffs.

A notable number in this mould was "Rat Up A Drainpipe" — chock full of obscene innuendos and chunky rhythm bashing, it shudders along with fiendish determination.

Another change for the better is the newly acquired Nigel Bennett on lead guitar.

Not only does he combat the band's harsh sound with his smooth, rich tone, but he plays neatly constructed solos with an excellent sense of timing.

Transforming some largely mediocre tunes into compulsive listening was no mean feat on this, his third gig.

As regards the punk numbers, like "Solitary Confinement" and "Chelsea Night Club", they agitate, they aggravate, they even set the p.a. stacks swaying like windscreen wipers.

It's just that incessant world-slanging anthems tend to wear a little thin after a while.

The sooner they can break away from such strong punk motivation, the sooner they'll move forward.

I suspect there's a lot more talent lurking here than they care to display. **Mark Ellen**

American Autumn
MANCHESTER POLYTECHNIC

THIS LOT are out there in the front line of talented bands destined to explode the There-Is-No-Life-After-Sulphate myth before the end of the decade.

A six-piece fronted by singer songwriter Alastair Gordon, their music defies categorisation but the essentially laid-back approach lends itself to comparison with some of the legendary bands of the West Coast era, though American Autumn have teeth.

They've been gigging irregularly around Manchester for about a year now, each having served an apprenticeship with other outfits.

Guitarist, multi-instrumentalist and former session musician Andy frequently jammed with the old 10cc down at Strawberry Studios whilst drummer percussionist Tim Franks has played with such illustrious local acts as Sad Cafe, No Mystery and the Victor Brox Blues Train.

All the material is self-penned and they opened with "Derailed Soul", a medium paced rocker with inspired lyrics and an imaginative arrangement.

Self-indulgent solos were kept down to a minimum, so that Greg Hogan's splintering guitar passage on "Keep The Lady Happy" (the only number in the set not written by Gordon) was particularly appreciated.

Gordon himself stayed pretty much in control throughout, taking lead vocals and alternating between a Fender Rhodes and synthesized strings.

Behind him bounced chief personality and bassist Mark Holding, strumming an enormous Rickenbacker and providing vocal harmonies.

Last but not least there is sax-player and flautist Ian "Smoky" Wray, whose tasteful solos emanating from stage left gave a jazzy undercurrent to the whole sound.

Of late the material has been aimed at a more commercial market.

With a growing legion of fans swelled by bevies of A&R men arriving at each gig, this is hardly surprising.

Nevertheless this has not meant having to compromise, with "Smile" and "Make Love Tonight" having become an integral part of their act.

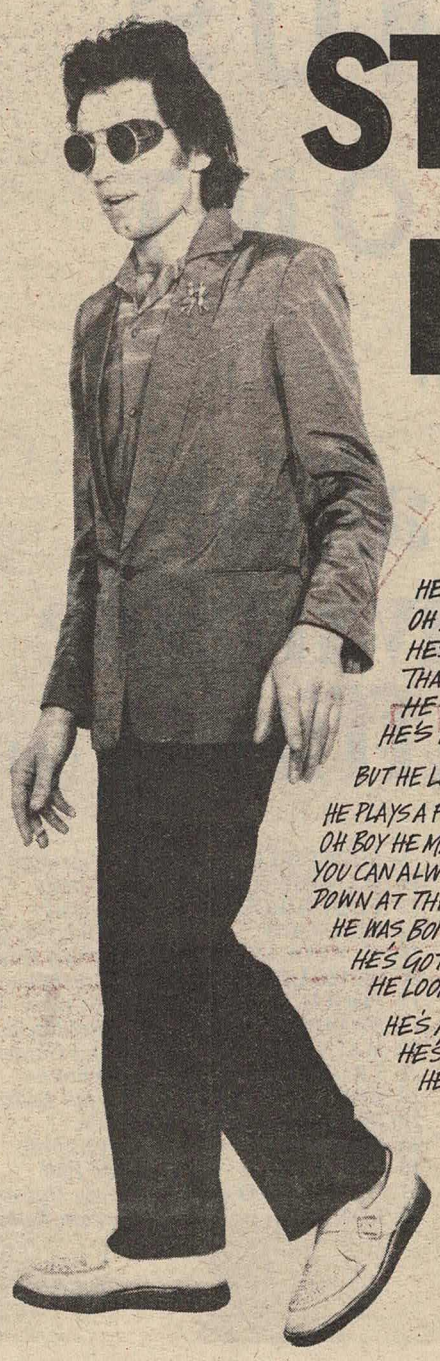
The set gradually built up to an exciting climax reminiscent of early Santana with the audience whipped up into a frenzy of polite head-banging.

As a result of the events of the last 18 months or so, American Autumn have not had it easy.

But as cool professionalism rarely remains eclipsed for very long, there is more than a glimmer of light at the end of the tunnel.

As our be-cardiganned friend might say, expect more from American Autumn.

Mike Nicholls



STEVE GIBBONS BAND
EDDY VORTEX

HE LOOKS LIKE EDDIE COCHRAN
OH BOY THATS SOMETHIN ELSE
HE'S GOT A GREASY WAVE AND A BRAVE TATTOO
THAT SAYS I LOVE MYSELF
HE PUT HIS MONEY WHERE HIS MOUTH IS
HE'S FLASH AS HE CAN BE
BUT HE LOOKS LIKE EDDIE COCHRAN AN THATS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME
HE PLAYS A FIFTIES FUTURAMA
OH BOY HE MAKES IT MEAN
YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND HIM RIPPIN IT UP
DOWN AT THE LOCAL SCENE
HE WAS BORN IN THE NIFTY FIFTIES
HE'S GOT A PSYCHEDELIC DAD
HE LOOKS LIKE EDDIE COCHRAN EDDY VORTEX AINT TOO BAD
HE'S A BRAND NEW ROCKER
HE'S GOT A BRAND NEW NAME
HE'S LIVIN FOR THE KICK OF IT AN LOVIN EVERY BIT OF IT
AN HE DON'T USE COCAINE
ROBERT MITCHUM FLANNELS
A DIAMOND IN HIS TEETH
HE'S GOT A TWO-TONE DRAPE WITH SILVER FLECKS
HE'S GOT WINKLEPICKER FEET
HE WAS BORN IN THE NIFTY FIFTIES
HE'S GOT A PSYCHEDELIC DAD
HE LOOKS LIKE EDDIE COCHRAN
EDDY VORTEX AINT TOO BAD.

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Nik Turner is a tall, dark, handsome man who loves to play his flute in front of a large audience.

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Family entertainment (almost)

The Electric Chairs

BARTON HILL YOUTH CENTRE, BRISTOL

THIS WAS the first time I'd been to Barton Hill for some while.

Although great when it first opened, of late the audiences tend to consist of Bristol Rovers / National Front thugs, who take great delight in 'bottling' bands off stage. The atmosphere is generally too heavy for my liking.

On this occasion, however, things don't seem so bad and it's nice to see 'The Pigs' is still painted on the back wall, a reminder of the first-ever gig here.

It feels really strange to watch Wayne County, who is something of a legend, playing the last night of his tour at Barton Hill Youth Club.

His U.S. accent seems entirely incongruous with the surroundings, and if he was as outrageous as he once was the situation would be unbelievable.

County is another example, like Ian Dury, Iggy Pop and Nick Lowe, of a diverse talent emergent / re-emergent in the light of the New Wave.

A remnant of the days when 'Punk' meant 'New York Sleaze Rocker,' he has the art of being silly down to a 't'. Virtually everything he does is a spoof and I found him quite endearing, which is no doubt the intended effect.

The Electric Chairs are a really tight, aggressive, rock band but although the gig is billed under their name, Wayne is obviously the star of the show.

Most of the Chairs' songs follow the style of the "Fuck Off" single; a run-through at normal speed and then 1–2–3–4, speed it up and let the kids have a pogo.

All the songs are good, but the only things which stand out are the titles: "Cleopatra Likes To Rock'n'Roll"; "You're Just A Worry, Wart" and "You Make Me Creem My Jeans" (dedicated to Mary Whitehouse).

"Eddie And Sheena," after which the tour is named, is like a punk version of "Obladi Oblada" with Ed and Ted and Sheena the Punk getting married in the end. You know, happy ever after in the Market Place.

The set finishes with "If You Don't Want To Fuck Me, Fuck Off", the one the crowd have come to hear, and the Electric Chairs then return for two encores, first joined by Levi (of support band, The Rockats) for a duet with Wayne and then by the rest of the Rockats for a Rock'n'Roll medley during which even the guy collecting empty glasses is moved to dance.

Levi and Wayne then select the best dressed Eddie and Sheena to present with albums and it's all over.

The Electric Chairs provide good, solid, entertainment, but I fail to see where Wayne County aquired his 'cult' status.

Chris Millman

Wayne County *Pix: KEVIN LOW*

Tonight

KINGS LYNN CORN EXCHANGE

TONIGHT career about the tiny stage with all fun-let-loose.

They all wear black. They smile, bump into each other. The singer kicks the lead guitarist's bum. What a laugh! They remind me of those other happy, black-suited, little men: "graded grains make finer flour!"

Who am I to dissemble? They nearly even had me fooled there for a song or two — initially their unparalleled enthusiasm was quite endearing.

The songs were, if unadventurous, very quick, very tight, yes — very infectious.

Lyrically the World View was Boomtowm Rats / Radio Stars, reflected in song titles like "Schoolgirl Stripper" (sic), "I Can Play Faster Than You Can", "Checkout Girl", "Hold On Me — TV", and a new single "Money — That's Your Problem" to grin into the charts like "Drummer Man".

The band's attack was positively Pirates-esque, I kid you not.

But the Bubblegum inanity / monotony quickly lost its appeal, and the band's obnoxious cleanliness became irritating.

Homepride? More like Domestos. Honeys, you slay me.

The evening's support band, judging by their clothes, name, and serial number, are heavily into nostalgia, circa late 1976. **The Dole** are a local band, and look like staying in the Wash.

They play "Pretty Vacant" with none of the sense of religious apathy intended. They play Led Zzzep's "Rock 'n' Roll" — hohum. No Fanfare, boys.

Disappointing occasion for Kings Lynn's first gig since Mud were hot-to-trot with "Tiger Feet"—which is a pity because the Exchange ain't a bad venue at all, and the evening's proceedings were a lesson in intelligent organisation.

Ian Penman

The Young Bucks

HOPE AND ANCHOR, ISLINGTON

TWO THOROUGHLY deserved encores, and they would have been called back for more if it hadn't been so near closing-time.

Hips were shaken, heads nodded, and drinks spilled with reckless abandon. No doubt about it, The Young Bucks are good, very good, the best thing to have come out of Newcastle in yonks.

Fresh from the support slot on the recent Darts tour, they played with remarkable confidence and showed that they'll have no trouble provoking the same kind of reaction when the time comes — and come it will — to play larger venues.

Devastatingly original the Bucks are not, but when, in common with only a few other large white R&B bands, they have the ability to capture the true spirit of '60s R&B/soul, such a consideration fades into insignificance.

More than any other kind of music, it makes you feel good and makes you want to dance but, at the same time, is so full of vitality, so uplifting (alleluyah!), that it makes any criticism seem rather irrelevant.

The Bucks are a five-piece band of remarkable instrumental muscle and range because Archie Brown, who takes the lion's share of the vocals, also plays a lot of sax, and Pat Rafferty plays rhythm for more than half the set, and Doors-like keyboards for the rest.

If there are any criticisms to be made, they are that there's too much sax because Archie's good but he's no Wayne Shorter.

I'm not going to say anything about the songs because they sounded uniformly excellent so there would be little use in selecting any for special mention and, more to the point, I was too busy enjoying myself to worry about noting song titles.

But I fear that, like all of the afore-mentioned bands, they may have difficulty doing justice to their live show in the studio, although I reckon their excellent "Get Your Feet Back On The Ground" single is the most auspicious debut 45 since The Only Ones' "Lovers Of Today".

Meanwhile, don't fail to see them while they're still playing the pubs and clubs, where they're very much in their element.

"We want to bring sex into music," they say. On this showing, they can't fail.

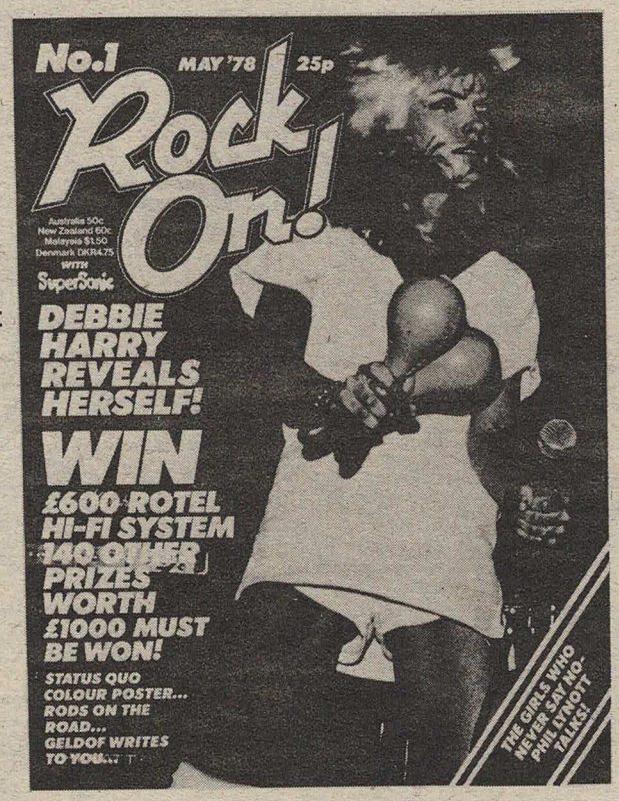
Neil Peters

No 1 OUT NOW! The New Rock Monthly

Rock On!

Superb colour photos, penetrating interviews, in-depth band profiles, live gig and album reviews . . . all on the rock bands who really matter.

IN ISSUE NO. 1
STATUS QUO in action, DEBBIE HARRY, PHIL LYNOTT on girls who never say no, HOT RODS interview and live action shots, CLASH exclusive; BOB GELDOF sounding off in his own column, BETHNAL interview, RUSH: the complete lowdown — and a whole lot more. In all, 32 dynamic pages . . . !


No.1 MAY '78 25p
Rock On!
Australia 50c New Zealand 60c Malaysia $1.50 Denmark DKR4.75
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DEBBIE HARRY REVEALS HERSELF!
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THE GIRLS WHO NEVER SAY NO- PHIL LYNOTT TALKS!

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Rory Gallagher

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Rory Gallagher

AND HIS BAND

with Guests

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April 1978

Wednesday 19th — LEICESTER, De MONTFORT HALL
Thursday 20th — WEST RUNTON PAVILLION
Friday 21st — BIRMINGHAM ODEON
Saturday 22nd — COVENTRY THEATRE
Sunday 23rd — IPSWICH, GAUMONT
Tuesday 25th — CANTERBURY, KENT UNIVERSITY
Wednesday 26th — SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT
Friday 28th — HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Saturday 29th — HAMMERSMITH ODEON

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THE LURKERS
Tubeway Army and Ian Fleming

Fri. 21st April (Adm 75p)
THE AUTOMATICS
Plus support and Ian Fleming

Sat. 22nd April (Adm 75p)
THE LATE SHOW
Plus support and Ian Fleming

Sun. 23rd April (Adm 65p)
THE BRAKES
Plus support and D.J.

Mon. 24th April (Adm 65p)
RADIO BIRDMAN
Neo and Jerry Floyd

Tues. 25th April (Adm 75p)
ELECTRIC CHAIRS
featuring
WAYNE COUNTY
Levi and The Rockats and Joe Lung

Wed. 26th April (Adm 70p)
THE BOYFRIENDS
The News and Jerry Floyd

Thurs. 27th April (Adm 70p)
THE STUKAS
Plus support and Ian Fleming

Hamburgers and other hot and cold snacks are available

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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

STEEL PULSE

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THE POLICE
JOHN COOPER CLARKE

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ADMISSION £2·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 267 2564, OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1, TEL. 439 3371, OR AT DOOR

Wednesday April 26th
WILKO JOHNSON BAND
Blast Furnace & The Heatwaves £1.50
Music Machine, Camden High St. NW1
(opp Mornington Crescent tube)

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

THE LATE SHOW
MONDAY APRIL 24 NASHVILLE
WEDNESDAY APRIL 26 ROCK GARDEN
FRIDAY APRIL 28 PEGASUS

THE RIVIERAS

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Friday April 21st 75p
RADIO BIRDMAN
Saturday April 22nd Free
THE MEMBERS
Sunday April 23rd Free
WARREN HARRY
Tuesday April 25th Free
CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
Thursday April 27th Free
THE MEMBERS

Thursday April 20th Free
STAR JETS

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday April 20th £1.00
BLACK SLATE
+ THE JERKS

Friday April 21st £1.00
BLACK SLATE
+ KILLER HZ

Saturday April 22nd £1.00
LITTLE ACRE
+ THE MONOS

Sunday April 23rd 75p
SPITERI
+ THE MONOCHROME SECT

Monday April 24th 50p
LATE SHOW
+ THE SMIRKS

Tuesday April 25th Free
GRAND HOTEL
+ THE INMATES

Wednesday April 26th 75p
MICKEY JONES BAND
+ SHOWBIZ KIDS

Thursday April 27th £1.00
SUPERCHARGE
+ Support

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(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel 01 603 6071)

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday, April 19th
SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
+ The Table
+ Spizz Oil
Advance tickets: £1.50 from Box Office

Thursday, April 20th
SUZI QUATRO
+ Strangeways
Advance tickets: £2.00 from Box Office

Friday, April 21st £2.00
GONZALEZ
+ The Stickers

Saturday, April 22nd £2.00
CADO BELLE
+ "Twice Nightly"

Monday, April 24th
THE ADVERTS
+ Direct from France
NICO
+ The Killjoys
Advance tickets: £1.80 from Box Office

Tuesday, April 25th £1.00
WARREN HARRY
+ Frankenstein
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Wednesday, April 26th £1.50
WILKO JOHNSON BAND
+ Blast Furnace and The Heatwaves

Thursday, April 27th £1.50
HEAVY METAL KIDS
+ The Tourists

Saturday April 29th £2.00
RACING CARS + Rumble Strips

LICENSED BARS · LIVE MUSIC · DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

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Thursday April 20th
PUBLIC WORKS
Friday April 21st
CANIS MAJOR
Saturday April 22nd
TRADER
Sunday April 23rd
PUBLIC
Tuesday April 25th
PHAZE

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930

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50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

SPATS "37" JAZZ CLUB

37/39 OXFORD STREET W1
(Nr Tottenham Court Rd Tube Station)
Presents on Tuesday April 25th
MONTY SUNSHINE JAZZ BAND
Late bar 8.30 pm-midnight. Admission £1.75

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel: 704981

Friday April 21st
THE YOUNG ONES
+ TWO PLUS THREE
Saturday April 22nd
BUSTER JAMES BAND

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday April 20th 60p **THE TOURISTS**	Monday April 24th 75p **THE BANNED**
Friday April 21st £1.00 **THE SOFT BOYS**	Tuesday April 25th FREE **SHOWBIZ KIDS**
Saturday April 22nd 75p **LEE KOSMINS LOOSE SHOES**	Wednesday April 26th 75p **SOLLO**
Sunday April 23rd 75p **COMEDY FACTORY**	Thursday April 27th 75p **WHIRLWIND**

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ANDY DESMOND
Appearing at

MAY	
11th	Gaumont, IPSWICH.
12th	Assembly Rooms, DERBY.
13th	Royal Hall, WEMBLEY.
17th	Hexagon Theatre, READING.
18th	Congress Theatre, EASTBOURNE.
19th	Hippodrome, BIRMINGHAM.
21st	Southport Theatre, SOUTHPORT.
22nd	Theatre Royal, GLASGOW.
23rd	Odeon, EDINBURGH.
24th	Apollo, MANCHESTER.
25th	New Theatre, OXFORD.
27th	Royal Festival Hall, LONDON.
31st	Winter Gardens, BOURNEMOUTH.
JUNE	
1st	Fairfield Hall, CROYDON.
2nd	Dome, BRIGHTON.
3rd	Colston Hall, BRISTOL.
4th	St. George's Hall, BRADFORD.

SEE
EAZIE
with
SLADE
on their U.K. tour

Capital Radio in assoc. with Harvey Goldsmith presents
MUMMY'S CONCERTS
AT THE LYCEUM

RICH KIDS
White Cats
and The Sneakers

Lyceum, London, W.C.2
Wednesday 26th April
at 8.15 pm
£1.75

Tickets available from the Box Office 01-836 3715, the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond St., London, W.1 01-629 3453 and all usual agents

REGGAE AGAINST RACISM

2 bands — **MISTY, PLEASURE ZONE+**
DISCO + BAR
Saturday April 22nd—8 till late
£1.00 (claimants 50p)
St Mary's Hall,
St Alphonsus Road, S.W.9
(near Clapham Common tube)

MIDS HERTS COLLEGE

The Campus, Welwyn Garden City
presents on
Saturday April 22nd at 8 pm

THE BOYFRIENDS

+ THE ACME SEWAGE CO
DISCO Licensed bar
Admission £1 NUS, £1.20 others

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

GRAHAM PARKER & The Rumour return from their European jaunt to play the main section of their British tour. They kick off at Dundee (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Leeds (Sunday), Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Leicester (Wednesday).

● One-off gig of the week is by JONATHAN RICHMAN and the Modern Lovers, who interrupt their current Euro-tour specially to fly in for a one-off show at Aylesbury Friars on Saturday. Be there if you can.

Thursday

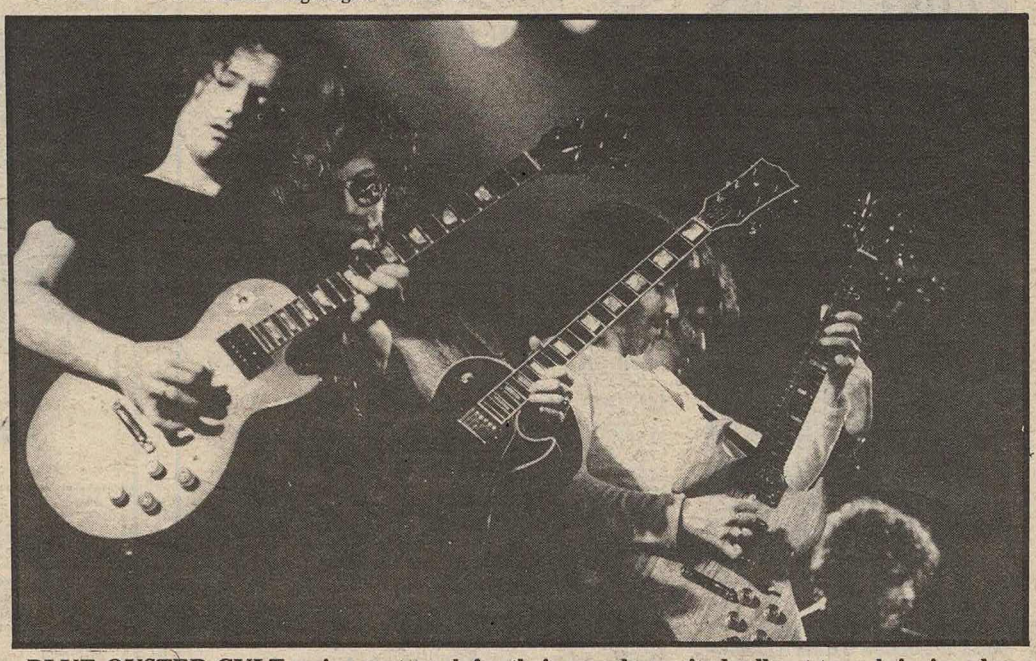
ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: WILD ANGELS
AYLESBURY Kings Head: ALLAN TAYLOR
BASILDON Towngate Theatre: RALPH McTELL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRADFORD Tiffany's: EDISON LIGHTHOUSE
BRIGHTON Sherry's Showbar: BEANO (for three days)
BRISTOL Tiffany's: WILKO JOHNSON BAND/BERNIE TORME
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: ROSETTA STONE
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Suffolk Punch Club: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
CANTERBURY College of Art: DEAD FINGERS TALK
CANTERBURY Kent University: THE BRAKES
CARLISLE Cosmo Club: THE DOOLEYS
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: DOGWATCH
COVENTRY Hand & Heart Inn: JAYWALKERS
CROMER West Runton /Pavilion: RORY GALLAGHER
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
DONCASTER Outlook Club: SQUEEZE
DUNDEE University: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
EASTBOURNE King's Country Club: FRANKIE LAINE
EAST DEREHAM Sunshine Rooms: RUBY JOE
EDINBURGH Baron Suite: ETHNA CAMPBELL (for three days)
HANLEY Victoria Hall: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND/BAND OF JOY
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: NEW SEEKERS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: RADIO BIRDMAN
LEEDS 'F' Club: FRONT
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: THE PLEASERS
LITCHFIELD Enontes: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SUZI QUATRO
LONDON CANNING TOWN The Hollies: Z-BENZ
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse Bar: SWIFT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawford's: THUNDERFLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE SMIRKS/PAUL RIO
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: HANDBAG
LONDON DOWNHAM Saxon Tavern: CHICKEN SHACK
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: THE MONOS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STAR JETS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Country Club: SPITERI
LONDON HARROW RD Windsor Castle: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE TOURISTS
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BLACK SLATE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE LURKERS
LONDON N8 Middlesex Polytechnic: RED BALUNE/ACME QUARTET
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: THE GALDIATORS/REGGAE REGULAR
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CARL PERKINS & BO DIDDLEY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SORE THROAT
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE CRACK
LUTON Royal Hotel: THE RAW DEAL
MACCLESFIELD Crumbles: ANGEL VISITS
MANCHESTER Middleton Town Hall: X-RAY SPEX
MANCHESTER Rafters: SHAM 69
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: CHANTS (for three days)
MIDDLESBROUGH Incognito: J.A.L.N. BAND
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA/GEORGE ZAMFIR
NEWCASTLE Hawthorn Inn: AVALON
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: OASIS
NEWCASTLE People's Theatre: THE YOUNG BUCKS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE TOURISTS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Palais: THE REAL THING
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: SCREENS
PENZANCE The Garden: BETHNAL
PLYMOUTH Metro: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
POYNTON Folk Centre: MIKE ELLIOTT
ROCHESTER Nags Head: EDGE BAND
RUGBY Town Hall: SIDEWINDER
SLOUGH Thames Hall: JASPER CARROTT
STANLEY The Huntingdon: DAGABAND
SWANSEA Nutz Club: RACING CARS
TORQUAY 400 Club: GIRLS SCHOOL
WEST BROMWICH Oakdale Club: CADILLAC
WHITLEY BAY Jonah's: HAIRCOURT'S HEROES
WORCESTER Royal Oak: RENO
YORK Munster Bar: THE HIPJOINTS

Friday

ABERDEEN Hillhead Hall: RUMBLE STRIPS
ABERDEEN University: THE ENID
ASHFORD Stanhope Hall: GLOBE ROAD SHOW
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: KEITH CHRISTMAS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE PLEASERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Bournbrook: THE MEKONS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: RORY GALLAGHER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOGNOR Ocean Bars: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
BOGNOR Pier Ballroom: 90° INCLUSIVE
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: FRANKIE LAINE
BRACKNELL Sports Centre: JASPER CARROTT
BRADFORD Star Hotel: MUCKRAM WAKES
BRIDLINGTON Spa Pavilion: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA/GHEORGE ZAMFIR
BRIGHTON The Adur: SOUTHERN RYDA
BURNLEY Bank Hall: BANDANNA
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE RICH KIDS
CAMBRIDGE YMCA Hall: AFTER THE FIRE
CARDIFF College of Education: GIRLS SCHOOL
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: REDNITE
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
CRAWLEY College: EDGE BAND
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE/FLYING SAUCERS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: VAPOUR TRAILS
DUNDEE Technical College: SUPERCHARGE
EASTBOURNE The Archery: POSSUM
EDINBURGH University: SLADE
EDINBURGH University Health Centre: CHOU PAHROT
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
GWENT College: TRAPEZE
HARLOW Technical College: OZO
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: SILKIE MILLER
HIGH WYCOMBE College of Higher Education: SCRATCH
KEIGHLEY Victoria Hall: WILKO JOHNSON BAND
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: OSSIAN
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER Bailey's: THE REAL THING
LEICESTER Polytechnic: ASWAD
LIVERPOOL Eric's: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: MARSEILLE
LIVERPOOL Rock Garden: THE BANNED
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIOLINS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: SWIFT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GONZALEZ
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLY-ROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON CANNING TOWN The Hollies: THE RADICALS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse Bar: AMALGAM/EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RHYTHM TRAMPS
LONDON FULHAM Town Hall: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RADIO BIRDMAN
LONDON HARLESDEN New Roxy Theatre: THE GLADIATORS/REGGAE REGULAR
LONDON HOLBORN The Blitz: SPITERI
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BLACK SLATE
LONDON LEWISHAM Odeon: CARL PERKINS & BO DIDDLEY
LONDON Marquee Club: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: WARM JETS
LONDON North East Polytechnic: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON PUTNEY Star and Garter: HEDGEHOG PIE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: DAVE SWARBRICK & FRIENDS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: ROKOTTO
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE ORPHANS/CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPOOKY
LONDON WOOD GREEN Nightingale: NEBULA
LONDON W.1 Portman Hotel: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with ALEX WELSH BAND/GEORGE CHISHOLM/HUMPHREY LYTTELTON
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: PENGUIN CAFE/TYMON DOG & THE FOOLS/SPECIAL BREW
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
LONDON W.C.2 Basement Club: JEBB AVENUE
LONGNOR Countryman Club: JEVUSTHA
MACCLESFIELD Travellers Rest: ANGEL VISITS
MAIDSTONE College: SUZI QUATRO
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: THE COMMODORES
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND/BAND OF JOY
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE SMIRKS
MANCHESTER Valentine's Club: THE DOOLEYS
MARGATE Dreamland: DEAD FINGERS TALK
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE BRAKES
NEWPORT Village Club: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
NEWTON ABBOT Seale Hayne College: BETHNAL
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: SHAM 69/THE TURBINES
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: ENGLAND
NUNEATON Hill Top & Caldwell: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
OXFORD Polytechnic: CAFE JACQUES
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: NEW SEEKERS
PLYMOUTH Metro: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
POOLE Arts Centre: RANDY EDELMAN
READING Target Club: HAZZARD
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: WHIRLWIND
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE YOUNG ONES
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE BLADES
SOLIHULL Library Theatre: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS/HARVEY ANDREWS
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: MANHATTAN TRANSFER
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: G. T. MOORE & THE REGGAE GUITARS
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Green Dragon: BULLET
STUTTON The Stutton Hall: GYPP
SUNDERLAND Boilermakers Club: DAGABAND
WATFORD College of Technology: GRAND HOTEL
YORK Munster Bar: THE ACCELERATORS
YORK St. John's College: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/THE JERMZ

Saturday

ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: BULLET
AYLESBURY Friars: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
BANBURY Blues Club: ARMPIT JUG BAND
BANBURY Football Ground: BREWERS DROOP/THE NIGHTHAWKS
BATH College of Higher Education: WARREN HARRY
BATH Fortts Banquet Rooms: FRED WEDLOCK/MAJENTA
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE PLEASERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall: AFTER THE FIRE
BIRMINGHAM Incognito: FASHION
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BLACKPOOL Opera House: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA/GHEORGE ZAMFIR
BOLTON Institute of Technology: GIRLS SCHOOL/ARBRE
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: SHOWADDYWADDY
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE BLADES
BRISTOL Granary: PEKOE ORANGE
BURY ST. EDMUNDS The Griffin: STEVE BOYCE BAND
CAMBRIDGE Melbourn Village College: CHRIS BARBER BAND
CHATHAM Central Hall: JASPER CARROTT
CORBY Exeter Community Centre: THE TOURISTS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: OZO
CUCKFIELD Kings Head: SOUTHERN RYDA
DONCASTER Corporation Brewery Taps: LIVERPOOL POETS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE BANNED
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: SUZI QUATRO
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: THE ENID
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: MANHATTAN TRANSFER
GLASGOW Burns Howff: CHOU PAHROT
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: SUPERCHARGE
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: RACING CARS/RUMBLE STRIPS
GLASGOW University: SLADE
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: THE BRAKES
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
HULL Technical College: R.B.Q.
IPSWICH Odeon: NEW SEEKERS
LANGFORD Parish Hall: THE KITCHENS/FASTBACK ROADSHOW



BLUE OYSTER CULT arrive next week for their eagerly-awaited sell-out tour, bringing along what's claimed to be the biggest travelling light show currently in use. They open on Wednesday, with the bulk of their shows to follow in next week's Gig Guide.

MAGAZINE, that highly-rated outfit fronted by Howard Devoto (above), don't seem to play many gigs — so their new tour is all the more welcome. They set off on the rounds at Glasgow (Monday), Liverpool (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

● Also back from Europe are MANHATTAN TRANSFER, who start another short series of gigs in the U.K. at Southport (Friday), Edinburgh (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday and Monday) and Coventry (Wednesday).

LEEDS Roots Club: MERGER
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LEEDS University: WHIRLWIND
LONDON ACTON The Windmill: REDNITE
LONDON BRIXTON St. Mary's Church Hall: MISTY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIPERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CADO BELLE
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse Bar: MAJOR SURGERY
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: WARM JETS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RHYTHM TRAMPS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE PASSENGERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE COMMODORES
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Country Club: SPITERI
LONDON HERNE HILL Half Moon: MICKEY JONES BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: MAUREEN & THE MEATPACKERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE LATE SHOW/STAR JETS
LONDON National Theatre Foyer: FLOWERS & FROLICS
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: DESMOND DEKKER
LONDON PUTNEY Star and Garter: BERT JANSCH
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: THE REAL THING
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPOOKY
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONGNOR Countryman Club: VINTAGE
MANCHESTER Rafters: MARSEILLE
MANCHESTER Valentine's Club: THE DOOLEYS
NEWARK Palace: LITTLE GINNY
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: THE YOUNG ONES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NUNEATON 77 Club: BLACK GORILLA
OLDHAM Anglo-West Indian Club: SOUL DIRECTION
OLDHAM Tower Club: SHABBY TIGER
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: LEFT HAND DRIVE
POLESWORTH School: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
READING Bulmershe College: 90° INCLUSIVE
READING Jack of Both Sides: DOUBLE XPOSURE
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE ACCELERATORS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: THE RICH KIDS
SLOUGH College: CAFE JACQUES
STEVENAGE The Swan: BABY GRAND
STOKE Etruria Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Green Dragon: SCHOOL MEALS/COVENTRY AUTOMATICS
SUNDERLAND Gilley Law Club: DAGABAND
TORQUAY Town Hall: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
WARRINGTON Red Lion: BANDANNA
WARWICK College of Technology: THE MEKONS
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Campus West: STREET BAND
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Mid-Herts College: THE BOYFRIENDS/MINOTAUR
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: CARL PERKINS & BO DIDDLEY
WIGAN Casino: WILKO JOHNSON BAND
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND/BAND OF JOY

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: CHEAP FLIGHTS
AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: MIKE SILVER
ASHINGTON Regal Cinema: SUPERCHARGE/THE SQUAD
BEDFORD Nite Spot: HERB REED & THE PLATTERS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: WHIRLWIND

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

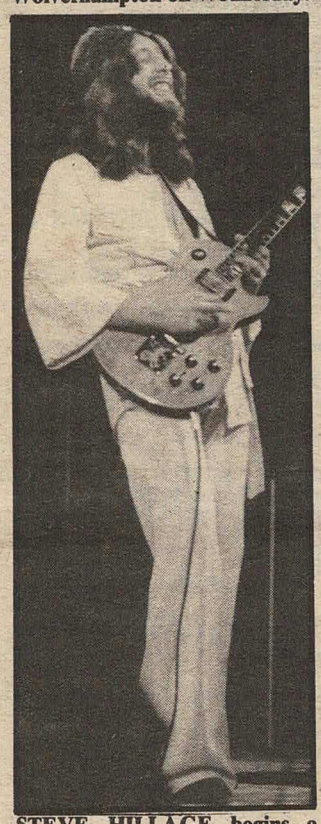
GIG GUIDE

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: CARL PERKINS & BO DIDDLEY
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: STAA MARX
BRISTOL Locarno: THE RICH KIDS
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: NATIONAL YOUTH JAZZ ORCHESTRA
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Focus Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
CAMBRIDGE Clair College: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
CARDIFF New Theatre: DAVE SWARBRICK & FRIENDS
CHARNOCK RICHARD Parkhall Leisure Centre: THE DOOLEYS (for a week)
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: MANFRED MANN'S EARTHBAND/BAND OF JOY
CROYDON Greyhound: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
DUMFRIES Stage Coach: THE ENID
FIFE St Andrew's University: RACING CARS / RUMBLE STRIPS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
HUCKNALL The Wesville: THE TOURISTS
HUDDERSFIELD Town Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: RORY GALLAGHER
LEEDS University: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA/GHEORGE ZAMFIR
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE SHIRTS
LONDON CANNING TOWN The Hollies: SOUTHERN RYDA
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: WRECKLESS ERIC/STEEL PULSE/THE POLICE/JOHN COOPER CLARKE
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: STREET BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JON ADAMS BAND/GT. BRITISH HEROES
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: RANDY EDELMAN
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: BOWLES BROS.
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE COMMODORES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARREN HARRY
LONDON Marquee Club: THE BRAKES
LONDON THE MALL Institute of Contemporary Arts: RED BALUNE
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: REDNITE
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON W.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LONDON W. 1 Portman Hotel: ELAINE DELMAR
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
MACCLESFIELD Bears Head: OVERLORD
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: MANHATTAN TRANSFER
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: THE MEKON/THE PASSAGE
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: THE YOUNG ONES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
OXFORD New Theatre: NEW SEEKERS
POYNTON Folk Centre: AD HOC/GRAHAM COOPER
PRESTON Lockley Grand Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: X-RAY SPEX
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SALFORD Willows Variety Club: THE REAL THING
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE BANNED
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: WILKO JOHNSON BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: SUZI QUATRO
SWANSEA Top Rank: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
THAME Swan Hotel: WHETSTOCK
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: GERRY & THE PACEMAKERS (for a week)
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: LITTLE ACRE

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Old Crown: FASHION
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: X-RAY SPEX
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: SUPERCHARGE
BLYTH Golden Eagle: STEVE BROWN BAND
BOSTON Folk Club: JOHN PEARSE
BRADFORD Mecca World: THE REAL THING
BRIGHTON Dome: KLAUS WUNDERLICH
BRISTOL Colston Hall: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA/GHEORGE ZAMFIR
BRISTOL Crockers: HARD UP (for three days)
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve: THE VEINS
CROYDON Red Deer: BABY GRAND
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE VIBRATORS
GLASGOW Satellite City: MAGAZINE
GUILDFORD Junction Club: THE REACTION/JASMINE PIE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Rawdon The Peacock: THE SNEAKERS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE GLADIATORS/REGGAE REGULAR
LIVERPOOL The Sportsman: CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: HELICOPTERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: EATER/TRIBESMEN/FRONT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE ADVERTS/NICO/THE KILLJOYS
LONDON CANNING TOWN The Hollies: OCEAN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JAB JAB/RAW DEAL
LONDON E.1 City Arms: DOGWATCH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE COMMODORES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE LATE SHOW/THE SMIRKS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: CLIFF AUNGIER
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RIFF RAFF
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: MENACE/PATRICK FITZGERALD/TRANSISTOR
LONDON WILLESDEN Cavern Club: DEAD FINGERS TALK/THIEVES LIKE US
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: PEKOE ORANGE
MAESTEG White Wheat: HERB REED & THE PLATTERS
MANCHESTER Rafters: HEADWAITER
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: MANHATTAN TRANSFER

AC/DC are poised for an extensive British tour, tied in with the release of their upcoming album "Power Age". They do 28 gigs in all, kicking off in Wolverhampton on Wednesday.



STEVE HILLAGE begins a major concert series with his newly-formed band, and you can catch him at Plymouth (Thursday and Friday), Torquay (Saturday), Swansea (Sunday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and Bangor (Wednesday).

SUZI QUATRO is back on the British gig circuit for the first time in two years. This week she's at London Camden (Thursday), Maidstone (Friday), Dunstable (Saturday), Southampton (Sunday) and Sheffield (Wednesday).

NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: AVALON
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
PLYMOUTH Castaways: SHAM 69
SOUTHAMPTON Nuffield Centre: "GODSPELL" (for two weeks)
SOUTH SHIELDS the Tavern: PIN-UPS (for three days)
STAFFORD Riverside Recreation Centre: THE ACCELERATORS
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: STREET BAND
SWINDON The Affair: THE YOUNG ONES
THORNE White Hart Hotel: BEANO
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: SLADE

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Country Music Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
BELFAST Polytechnic: CIMARONS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Shard End A.C.: ARMPIT JUG BAND
BIRMINGHAM The Crow: DADA
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Arts Centre: THE RAW DEAL
BRIGHTON Top Rank: SHAM 69
CARDIFF Top Rank: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
CONGELTON Duke of Wellington: THE DAZE
COVENTRY Locarno: X-RAY SPEX
DERBY Bailey's: THE REAL THING
DURHAM Cock & Eight: AVALON
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: RACING CARS/RUMBLE STRIPS
GATESHEAD Belle Vue Hotel: DUSGUISE
GATESHEAD Stirling House: THE SQUAD
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: THE RICH KIDS
LINCOLN Theatre Royal: SLADE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: MAGAZINE
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE ACCELERATORS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SUCKER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: FRANKENSTEIN/WARREN HARRY
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: STREET BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE VIPERS/MEAN STREETS
LONDON DEPTFORD The Albany: 90· INCLUSIVE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: REDNITE
LONDON N.W. 5 North Polytechnic: SPLITT RIVITT
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ALTERNATIVE TV/EL SEVEN
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: U.K. SUBS/THE CRACK
LONDON RICHMOND The Bell: THE BEAGLES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: STARTLED SAINT
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: JAB JAB/ZAP
MANCHESTER Rafters: BICYCLE THIEVES
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: WHITE HEAT
NEWCASTLE Newton Park Hotel: HARCOURT'S HEROES
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: JEFF GRANT BAND
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: TATUM
OAKENGATES Jubilee '77 Club: HERB REED & THE PLATTERS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA/GHEORGE ZAMFIR
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
READING Hexagon Theatre: SUPERCHARGE
RHYL Tito's: CHEAP FLIGHTS
RIPLEY Ormonde Club: THE TOURISTS
WHITLEY BAY Red Lion: ACHILLES HEEL

Wednesday

AYLESBURY Britannia: THE IDOLS
BANGOR University: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: MAGAZINE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: KLAUS WUNDERLICH
BIRMINGHAM YARDLEY Bulls Head: ROSES
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
COLERAINE Ulster University: CIMARONS
COVENTRY Theatre: MANHATTAN TRANSFER
COVENTRY Warwick University: HARVEY ANDREWS
DERBY Old Bell Hotel: THE RAW DEAL
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: JAMES LAST ORCHESTRA / GHEORGE ZAMFIR
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: BETHNAL
GLASGOW School of Art: THE JOLT
HORNCHURCH Queens Theatre: "TOMMY" — Pete Townshend's rock opera (until May 20)
ILFORD King's Club: HERB REED & THE PLATTERS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: DEADRINGER
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: BLUE OYSTER CULT
LEICESTER University: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
LINCOLN Theatre Royal: SLADE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SUPERCHARGE / THE BRAKES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: WILKO JOHNSON BAND/BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawford's: THUNDERFLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE LATE SHOW/STAR JETS
LONDON EDGWARE White Lion: THE RIVVITS (for four days)
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: STREET BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON N.1. Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: JAB JAB
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: THE RICH KIDS/RAT SCABIES BAND
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: VOICE SQUAD
MANCHESTER Elizabethan Room: THE GLADIATORS/REGGAE REGULAR
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE ENID
NORWICH Toppers: RUBY JOE
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE PLEASERS
PORT TALBOT Four Winds: SON OF A BITCH
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: SUZI QUATRO
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: RORY GALLAGHER
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STOKE Jollees: THE STYLISTICS (for four days)
SWANSEA College of Further Education: OZO
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: AC/DC
YORK University: JASPER CARROTT

SOUTH BANK POLYTECHNIC S.U. Rotary St., SE1 Tel. 01-261 1525
Rag Ball Friday April 21st at 8 pm.
JOHNNY MOPED + Support
Adm. £1.00 N.U.S. in advance; £1.30 on door; £1.50 outsiders

Sunday at the REGAL
Sunday April 23rd
SUPERCHARGE
Tickets £1, £1.25 and £1.50 each
Sunday April 30th
HEAVY METAL KIDS
Tickets £1.00, £1.50 and £2.00 each.
Sunday May 7th
DAVID COVERDALE
Tickets £1.50, £2.00 & £2.50 each.
Sunday May 14th
THE VIBRATORS
Tickets £1.00, £1.50 and £2.00 each.
Book your tickets at the Regal Booking Office, Station Road, Ashington. Tel. 812231 or the Music Boxes, Blyth and Ashington and HMV Shop, Northumberland Street, Newcastle.
*Sole Booking Agent: Mike Evans DJM (01-242 2515)
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THE ADVERTS
+ Special guest from France
The Exclusive appearance of
NICO
+ THE KILLJOYS
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SUTTON presents
WEDNESDAY APRIL 26th.
FLYING SAUCERS
One of England's Premier
ROCK'n' ROLL BANDS
ONE NIGHT ONLY
Plus Dancing to Rock Sounds 8 to 2am
HIGH ST. SUTTON. Tel. 642-3707

24 SONGS FREE!
RIFF RAFF
Monday April 24th
THE PEGASUS
Green Lanes,
Stoke Newington N16
Admission Free
Tel 01-226 5930
A smile on yer hooter!

Brian B wishes to apologise to Barry Clarke & John Grimaldi's
CHEAP FLIGHTS
for the error in April 8th's N.M.E.

WORDS (BARRY CLARKE) City Hall, St Albans
Proudly Present
Saturday May 6th at 8pm
DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE SNAKE
+ Sidewinder, Mary Jane Disco, Bar, Food
Advance tickets from box office, Chequer St., St Albans. Tel: 64511

DINGWALLS
01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1
THURS 20 **GEORGE MELLY**
FRI 21 **ROCKS**
SUN 23 **THE SHIRTS and MATUMBI**
TUES 25 **SOLLO**
WED 26 **SUPERCHARGE**

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E.16

These bands are being recorded live for
"A WEEK AT THE BRIDGE" album

Wednesday April 19th 30p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Friday April 21st 30p
JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS

Thursday April 20th 30p
★ ROLL UPS ★

Saturday April 22nd 50p
S.A.L.T.

Sunday April 23rd
ZARABANDA

Tuesday April 25th
MONOS + The Tickets

Monday April 24th
WARM JETS

Wednesday April 26th
ZAINE GRIFF

SUZI QUATRO
Appearing
Saturday April 22nd
at the
California Ballroom, Dunstable, Beds.
Telephone: 0582 62804
Admission £2.50. Doors open 7.30 pm.
(We apologise for the error in last week's advert which gave the admission as £2.00)

FRIARS AYLESBURY
AT THE MAXWELL HALL

Saturday April 22nd at 7.30 pm
Their only British date at this time
From U.S.A.
The
MODERN LOVERS
(JONATHAN RICHMAN, LEROY RADCLIFFE, D. SHARPE, ASA BREBNER)
AC Sound & Vision

At press time tickets were still available from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Free 'n Easy Hemel Hempstead, F.L. Moore Bletchley Dunstable & Luton, Hi.Vu Buckingham. Life membership 25p.
Unfortunately there will be no tickets available at door on night
THERE'S NUTHIN TO FEEL INFERIOR ABOUT

DEAD FINGERS TALK
PYE RECORDS
Debut Single
'HOLD ON TO ROCK 'N' ROLL'
Hear it at

24th April	Cavern Club, N.W.10.
26th April	The Limit, Sheffield
27th April	Roots Club, Leeds
28th April	Penthouse, Scarborough
29th April	Bedford College of Further Education
1st May	Affair Club, Swindon
3rd May	Sandpiper Club, Nottingham
4th May	Eric's, Liverpool

Artistes Agency Division of Dick James Music Ltd. Tel: 01 242 2515.

THE CAVERN
CHURCH ROAD, WILLESDEN, NW 10
(beside White Hart pub)
MONDAY APRIL 24th
DEAD FINGERS TALK
Licensed bar 8pm to midnight
Nearest tube Neasden. Buses 260, 266, 297.
Monday May 4th **FRANKENSTEIN**

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON
Sunday, April 23rd. Tickets at the door
SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
+ RE-ACTION + D.J. PETER FOX
Sunday, April 30th: MAGAZINE

Wednesday May 3rd
CHERRY VANILLA
Advance tickets £1.50
MUSIC MACHINE, Camden High Street, NW1

J.B. Promotions present a ROCK 'N' ROLL HOP
SATURDAY APRIL 22nd 1978
with the sensational
COAST TO COAST
plus NAMESAKE
also the Crazy Cavan Disco Show
ICKNIELD HALL LETCHWORTH
Town Centre 8.0p.m. - Midnight Admission £1.50. Bar Snacks
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STAFFORD, BOROUGH HALL,
THURS APRIL 20
YORK, MUNSTER BAR,
FRIDAY APRIL 21
SHEFFIELD, THE LIMIT,
SATURDAY APRIL 22
HAVE YOU BEEN ACCELERATED?
ENQUIRIES: 051 728 7639

GET THE TASTE FOR
SOLID WASTE
at THE CITY TAVERN, New Writtle St., Chelmsford
on Friday, April 21st (+ High Heels)
Friday, April 28th (+ The Accidents)
LATE BAR APPLIED FOR
All band enquiries to Pete on 01-588 6480 ext. 293 or Chelmsford (0245) 71003

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FRI. 21st APRIL 8—11 pm £1
(inc. support & alcoholic bar)
Bookings: Event Horizon 01-703 7677/870 2061

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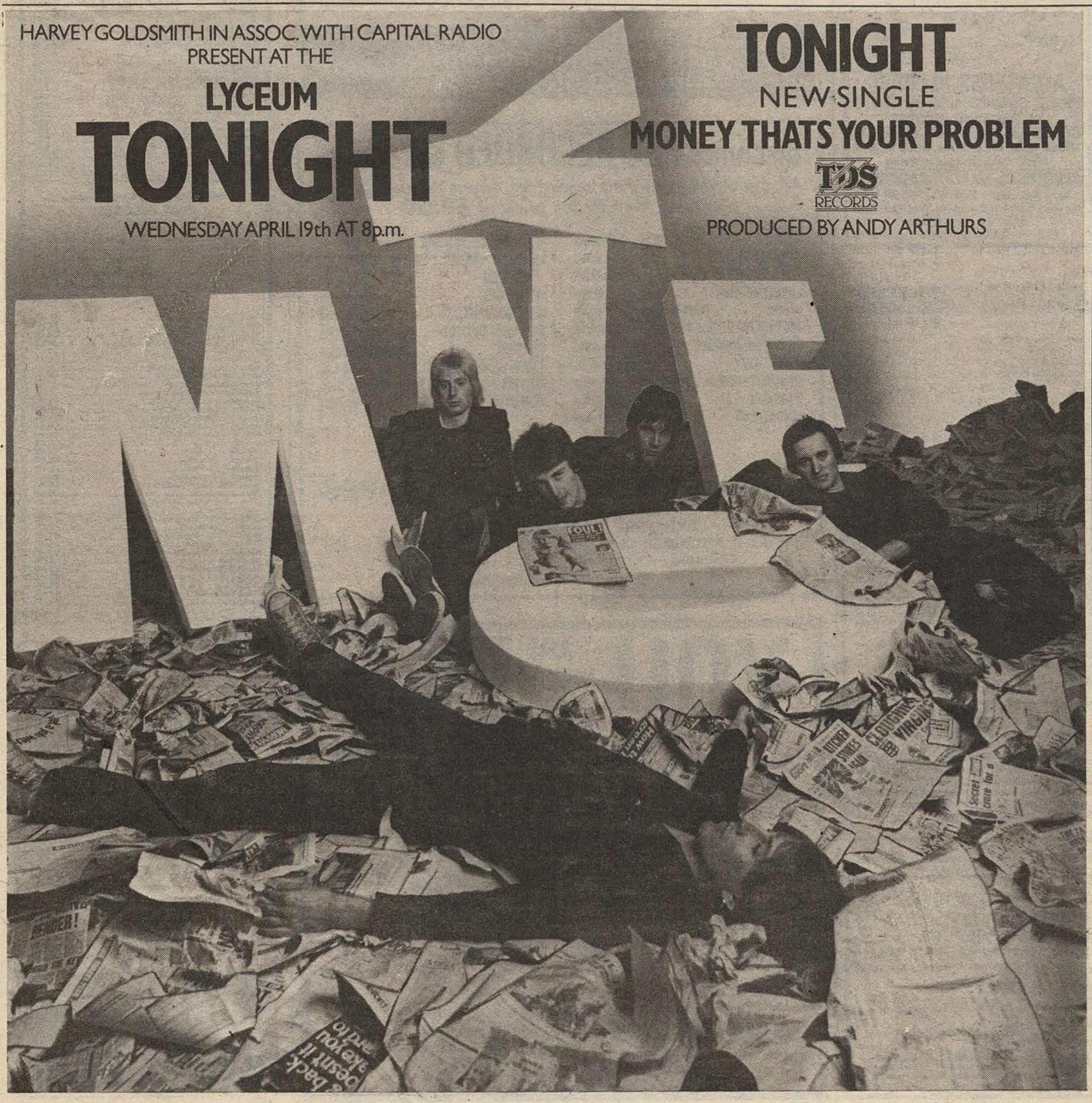
PRESENT AT THE
LYCEUM
TONIGHT
WEDNESDAY APRIL 19th AT 8p.m.

TONIGHT
NEW SINGLE
MONEY THATS YOUR PROBLEM
T∅S RECORDS
PRODUCED BY ANDY ARTHURS



TICKETS . . TICKETS . . TICKETS
AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING:

April 21	DAVE SWARBRICK
April 23	RANDY EDLEMAN
April 23	STEEL PULSE
April 23	FRANKIE LANE
April 23/24	COMMODORES
April 25/26	MIKIS THEODORAKIS
April 26	RICH KIDS
April 27	FOREIGNER
April 28/29	RORY GALLAGHER
April 30/May 1	GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
April 30	CAFE JACQUES
May 1/2	MANHATTAN TRANSFER
May 2	JOHN WILLIAMS/RALPH McTELL
May 3	CLIMAX BLUES BAND
May 3/4	BLUE OYSTER CULT
May 7	AC/DC
May 7	MAGAZINE
May 7/10	JETHRO TULL
May 11/13	QUEEN
May 14	X-RAY SPEX
May 15	STYX
May 15	U.K.
May 15/20	ELKIE BROOKS
May 17	BRASS CONSTRUCTION
May 18	CHARLEY PRIDE
May 21	THE DRIFTERS
May 22	GEORGE BENSON
May 24	THE MOTORS
May 25/31	THE TUBES
May 27	MADDY PRIOR
May 28	RANDY NEWMAN
May 28/29	BUZZCOCKS
May 29	BONNIE TYLER
May 31	HARRY CHAPIN
June 4	THE PIRATES
June 10/11	BLACK SABBATH
June 11	FLAMIN' GROOVIES
June 11	GERRY RAFFERTY
June 14	BREAD
June 17/18	DARTS

E.L.O. June 2, 14, 15

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1.
General Enquiries: 01-439 3371
Telephone Credit Card Bookings: 01-240 0681

LOGARITHM
are appearing at
THE MOUNT CARMEL YOUTH CENTRE, ENFIELD FRIDAY APRIL 21st
THE FREEMASONS TAVERN, PENGE, CROYDON SATURDAY APRIL 22nd.
New single available.

Andy's PLATTERS STALL

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING
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BOWIE/Heroes (in German) £1.50
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SUICIDE COMMANDOES/Match Mismatch £1.50
SUICIDE COMMANDOES/Emission Control £1.50
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Carol Grimes

ROCK GARDEN

ELEVEN O'clock at the Rock Garden and **Stickers** are winding up a good, sweaty support set for the punters who have turned out ostensibly to see Carol Grimes.

All credit to them, then; a hard-rocking five-piece, they're typical of the sort of band making good in the wake of the New Wave: the balance between professionalism and enthusiasm just right, producing songs of a consistent quality any one of which could be a potential debut single.

The overall sound is '60s Stones with title like "Mercy, Mercy", "You Can Shake Me" and a hot finale in "Kids' Stuff" — all given fiery life by Andrew Rankin's raucous, rebel-rousing vocals and James, the lead guitar-man's steely rock 'n' roll.

Carol Grimes enters in time-honoured fashion, clutching a pint of bitter and a tambourine as the surprisingly young band tune up and slide into "Recognition", almost immediately dispelling any doubts regarding the apparent inexperience of her musical support.

Andy Winfield shares much of the vocal work with Carol; his Marty Balin style contrasting usefully with hers, all sandpaper and broken glass. They play lots of new stuff, (most of it written by members of the band), none particularly distinguished, but all played with real verve.

And that's what Carol Grimes is all about really; undiluted enjoyment.

She sings like there's no tomorrow, her whole body an instrument for that supercharged, volatile, red petrol voice; arms flailing like Joe Cocker when she's pushing to the edge, a smile and a wink at the band when she backs off.

Always in control, always with the winning hand.

The band acquit themselves with honour.

The magical bass lines of John McKenzie and the slightly overloud drumming of Nigel Watson kept everything tight without strangling it, and the fluid interchanges between Tino Turvell's piano and Colin Fletcher's estimable Gibson provided a seemingly endless supply of swing.

It's a long time since I heard a bunch of unknowns play like that.

In fact I was reminded more than once of those first heady days of the Airplane in the playing and onstage rapport, with one major difference: Grace Slick (before she went ga-ga) was a great vocal stylist; one of the best there was.

Carol Grimes, on the other hand, is simply a great singer; one of the best there is; and pretenders like Elkie Brooks and Jenny Darren have no chance at all of claiming her throne.

There was an added bonus at the end when Dyan Birch and Frank Collins of Voice Squad joined the band for the last two numbers.

It was great music. Everyone there got off, including me. And I was on orange juice the whole night.

Neil Norman

JAZZ DIARY

THE MIDNITE Follies Orchestra (above), co-led by Keith Nichols and Alan Cohen, has signed to EMI.

Specialising in '20s and '30s jazz, the band includes such stalwarts as Alan Elsdon and Digby Fairweather, as well as the crooner and novelty vocalist, Johnny M. They are recording their first album in May.

Ogun Records have announced a summer of series of jazz cruises, with the Mike Westbrook Brass Band on 23rd June, Big Chief on 30th June, El Skid on 7th July, Harry Miller Four with Willem Breuker and Trevor Watts on 14th July, Company on 21st and the Mike Osborne Quintet on 28th July, and Elton Dean's Ninesense on 4th August.

The saxophone quartet, Changing Face — soprano, alto, tenor, baritone — will perform Brian Cooper's new work, "The Alarmed Vision", inspired by Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* which was commissioned by Jazz Centre Society.

Also on the bill at the Purcell Room on 20th April is John Surman in his first entirely solo concert performance.

At Oxford Street's 100 Club on 1st May, EDQ and the Mike Osborne Quintet will be strutting their stuff. Dingwalls are presenting George Melly With John Chilton's Feetwarmers on 20th April. There's also a Saturday lunchtime gig based around the Iggy Quail Trio, with plenty of sitting-in.

South Hill Park, Bracknell, presents the Dill Jones Trio on 7th May, and the Lennie Best Quartet on 25th April and 9th and 23rd May.

Promoter John Howe is putting on a series of concerts at the Adeline Genee Theatre, East Grinstead, with two nights of Humphrey Lyttleton's band on 11th and 12th May, Harry Strutter's Hot Rhythm Orchestra on 13th and a two-night package of Kenny Baker, Don Lusher, Roy Williams, Betty Smith, Tony Lee and Jack Parnell on 30th June and 1st July.

Lewisham Concert Hall is presenting Stephane Grapelli with the Diz Disley Trio on 6th May Nottingham's Black Boy, Market Street, has the Ronnie Scott Quintet on 12th May.

Jazz Centre Society's venues feature Strange Fuit and the Brian Miller - Phil Lee Duo on 26th April, the Don Rendell Quintet on 23rd April at the Half Moon, and the Canadian Creative Musicians Collective at the ICA Theatre on 30th April

New releases from Polydor's Pable label include "Johnny Hedges In Berlin", Mary Lou Williams and Cecil Taylor in "New York Concert", and J. J. Johnson and Nat Adderley's "Yokohama Concert". Trevor Watts' Amalgam have issued "Samanna" on the Vinyl label.

Brian Case

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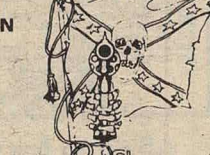

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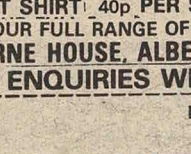

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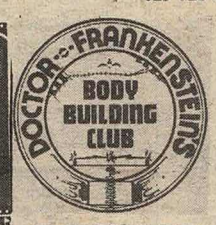

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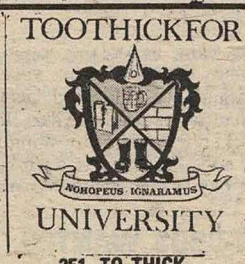

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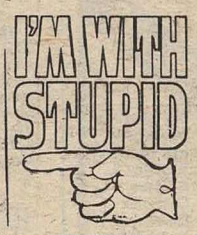

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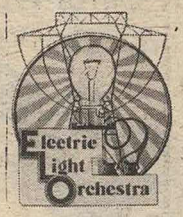

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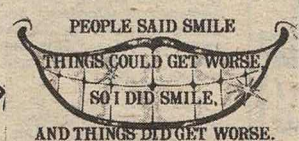

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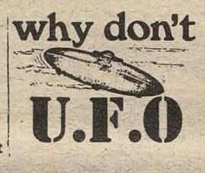

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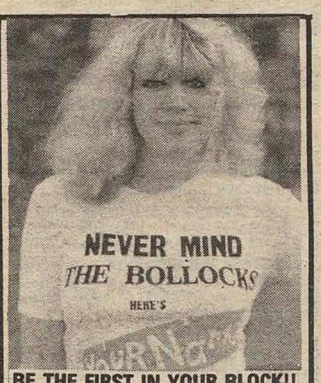

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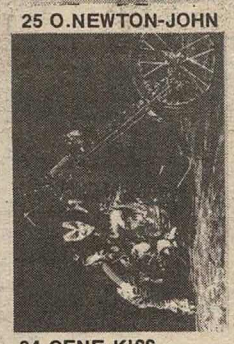

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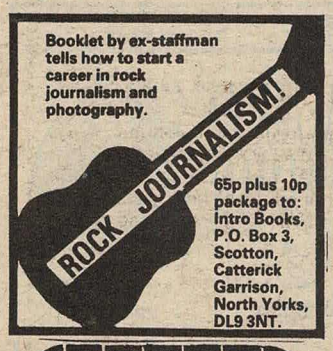

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Manfred Mann's Earth Band

RAINBOW

MANNKIND IS a varied race.

It subdivides into wreckless youth, clamouring for axehero guitar solos, complacent connoisseurs of neat instrumentals, and a few dedicated fans from the '60s, wistfully hoping for the strains of "Pretty Flamingo".

The Earth Band managed to reach everyone through a slightly contrived balance of creative and commercial music.

But it was alarming how rapidly the set degenerated at half-time.

They opened with an instrumental, "Waiter, There's A Yawn In My Ear", which was the best number they played all night.

It was a mild intro into the strange electronic swoopings that abound in every Manfred Mann keyboard solo. The backing, well-suited to the lightweight cymbal-thrashing style of drummer Chris Slade, had a sufficient sense of freedom, and variation, to create a real impression of three-dimensional sound.

Chris Thompson's vocals seemed very confident. He sounded like a gritty version of Paul Rodgers, and looked like an all-American baseball hero, as he powered his way through "Chicago Institute" and "Davy's On The Road Again". They have a fair amount in common with the worthier aspects of John Miles. The lyrics have a little more depth, but the pop-type melodies and strictly simple format are very much the same.

Where the Earth Band take the lead is in their greater scope for complex instrumental sections. MM seems to have a never-ending supply of tone controls to meddle with, and there is also a second soloist in the form of guitarist Dave Flett.

Sustain, fuzz, feedback — he gave us the whole works, but used with so much imagination and freshness, you'd think he's just invented them.

But the ill-fated moment arrived when they finally yielded to the pleas for hot hits.

One note of "Blinded By The Light" was sufficient to send punters scurrying frontward in droves.

Yet no matter how many thunderflashes went off, or surreal paintings were beamed upon the backdrop screen, the old Springsteen classic drowned in a sea of over-exuberance and tragic sound mixing.

It's just one of those songs that suffers in transition from studio to stage, if not given the absolute clarity it needs.

Swiftly following this came a directionless instrumental, with drum solo and h.m. riffs a-plenty, before they were hauled back for "Mighty Quinn".

A couple of verses, and then we were subjected to Manfred running riot with the keyboard's flight console.

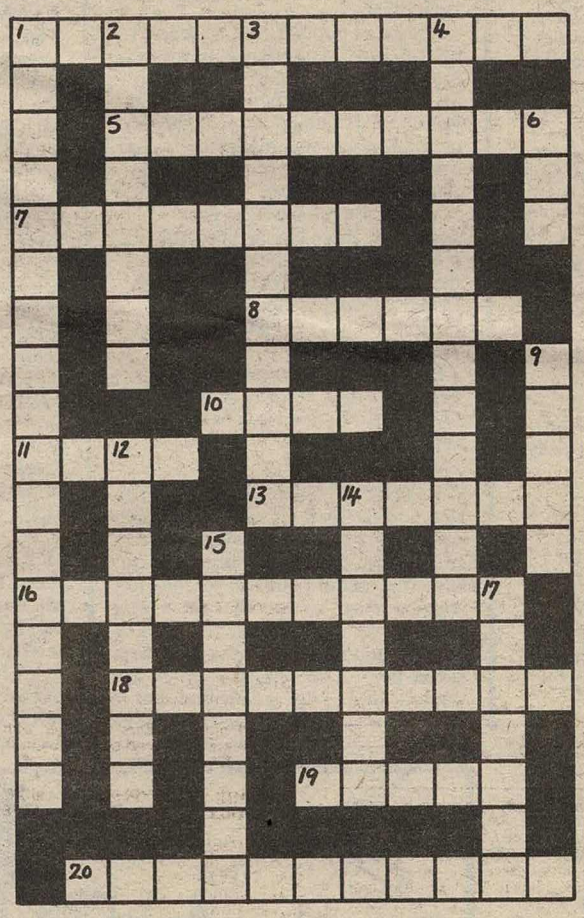
The last traces of the song were soon replaced by something akin to the galactic twitterings of some interstellar aviary.

Such is the Earth Band's predicament.

Relying, to an extent, on a few golden oldies to keep them in the picture, it's near enough a compromise with audience reaction to have to churn them out, and to update them into the incompatible realms of space music.

Leave half an hour early, and you can't fail to be impressed. **Mark Ellen**

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 "Police & Thieves" reggae singer (6,6)
5 Mean old daddy of rhythm and blues (5,5)
7 Ex-Ducks DeLuxer Sean's current group (4,4)
8 & 15 San Francisco rock band, they pinched a couple of members from Steely Dan
10 Tidy like Captain Sensible . . . you know, as in *tidy tidy tidy!*
11 The other one was Bob — they made "Harlem Shuffle" together
13 *Deke Cohen!* Find the missing link!
16 i.e. Odd string (anag. 4,7)
18 The brothers Gavin and Iain, composers of "Sailing"
19 Historically they get the credit for inventing folk-rock, and for a big slice of country-rock too
20 See 14

DOWN

1 Terribly well-spoken *(We're kidding — Ed)* presenter of *London Weekend Show* (5,6-6)
2 The former Brinsley, pub rocker in the pop charts (4,4)
3 Backed up by The Voidoids (7,4)
4 Roxy Music's debut hit (8,5)
6 Their second album was "Time And A Word"
9 Oppressor of short people!
12 . . . . . *before you can say Gay Lib!*
14 & 20 Streets ahead of its rivals, TV's wittiest, sharpest, most farsighted rock prog *(You bet we're kidding! — Ed)* (3,4,7,4)
15 See 8 across
17 In the *beginning* there was Adam and Eve and . . . *techno-rock!*

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 David Cassidy; 7 Van Morrison; 8 (Charlie) Watts; 9 Kinks; 10 "Ben"; 12 Pink Floyd; 14 Philadelphia; 17 (Mick) Box; 18 Grin; 19 "God Only (Knows)"; 21 Modern Lovers; 23 Ducks (De Luxe); 24 Decca. **DOWN:** 1 & 2 Dave Vanian; 3 Chris Spedding; 4 "Sniffin' Glue"; 5 Dan Hill; 6 "(God Only) Knows"; 8 Weather Report; 11 Talking Heads; 13 (Ducks) De Luxe; 15 Helen Reddy; 16 "Abbey (Road)"; 20 Doors; 22 "(Abbey) Road."

Gaffa

IMPERIAL HOTEL, NOTTINGHAM

OVER THE past nine months I've seen a lot of bands.

None of them as good as Gaffa. In fact, I can think of no other outfit in Britain today, whose performance embodies so consistently the powerful promise of rockanroll.

In Nottingham Gaffa are popular and special. Every Tuesday, they play the Imperial Hotel. Each gig is a welcome opportunity for the local population to erase the rigours of a working day.

For the band, each gig develops a lively dialogue with a dedicated audience.

Best of all, each gig helps the band establish an intimacy with their songs; in this way, familiarity breeds content, and Gaffa's working repertoire of sixty original songs bears the fruits of 15 months' hard grind.

Two weeks ago the band's keyboard player quit, pruning Gaffa to four members: Wayne Evans (bass); John Maslen (rhythm guitar); Clive Smith (lead guitar); Mick Barratt (drums).

Onstage at the Imperial, Wayne Evans compels attention. His stage prescence is a cocky collage of Chuck Berry and Groucho Marx. Rubbery legs scuttling and twisting in time to the sway of the music.

In contast is John Maslen. A picture of fierce concentration, save when a smile dissolves the intent fastened in his face. His guitarwork is the *spine* of the music.

The comedy in Gaffa's songs grows stronger too. It's a subtle, casual humour that's not deliberately comic. Like all good clowns Gaffa never *try* to be funny.

In effect, the excellence of Gaffa's material lies in a knack for writing infectious melodies that lock and burrow into the back of the head. Songs like "Wish I Was A Cartoon" and "Go On, Jump Then" stand out as potential Top Ten singles.

Much of the credit for this rests with Wayne Evans. He unifies lyrics that move the mind with rhythms that rouse the feet.

In this, he understands the art of good songwriting. And above all, his subject range is wide, spanning memories of adolescence and observations of the present.

(Interestingly, two local bands — the improving Transmitters and Some Chicken — plan to perform Wayne Evans songs.)

After the success of Gaffa's debut EP "Normal Service", Next Records are poised to reissue the record along with a second Gaffa EP "Firm Favourites" — a new collection that comes closer than its predecessor in capturing the buoyant spirit of Gaffa's live performance; it is comic, witty, and very entertaining.

At this point in time Gaffa remain local favourites.

When they tour and record an album, they will become national favourites.

Malcolm Heyhoe

Rory Gallagher

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL

RORY GALLAGHER positively oozes honesty. From his plain, antique strat, to his sincere straightforward manner.

For the last eight years he has resisted attempts to market him as this year's answer to last year's guitar hero whilst still selling albums and packing concert halls.

Perhaps that's why Newcastle (as in "Hello Newcastle, nice to be back") cherishes him. Someone once likened him to Jeff Beck *sans* effects pedals and after tonight I think it's possible he may have the same deft touch.

The show itself is honed to perfection, aiming at gaining maximum reaction in measured doses.

That could mean a tried and trusted formula resting on smug conceit, but from the opener, "Secret Agent", any thoughts of an ageing guitar virtuoso are brushed aside.

For the entire two-and-a-half hours he played with the kind of enthusiasm normally associated with the first year of an artist's career. If you like it (and I'm still not that sure!), it's value for money if nothing else.

By the third number we get the obligatory slow blues which I can do without, but which the audience consume eagerly.

From there to Rory's solo bit the band gradually open up the throttle and cruise comfortably through a variety of favourites culminating with "Brute Force And Ignorance" which despite its worn title is a welcome taster from the soon-to-be-issued album.

The solo bit — Rory with acoustic / steel / mandolin — goes down like free beer at a party and it's the only time I feel he's going through the motions a little.

I saw him do substantially the same thing five years ago.

"Goin' To My Hometown" finished, the band reappear, go straight into top gear and motor to the end of the set.

The encores seem to be what 90% of the audience are calling for: "Bullfrog Blues" and "Messin' With The Kid", and even I'm prepared to go home happy after being afforded a direct comparison with Beck on "Goin' Down". (Though Beck wins on points).

In the North-East, these are the guys who rule.

I'll say one thing for them. At least they don't send their fans home angry and confused as Television had done the previous night.

Rory Gallagher, integrity intact, could teach Mr. Verlaine a thing or two.

Tom Noble

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ASS-BAG...

Pic CHALKIE 'Smile please' DA VIES

THE BUMTOWN RATS drop their daks for a Munich moon and instant Ass-Bag credibility. The cheeky chappies are (l to r): GERRY COTT, GARRY ROBERTS, guess who, JOHNNY BOLLOCKS, SIMON CROWE and PETE BRIQUETTE.

GOODEE, a controversy. An *intellectual* controversy, even!

Your ref. *Gasbag 8/4/78*: This Year's Model thinks he thinks rock'n'roll is all about "being with it". Mike Harrison thinks he thinks it's all about "being cool". Other theories seem to include "rebelling against authority", "being frustrated", "international robots" and — this the vote of Average Hack — "having a good time". According to the specifications of your reality-support system, choose.

There again, This Year's Model also thinks he thinks Devo are "in the wrong place at the wrong time" which sounds good but is in fact very difficult to understand and forces us to conclude that much depends on where one decides to stand from which to make one's smart remarks. There exists, for example, a well-authenticated standing-place from which one may observe that Everyone Everywhere is perpetually "in the right place at the right time" whether they think they like it or not.

As Devo itself pointed out, statements like "Rock'n'roll is all about being with it" are liable to be true and false at the same time. This Year's Model is merely pledging a preference for Elvis Costello as against Devo in smartarse-oneliners, suggesting that he is in the wrong mind at a bad time. His being at university is obviously nothing but a fantastic coincidence.

Amongst other true-false statements we meet these days is Mike Harrison's "The ideas and the music should be whole, not separate, entities". This is Great Thinking, thoroughly thought-out, and presented with a touching faith in its timeless immutability. We who are ambicerebral can only applaud open-mouthed and say "When?"

R. WEEKNOTMEN, BIG BABY AND DOPEY THE RATIONALIST
Thinkwell, Asex

P.S. Our nomination for what rock'n'roll is all about is "being young". Our suggestion for Elvis Costello's next record is "The Great Pretender".

No, no — rock'n' roll is all about never having to say your sorry. Never. — M.S.

A GARBLED answer to "Steve Senile". Yes, hippie kids created Altamont; and working class heroes beat shit out of *each other* at football matches every week. I can also remember dockers marching in favour of Enoch Powell a few years ago.

There seems to be an assumption that being middle class is bad and being working class is good. As a refugee from a dumb working class up-bringing all I can say is, it's not true.

I'm 26, I liked the music from '65-'70. It was my music. We fought a lot of battles and lost most of them. OK, thinking peace and love was going to solve everything was naive but so is thinking that class warfare is the answer. Every bunch of adolescents thinks it's got the answer.

We all hope we'll die before we get old, the problem is we all get old before we die.

SHTUK, Bath.

Shame. Still, by my reckoning OAPs will be able to stay in pubs all day by 2001. — M.S.

SPEAKING AS a boring old Dead-head, I really get pissed off when I read letters like Steve (Genesis) Senile's. I remember skinheads as well and I seem to remember that one of their favourite pastimes was Paki-bashing. Right to fight?

As for suggesting that listening to Genesis gives you hippy credibility, well, forget it. The standard naive romantic-turned militant cynic routine is getting a bit stale now. Actually I thought it went out with the 18th century. Ship of fools, indeed.

While I'm at it, Withered Bill Stickers might be well advised that even Johnny Rotten can get into Captain Beefheart (check the Capital Radio interview), and just 'cause it's '78 doesn't mean that blind prejudice has suddenly become acceptable. Like Elvis said, nothing's changed — just the beat.

Furthermore, the only bum hanging round the Pomona (Ecclesall Rd.) is the landlord, who *(libellous statement follows — Ed.)*

SIMON GELLER, Sheffield 10.

I RECENTLY bought one of your stupid music papers and it had a picture of Bruce Lee in the centre doing a kick out of *Enter The Dragon*. It had a caption underneath which said "Bouncer at a Chinese takeaway". To me this is taking the piss out of a great man. You would only think that he was just a good fighter and he would make a good bouncer. Well let me tell you he was a fantastic man and earned his fame by working hard (get a book on him and read it then you'll know what I mean). Another thing as well: Bruce Lee could wrap rings around those idiot pop stars, even for singing. They're just a load of dirty punk rockers who spit on each other and act like wild animals (a bunch of slobs). I'm a big Bruce Lee fan, and don't like people to take the piss out of such a good man. If more kids were to follow Bruce Lee and not these stupid punk idiots this country would be a whole lot better.

DAVID ROBSON

Heard the one about the bloke who asks for 20 Number Six in a takeaway and ends up with a truck-load of noodles? — M.S.

AT LAST, a letter about "rockabilly". May I thank you for including it, and ask where I can receive rockabilly dance tuition? Other forms of dancing just aren't in the same class! Dangerous? Oh, come now! Rockabilly fans usually dance in flashing feet Charleston fashion, though the high-kicking leg movements are not always possible to carry out with so many hot bodies in donkey jackets bumping up against each other.

The most popular routine seems to be the Hod Carrier dance, in which the male gallops round the floor with his pony-tailed partner sitting on his shoulders! It's all good rockabilly fun, quite harmless and much more visual than anything those dingalings do in *Saturday Night Fever*.

Could you tell me if, to your knowlege, there are any instruction manuals that describe rockabilly dance steps such as the Bonecrusher, Donkey Hop, Perkins Wiggle, Possum Belly Crawl and the Wah-hoo?

LEN WILLIS, Kennsington, SE1.

Frank & Peggy Spencer in Penge are OK, I believe, and open to all kinds of suggestions — M.S.

TO THE THREE Boys at The Damned farewell gig on Saturday 8th April, Jennie thought you were a great laugh. She liked your mate's cap and your rubber t-shirt. If you had left your address I'm sure that she would of been your pen-friend. (I think it was the one in the rubber t-shirt who asked her). The one in front of me wanted to be my pen-friend but I think he was joking. You could have had my Damned programme if you had given me that quid instead of ripping it up.

LYNN PHILLIPS

You weren't the one picking your nose during The Soft Boys' set, were you? — M.S.

MUCH AGAINST my better judgment I foolishly switched Radio One on today for the first time in months. Paul Burnett was on and after playing the new Motors "Day I Found A Fiver" single he informed us that The Motors are one of his favourite new wave bands and their last single, "Looking After Number One," wasn't as big a hit as it should have been.

Next time I won't bother.

PHIL HIPSON, Polperro, nr Looe, Cornwall.

Blimey, just goes to show, don't it. I really liked The Motors' version of "Dancing In The Street", as well. — M.S.

I READ YOUR article in *NME* about The Jam's American tour. Do you think you could possibly tell me how to get photos of the front, side and back views of Paul Weller's hair-style? It's alright going to the barbers and asking for a 'Fonz cut' (if you're daft enough) but when you ask him if he can do "Paul Weller's" . . .? When I tried to describe it, he just gave me a bit of a puzzled look and then asked for a photograph. Showing him the ones in your article did no good because they did not give him a clear enough picture.

If you cannot get these pictures could you give me a way of getting in touch with Weller himself? I can then send him 30p and ask him to do a slow pirouette in a photography booth or something.

J. JONES, Newton Aycliffe, Co. Durham.

Look, I know even footballers get perms and that but there's no reason to get silly about it. — M.S.

I WOKE up rather late this morning so I was wondering if you could tell me what the latest music trend is.

UNREADABLE SIGNATURE, Weymouth, Dorset.

Well, it was Chinese ming-horns until midday, but now it's Venezualan pan-pipes. — M.S.

IF JULIE Burchill had been presented with "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" back in '68 the dumb fanny would have put it down.

DAVID LEWIS, Cape Town, South Africa.

Sounds fair enough to me. "Sgt. Pepper" came out in '67 and by '68 *everyone* was fed up with it. — M.S.

WHOSE LEG are you trying to pull when you tell us one of Chalkie Davies' pictures is of Bill Nelson? To me it looks like the ex-Slikker, Midge Ure, or one of his Slik mates. It would have sounded better if you'd told us it was Glen Matlock.

Is it possible that the 'great' *NME* might have made a genuine mistake? It's insulting to say Bill Nelson looks like that.

JULES, Thornes Road, Wakefield.

Actually, it's a picture of Swansea City's Alan Curtis, clever dick. — M.S.

THE JOURNALISTS at *NME* make "astonishingly offensive remarks" about various bands every week, but for some reason Bob Harris isn't allowed to. (I would be most interested if you could justify this stance).

TAYLOR APPROXIMATION

That's because we're aces and he's a berk. *(This won't wash.—Ed.)* I mean, er, well, we're better at it than he is . . . no really, he's quite a nice bloke but, er, he's not, er, he's not as responsible as we are. Yes, that's it. Also we're not on sodding TV. — M.S.

WE AIN'T GONNA take all this crap no longer from the *Enemy!* Posing about in his 'trendy' Carnaby Street office . . .

Big Butch Buddy and his limp-wristed writing, ligging at his Rotten gigs . . .

Twittering on about his ridiculous Vital Young (fantasy) self . . .

Flogging his sexist shit at extortionate prices — Big Business!

Then coming on all concerned with his Nikon camera and journalist's notebook whenever there's a *really* committed person within a radius of ten miles . . .

We here at *RAR* wish Mr Clever Dick would just piss off back up his Kings Reach Tower.

Cheap Thrills, huh?

IRATE KATE & ANNA GRAM (Clapham Mob Inc.), Rock Against Racism, London EC1.

Get stuffed you humourless Trots and piss off back to your 'ethnic' East End offices and your Harry Belafonte records! — M.S.

I JUST read a book by Pete Townshend. It didn't mention the 'Oo, or rock 'n' roll, or any of that stuff. Instead, it went on and on about dropping bombs on the Hun and having coitus interruptus with Princess Margaret and how nice the Royal Family were in 1956. (The things these boring old rock stars'll do to get their names into print, eh?)

I'm thinking of writing a book about how I didn't have it off with Princess Margaret too. There's only a few of us left to tell the tale.

THEO WRIST, Preston, Lancs.

AFTER PERUSING through the *NME* 1974 Rock Annual, I conclude your writers are mental chameleons and not human beings. We find Nick Kent raving about Lou Reed, likewise Tony Tyler on Pink Floyd and many other examples. Your new writers (Mrs and Mr Parsons and future son) have taken this opinion-changing snakegame to unprecedented extremes in recent months. *NME* is my favourite comedy show. Keep it up.

THE WOLFMAN, Disley, Cheshire.

. . . trying to justify its presence by chucking in something artistic, like

MONKEYS & FASCISTS

by Bryant & May (a match for any chart topper).

In an English town in a darkened room
Young Lowry sat there drawing cartoons
Which were sent to magazines and then ignored.
And very soon 'e's losing heart
That 'is career will ever start
So 'e takes 'is stuff and locks it in a drawer.

So Lowry's work was never seen
Till 'e got a call from the *NME*,

And 'e pops down to see them on the bus,
To be told "We've got a little space,
On the bottom line of an inside page,
Would you like to knock a cartoon up for us?"

Chorus
And 'e jokes at . . .
Monkeys climbing up the Empire State,
'E jokes at fascist leaders forty years too late.
Now 'e chews 'is pen and 'e's vexed
Trying to work out what comes next
To match 'is Hitler jokes and all 'is other greats.

Now Lowry's found a place in *Punch*,
Is seen by bank clerks over lunch,
And even Charlie Schulz is turning green,
For despite 'is Snoopy and Charlie Brown
Who appear in shops all over town,
'E hasn't got a place in *NME*.

Chorus
And 'e jokes at . . .

And so our lad goes on and on
Making jokes and poking fun
At everything that ain't been done before.
And when at last 'e's dead, or worse,
I'll write another final verse
And then I'll reach the Number One for sure.

Chorus
And 'e jokes at . . . *(Repeat ad infinitum)*

ALASTAIR M. WALKER, Glasgow.

Cartoon sent in by the Original Fabulous ANON ENTITY

"Well 'e painted nowt on a cardboard box, but 'e cut 'is ear off, died 'o't 'pox..."

Well, we here at Teazerz thought we'd seen dumb threads before (like Bryan Ferry's gaucho gear, Russell Mael's shorts and anything wrapped around Freddie Mercury) but the gear unveiled by David Bowie for his upcoming world tour just about takes the proverbial cake. If, as Julie Burchill used to be fond of saying, being natural is the biggest pose of all, then the Levi-ed, lumberjack-shirted D.B. we saw last year was having us all on. Oh well . . . pic: PRESTON/ KENT/ LEVINE/ L.F.I.

teazers

A WEEKLY EXTRADITION

TALK TALK talk . . . we here at *Teazerz* are beginning to wish that a few of these sodding rock stars would stop flapping their lips all the time and boring us to death with their endless interviews. First old **Bobby The Zee,** now **John Lydon,** elucidating his worldview for the benefit of **Janet Street-Cleaner** and the breathless viewers of *The London Weekend Show.*

The topic that John Boy was most anxious to discuss was that of his erstwhile boss, **Malcolm McLaren.** "I'll form another band as soon as I get him off my back," announced the man the world once knew and loathed as Johnny **Rotten.** "Until then I can't do a thing without him taking a big fat share of the profits." How do you plan to get him off your back? inquired Auntie Jan. "Kill him," quipped John. "Subtly. A car accident — it's good publicity."

Lydon also revealed — hold your breath now — that he's been rehearsing with different people every night because of "personality differences" and that if a lot of people expect him to start playing reggae "then a lot of people are totally wrong", not to mention promising that he was not quitting recording because "it's the only business I was ever any good at."

His current material for songs include "the same sort of thing. Nothing has changed — nothing ever does. Misery, depression, self-indulgence, all those trite little obsessions . . ."

Apart from telling his interlocutor that her hair looked like rhubarb, that was about it. All this wrangling about with lawyers is a trifle unanarchistic, maaaaaan, especially since Glitterbest (Uncle Malc's company) are suing photographer **Ray Stevenson** over the cover graphics of his *Sex Pistols Scrapbook.* And just to round up this week's snippets about the Four fab Spike Tops, why is **Steve Jones** currently spreading the word that **Sid Vicious** is in Paris recording his own distinctive interpretation of "My Way"

Wilko Johnson Band have now changed their name to **The Solid Senders,** as announced to an impressed but somewhat confused audience at Cambridge Corn Exchange on Friday . . .

Oh, another snippet of info about the former **Johnny Rotten:** he turned down the offer to compere the Anti-Nazi League Rally (Victoria Park, April 30: be there) featuring **The Clash, Tom Robinson Band, X-Ray Spex and Steel Pulse,** but he sez he'll attend the event anyway . . .

Da Ramones are closeted in a New York studio recording their next album with Brudder **Tommy** producing, and they're anticipating remaining in the studio for three months. Can they be (shudder) working on a Concept Album? . . .

Stopped Clocke informs us that **Cream** are planning to break up, and that Bob Dylan has broken his neck in a serious motorcycle accident . . .

Tom Verlaine seen browsing through the second-hand jazz albums at Collet's record shop. He didn't buy anything . . . *(Oh — Ed)*

Former *So It Goes* emcee **Tony Wilson** now managing a four-piece Maaaaaanchester-based band — at present nameless — which features ex-**Albertos** bassist **Tony Bowers** . . .

More trivia on the very lovely **Howard Devoto** (whose real name is **Trafford,** and not **Trevor** as previously reported). Apparently friendly, easy-going Howie travels to gigs by first class train, while the other articles in **Magazine** go second-class. He generally travels at different times to the rest of the group in order to avoid embarassment *(What a creep — Ed) (Yeah, right — All of Magazine) . . .*

Reach for the elephant tranquiliser, kids: we learn from an ad in *Music Week* that there is a "current barbershop boom". This ain't got nuffin to do wiv' 'aircuts like; it refers to the type of four-part harmony singing technically referred to as "barbershop". We here at *NME* didn't know that there *was* a barbershop boom, but then we haven't been reading *Monotony Maker* (the paper that brought you the **Glenn Miller** Revival lately . . .

Uh oh, keep your hands on the elephant tranquiliser: we've just hear that **Andy Shernoff** has quit **The Dictators.** Wiping away the tears that spring unbidden to our eyes, we'll be back with our regularly scheduled *Teazerz* — after this message . . .

Why should Rock Against Racism and Reggae Against Racism have all the fun? Country fans with their hearts in the right place are mounting benefit gigs under the collective handle of Rednecks Against Racism. Watch for further announcements . . .

EMBARRASSMENT of a different kind as Glitterbest's **Jamie Reid** claims to writing the lyrics of the Pistols' "Anarchy In The U.K.", as alleged by **Julie Burchill** in last week's fab ish. "That'll cheer John up. I'd better ring him and tell him", commented Reid after seeing the piece . . .

Glasgow's first reggae disco — known as Channel One — doing the rounds, and if you're in the Glasgow area and fancy hearing some reggae, see where they're at and get to where they're at, seen? . . .

Hot band of the week: **The Records** — formed by ex-**Kursaal Flyers'** drummer **Will Birch** blew a hot set at the Hope & Anchor last Friday, and Radar and Chrysalis are already in there trying to sign 'em up . . .

Stiff Records head honcho **Dave Robinson** is currently having lots of fun reciting his anecdote about the trouble Virgin boss **Richard Branson** went to trying to dissuade Stiff from releasing **Devo's** "Satisfaction" after Virgin had snatched the Ohio atavisms from under the very nostrils of Warner Brothers a few weeks back. Branson suggested that it'd be in the group's interest to release their *best* single, and Robinson said howzabout the first one. Branson apparently turned a brighter shade of green when he saw the cover . . .

Bass players dropping like flies dept: **Elvis Costello** having to replace the ailing **Bruce Thomas** and **The Stukas** having to replace the departing **Kevin Allen** and Gawdnose who else, **William Mysterious** has upped and quit **The Rezillos.** Any bass players who haven't already been hustled by The Attractions or **Blast Furnace And The Heatwaves** and who fancy playing on the same stage and **Fay Fife** and **Eugene Reynolds,** phone Bob on 031 329 3159 and state your case . . .

We here at **Teazerz** have just had to call on our utmost reserves of inner strength to cope with the heartrending news that there will be no official programmes on sale during the **Pissed Pistofferson / Rita Kool-Aid** tour. For why? Well, ol' **Kris** vetoed them because he hated the programme notes so much. Who was the party responsible for these notes that Kris hated so much? Why, none other than CBS Records Press Office . . .

Lazy they ain't: Chiswick are all set to release a live album by The **(Count) Bishops** in a format, followed by a studio album which has been in the can (as it were) for a couple of months now. As well as the new single "I Take What I Want" (reviewed last week), they have two *more* singles awaiting release at the rate of one every month until something hits. Now if only **The 'oo** had the same attitude . .

Gold star in the margin for impeccable taste: **Darts'** next single revives **The Adlibs'** "Boy From New York City" (remember? It goes oo-way oo-wah oo-wah iddy . . . ahh, forget it, you're too young) Anyway, **Rita Ray** sings lead on it. Does this mean **Shawaddywaddy** will be getting a female singer? . . .

The great Virgin-vs-Warners wrangle over **Devo** opens up on Thursday at a closed hearing at the Royal Courts Of Justice when an LA lawyer representing Warners will attempt to take out an injunction to prevent Virgin releasing the D-E-V-O D-E-B-U-T on the grounds that Warners had a verbal agreement with the group predating the signature of the Virgin contract. On behalf of Virgin, tight-lipped, resolute Al Clark announces "We shall resist". Attractive, Spanish-born Al is 30 next Tuesday . . .

Oh yeah, **Howard** (Old Trafford) **Devoto's** tour with **Magazine** starts on Monday. We suggest that ardent fans go meet him at the station . . .

Over 800,000 copies of **Wings'** "Mull Of Kintyre" sold in Germany; does this mean hordes of camera-toting Krauts descending on Campbeltown in search of **Linda McCartney?** . . .

Thassyerlot: are we not dots? We are Teazers . . .

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This last week	TOP TEN
Small 20p	1	(2) BLONDIE (B/W)
Sham Army, No Future, Dukes, Suspect Device, Lightning Raiders, Go To Chelsea.	2	(1) BUZZCOCKS
Medium 25	3	(7) YELLO COSTELLO
Dr. Death, Residents, Cuban Heels, Patti No 4.	4	(–) F*** OFF (Wayne County)
D/L 30p	5	(4) SHAM 69
Pattie 'Night', Wreckless, Basher	6	(6) CLASH—POLICE
RGB 20p	7	(5) 999
I&I Survive	8	(3) CLASH CITY ROCKERS
	9	(9) ANARCHY IN THE U.K.
	10	(–) XTC

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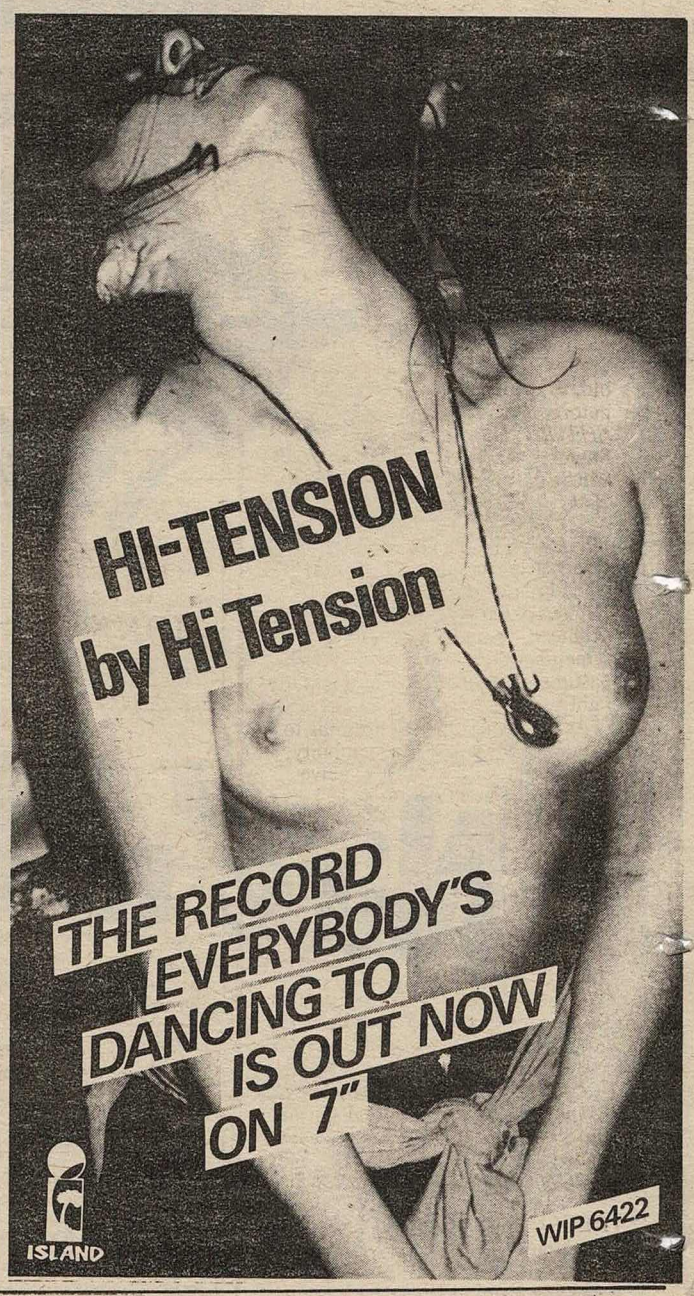

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